95¢

DALE CARNEGIE

Author of How To Stop Worrying And Start Living

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE

The outstanding best seller* which presents—
Six Ways of Making People Like You • *Twelve Ways of Winning People to Your Way of Thinking* • *Nine Ways to Change People Without Giving Offense or Arousing Resentment* • *Seven Rules for Making Your Home Life Happier* •

*Over 7,500,000 copies sold.

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About the Author

ALE CARNEGIE rose from the obscurity of a Missouri arm to international fame because he found a way to fill universal human need.

It was a need that he first recognized back in 1906. At hat time, young Dale Carnegie was in his junior year at tate Teachers College in Warrensburg, Mo. To get an ducation, he was struggling against many odds. His family as poor. His Dad couldn't afford the board at college, so ale had to ride horseback six miles each way to attend lasses. Study had to be done between his farm chores. He ithdrew from many school activities because he didn't ave the time or the clothes. He had only one good suit. Ie tried for the football squad, but the coach turned him own for being too light. During this period Dale Carnegie as slowly developing an inferiority complex, the complex hat could prevent him from achieving his real potential. ale's mother knew this and suggested that he join the deating team. She knew that practice in speaking could give im the confidence and recognition that he needed.

Dale took his mother's advice, tried for the team and fter several attempts finally made it. This proved to be a ning point in his life. Speaking before groups did help gain the confidence and assurance he needed. Within ear he was winning debating contests and was on his y to garnering laurels in all the speech departments of te Teachers College. By the time Dale Carnegie was a enior, he had won every top honor in speech. Now other udents were coming to him for coaching a
ere winning contests.

Out of this early struggle to
riority, Dale Carnegie cam
express an ide

builds a person's confidence. And, with confidence, Dale Carnegie knew he could do anything he wanted to do—and so could others.

It was from this idea that Dale Carnegie developed the course that Lowell Thomas calls "the greatest movement in adult education that the world has ever known."

After college, Dale Carnegie found an attractive offer awaiting him in selling. He accepted and within a short time was highly successful. Despite his growing reputation for breaking quota records, he quit his selling career after a relatively brief period. He quit because as time went on he knew he had to test his idea that effective speaking could give a man the confidence he needed to make the most of his latent abilities. It was with this idea that Dale Carnegie headed for New York.

Two weeks after leaving Warrensburg, he was talking to the directors of the 23rd Street Y.M.C.A. in Manhattan. Dale Carnegie thought that the "Y" would be a good starting point for his course. The directors didn't think so. Flatly, they said that the "Y" couldn't afford to pay him the regular $2.00 teaching fee for a course that was untried, unknown. But when he persisted and offered to organize and teach the course on a commission basis, the directors agreed to let him give it a try.

On October 22, 1912, Dale Carnegie started his first class. Within months, the course proved so popular that the "Y" directors, instead of paying him the regular $2.00-a-night fee, were paying him $30.00 a night in commissions.

Y.M.C.A. directors in adjacent cities heard of the success that Dale Carnegie was having in New York an wanted this course in their adult education programs. Th other service clubs swelled the demand and before lo Dale Carnegie was working day and night teaching t principles that a few years before had gone unrecognized and unwanted.

riod, Dale Carnegie was introducing hu-
into his course. In addition to
, he knew that people wanted
harmoniously with
iting on this sub-

ct. He put his principles into booklets, and they were
gerly read and practiced by his students.

In 1933, Leon Shimkin, president of Simon and
huster, Inc., enrolled in the course in Larchmont, N.Y.
e was impressed not only with the speaking aspects of the
aining but with the benefits of the human-relations princi-
es. He saw great possibilities for a book. He suggested
Dale Carnegie that he gather all the material he had
een teaching his students and adapt it for a book.

On November 12, 1936, *How to Win Friends and In-*
uence People was published, and it became an overnight
ccess. Dale Carnegie became a name known in every
usehold. The book sold over a million copies in less than
year and was printed abroad in fourteen languages. For
n years it stayed on *The New York Times'* best-seller list,
all-time record for any book. Today, more than two
cades after its publication, it is still selling over 250,000
pies a year and has topped the 7,500,000 figure.

Now, as you read and profit from this book, you'll be
terested in knowing that the course from which this book
as written is presented in 1,077 cities in the United States
d Canada and in forty-five countries abroad. This vast
ucational system is headed by Dale Carnegie's widow,
orothy, who helped him build the course and establish
around the globe.

For information regarding the availability of the Dale
arnegie Courses in your area, consult your telephone
ook or write to Dale Carnegie & Associates, Inc., (Dept.
), 1475 Franklin Avenue, Garden City, New York
1530.

Books by Dale Carnegie

How to Develop Self-Confidence and Influence People by Public Speaking
How to Stop Worrying and Start Living
How to Win Friends and Influence People

Published by POCKET BOOKS

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS and Influence People

DALE CARNEGIE B.Pd., B.C.S., F.R.G.S., Litt.D.

Author of HOW TO STOP WORRYING AND START LIVING

PUBLISHED BY POCKET BOOKS NEW YORK

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO A MAN
WHO DOESN'T NEED TO READ IT—
MY CHERISHED FRIEND
HOMER CROY

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE

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Contents

SHORT-CUT TO DISTINCTION, *by Lowell Thomas* 1
OW THIS BOOK WAS WRITTEN—AND WHY, *by Dale Carnegie* 12

Part I | *Fundamental Techniques in Handling People*

1. *"If you want to gather honey, don't kick over the beehive"* 19
2. *The big secret of dealing with people* 30
3. *"He who can do this has the whole world with him. He who cannot walks a lonely way."* 41
NINE SUGGESTIONS ON HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF THIS BOOK 56

Part II | *Six Ways to Make People Like You*

1. *Do this and you'll be welcome anywhere* 61
2. *A simple way to make a good impression* 71
3. *If you don't do this, you are headed for trouble* 78
4. *An easy way to become a good conversationalist* 85
5. *How to interest people* 94
6. *How to make people like you instantly* 98
IN A NUTSHELL 110

Part III | *Twelve Ways to Win People to Your Way of Thinking*

. *You can't win an argument* 111
. *A sure way of making enemies—and how to avoid it* 117
. *If you're wrong, admit it* 128
. *The high road to a man's reason* 134

5. *The secret of Socrates* 144
6. *The safety valve in handling complaints* 149
7. *How to get co-operation* 155
8. *A formula that will work wonders for you* 162
9. *What everybody wants* 166
10. *An appeal that everybody likes* 172
11. *The movies do it. Radio does it. Why don't you do it?* 178
12. *When nothing else works, try this* 182
IN A NUTSHELL 185

Part IV | *Nine Ways to Change People Without Giving Offense or Arousing Resentment*

1. *If you must find fault, this is the way to begin* 186
2. *How to criticize—and not be hated for it* 192
3. *Talk about your own mistakes first* 194
4. *No one likes to take orders* 198
5. *Let the other man save his face* 200
6. *How to spur men on to success* 203
7. *Give the dog a good name* 207
8. *Make the fault seem easy to correct* 210
9. *Making people glad to do what you want* 213
IN A NUTSHELL 217

Part V | *Letters That Produce Miraculous Results*

Letters that produce miraculous results 218

Part VI | *Seven Rules For Making Your Home Life Happier*

1. *How to dig your marital grave in the quickest possible way* 227
2. *Love and let live* 234
3. *Do this and you'll be looking up the time-tables to Reno* 237
4. *A quick way to make everybody happy* 241
5. *They mean so much to a woman* 244
6. *If you want to be happy, don't neglect this one* 247
7. *Don't be a "marriage illiterate"* 251
IN A NUTSHELL 255

INDEX 258

A Short-cut to Distinction

By Lowell Thomas

N A COLD, winter night in January, two thousand five
ndred men and women thronged into the grand ballroom
the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York. Every available
at was filled by half past seven. At eight o'clock, the
ger crowd was still pouring in. The spacious balcony
as soon jammed; presently even standing space was at a
emium and hundreds of people, tired after navigating a
y in business, stood up for an hour and a half that night
witness—what?

A fashion show?

A six-day bicycle race or a personal appearance of Clark
able?

No. These people had been lured there by a newspaper
. Two evenings previously, they had picked up a copy of
e New York *Sun* and found a full-page announcement
ring them in the face.

> "INCREASE YOUR INCOME
> LEARN TO SPEAK EFFECTIVELY
> PREPARE FOR LEADERSHIP"

Old stuff? Yes, but believe it or not, in the most sophis-
ated town on earth, during a depression with twenty per
nt of the population on relief, twenty-five hundred peo-
left their homes and hustled to the Pennsylvania Hotel
response to that ad.

And the ad appeared—remember this—not in a tabloid sheet, but in the most conservative evening paper in town—the New York *Sun;* and the people who responded were of the upper economic strata—executives, employers, and professional men with incomes ranging from ten thousand to fifty thousand a year.

These men and women had come to hear the opening gun of an ultra-modern, ultra-practical course in "Effective Speaking and Influencing Men in Business"—a course given by the Dale Carnegie Institute of Effective Speaking and Human Relations.

Why were they there, these two thousand five hundred business men and women?

Because of a sudden hunger for more education due to the depression?

Apparently not, for this same course had been playing to packed houses in New York City every season for the past twenty-four years. During that time, more than fifteen thousand business and professional men had been trained by Dale Carnegie. Even large, skeptical, conservative organizations such as the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, McGraw-Hill Publishing Company, Brooklyn Union Gas Company, Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce, American Institute of Electrical Engineers, and the New York Telephone Company have had this training conducted in their own offices for the benefit of their members and executives.

The fact that these men, ten or twenty years after leaving grade school, high school, or college, come and take this training is a glaring commentary on the shocking deficiencies of our educational system.

What do adults really want to study? That is an important question; and, in order to answer it, the University of Chicago, the American Association for Adult Education, and the United Y.M.C.A. Schools made a survey that cost $25,000 and covered two years.

That survey revealed that the prime interest of adults is health. It also revealed that their second interest is in developing skill in human relationships; they want to learn the technique of getting along with and influencing other eople. They don't want to become public speakers; and ney don't want to listen to a lot of high-sounding talk bout psychology—they want suggestions that they can se immediately in business, in social contacts, and in the ome.

So that was what adults wanted to study, was it?

"All right," said the people making the survey. "Fine. If nat is what they want, we'll give it to them."

Looking around for a textbook, they discovered that no orking manual had ever been written to help people solve neir daily problems in human relationships.

Here was a fine kettle of fish! For hundreds of years, arned volumes had been written on Greek and Latin and igher mathematics—topics about which the average adult oesn't give two hoots. But on the one subject on which he as a thirst for knowledge, a veritable passion for guidance nd help—nothing!

This explains the presence of twenty-five hundred eager dults crowding into the grand ballroom of the Hotel Pennylvania in response to a newspaper advertisement. Here, pparently, at last was the thing for which they had long een seeking.

Back in high school and college, they had pored over ooks, believing that knowledge alone was the open sesame financial and professional rewards.

But a few years in the rough-and-tumble of business and rofessional life had brought sharp disillusionment. They ad seen some of the most important business successes on by men who possessed, in addition to their knowledge, ne ability to talk well, win people to their way of thinking, nd "sell" themselves and their ideas.

They soon discovered that if one aspired to wear the aptain's cap and navigate the ship of business, personality nd the ability to talk are more important than a knowldge of Latin verbs or a sheepskin from Harvard.

The advertisement in the New York *Sun* promised that ne meeting in the Hotel Pennsylvania would be highly enrtaining. It was.

Eighteen men who had taken the course were marshaled front of the loud speaker—and each of fifteen of them was given precisely seventy-five seconds to tell his story. Only seventy-five seconds of talk, then "bang" went the gavel, and the chairman shouted, "Time! Next speaker!"

The affair moved with the speed of a herd of buffalo thundering across the plains. Spectators stood for an hour and a half to watch the performance.

The speakers were a cross section of American business life: a chain-store executive; a baker; the president of a trade association; two bankers; a truck salesman; a chemical salesman; an insurance man; the secretary of a brick manufacturers' association; an accountant; a dentist; an architect; a whiskey salesman; a Christian Science practitioner; a druggist who had come from Indianapolis to New York to take the course; a lawyer who had come from Havana, in order to prepare himself to give one important three-minute speech.

The first speaker bore the Gaelic name of Patrick J. O'Haire. Born in Ireland, he attended school for only four years, drifted to America, worked as a mechanic, then as a chauffeur.

At forty, his family was growing up, he needed more money; so he tried to sell automobile trucks. Suffering from an inferiority complex that, as he put it, was eating his heart out, he had to walk up and down in front of an office half a dozen times before he could summon up enough courage to open the door. He was so discouraged as a salesman that he was thinking of going back to work with his hands in a machine shop, when one day he received a letter inviting him to an organization meeting of the Dale Carnegie Course in Effective Speaking.

He didn't want to attend. He feared he would have to associate with a lot of college men, that he would be out of place.

His despairing wife insisted that he go, saying, "It may do you some good, Pat. God knows you need it." He went down to the place where the meeting was to be held and stood on the sidewalk for five minutes before he could generate enough self-confidence to enter the room.

The first few times he tried to speak, he was dizzy with fear. As the weeks drifted by, he lost all fear of audiences nd soon found that he loved to talk—the bigger the crowd, he better. And he also lost his fear of individuals. He lost is fear of his own customers. His income mounted and kyrocketed. Today he is one of the star salesmen in New 'ork City. That night at the Pennsylvania Hotel, Patrick)'Haire stood in front of two thousand five hundred people nd told a gay, rollicking story of his achievements. Wave fter wave of laughter swept over the audience. Few proessional speakers could have equaled his performance.

The next speaker, Godfrey Meyer, was a grayheaded anker, the father of eleven children. The first time he atempted to speak in class, he was literally struck dumb. His ind refused to function. His story is a vivid illustration of ow leadership gravitates to the man who can talk.

He works on Wall Street and for twenty-five years he has een living in Clifton, New Jersey. During that time, he had ken no active part in community affairs and knew peraps five hundred people.

Shortly after he had enrolled in the Carnegie Course, he eceived his tax bill and was infuriated at what he condered unjust charges. Ordinarily, he would have sat at ome and fumed, or taken it out in grousing to his neighors. But instead, he put on his hat that night, walked into wn meeting, and blew off his steam in public.

As a result of that talk of indignation, the citizens of lifton, New Jersey, urged him to run for the town council.) for weeks he went from one meeting to another, deouncing waste and municipal extravagance.

There were ninety-six candidates in the field. When the llots were counted, lo, Godfrey Meyer's name led all the st. Almost overnight, he became a public figure among e forty thousand people in his community. As a result of s talks, he made eighty times more friends in six weeks an he had been able to do previously in twenty-five years.

And his salary as councilman meant that he got a return one thousand per cent a year on his investment.

The third speaker, the head of a large national associaon of food manufacturers, told how he had been unable to and up and express his ideas at meetings of a board of rectors.

As a result of learning to think on his feet, two astonishing things happened. He was soon made president of his association and, in that capacity, he was obliged to address meetings all over the United States. Excerpts from his talks were put on the Associated Press wires and printed in newspapers and trade magazines throughout the country.

In two years, after learning to speak, he received more free publicity for his company and its products than he had been able to get previously by a quarter of a million dollars spent in direct advertising. This speaker admitted that he had formerly hesitated to telephone some of the more important executives in lower Manhattan and invite them to lunch with him. But as a result of the prestige he had acquired by his talks, these same men now telephoned him and invited him to lunch and apologized to him for encroaching on his time.

(The ability to speak is a short-cut to distinction. It puts a man in the limelight, raises him head and shoulders above the crowd. And the man who can speak acceptably is usually given credit for an ability out of all proportion to what he really possesses)

A movement for adult education is sweeping over the nation today; and the most spectacular force in that movement is Dale Carnegie, a man who has listened to and criticized more talks by adults than has any other man in captivity. According to a recent cartoon by "Believe-It-or-Not" Ripley, he has criticized 150,000 speeches. If that grand total doesn't impress you, remember that it means one talk for almost every day that has passed since Columbus discovered America. Or, to put it in other words, if all the men who have spoken before him had used only three minutes and had appeared before him in succession, it would have taken a solid year, listening day and night, to hear them all.

Dale Carnegie's own career, filled with sharp contrasts, is a striking example of what a man can accomplish when he is obsessed with an original idea and afire with enthusiasm.

Born on a Missouri farm ten miles from a railway, he never saw a street car until he was twelve years old; yet, at

orty-six, he was familiar with the far-flung corners of the
arth, everywhere from Hong Kong to Hammerfest; and,
t one time, he approached closer to the North Pole than
dmiral Byrd's headquarters at Little America were to the
outh Pole.

This Missouri lad who once picked strawberries and cut
ocklebурs for five cents an hour is now paid a dollar a min-
te for training the executives of large corporations in the
rt of self-expression.

This erstwhile cowboy who once punched cattle and
randed calves and rode fences out in western South Da-
ota later went to London and put on shows under the
atronage of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales.

This chap who was a total failure the first half-dozen
mes that he tried to speak in public later became my per-
onal manager. Much of my success has been due to train-
g under Dale Carnegie.

Young Carnegie had to struggle for an education, for
ard luck was always battering away at the old farm in
orthwest Missouri with a flying tackle and a body slam.
ear after year, the "102" River rose and drowned the
orn and swept away the hay. Season after season, the fat
ogs sickened and died from cholera, the bottom fell out
the market for cattle and mules, and the bank threatened
foreclose the mortgage.

Sick with discouragement, the family sold out and
ought another farm near the State Teachers College at
arrensburg, Missouri. Board and room could be had in
wn for a dollar a day; but young Carnegie couldn't afford
So he stayed on the farm and commuted on horseback
ree miles to college each day. At home, he milked the
ws, cut the wood, fed the hogs, and studied his Latin
rbs by the light of a coal-oil lamp until his eyes blurred
d he began to nod.

Even when he got to bed at midnight, he set the alarm
r three o'clock. His father bred pedigreed Duroc-Jersey
gs—and there was danger, during the bitter cold nights,
the young pigs' freezing to death; so they were put in a
sket, covered with a gunny sack, and set behind the
tchen stove. True to their nature, the pigs demanded a

hot meal at three A.M. So when the alarm went off, Dale Carnegie crawled out of the blankets, took the basket of pigs out to their mother, waited for them to nurse, and then brought them back to the warmth of the kitchen stove.

There were six hundred students in State Teachers College; and Dale Carnegie was one of the isolated half dozen who couldn't afford to board in town. He was ashamed of the poverty that made it necessary for him to ride back to the farm and milk the cows every night. He was ashamed of his coat, which was too tight, and his trousers, which were too short. Rapidly developing an inferiority complex, he looked about for some short-cut to distinction. He soon saw that there were certain groups in college that enjoyed influence and prestige—the football and baseball players and the chaps who won the debating and public-speaking contests.

Realizing that he had no flair for athletics, he decided to win one of the speaking contests. He spent months preparing his talks. He practiced as he sat in the saddle galloping to college and back; he practiced his speeches as he milked the cows; and then he mounted a bale of hay in the barn and with great gusto and gestures harangued the frightened pigeons about the necessity of halting Japanese immigration.

But in spite of all his earnestness and preparation, he met with defeat after defeat. He was eighteen at the time—sensitive and proud. He became so discouraged, so depressed that he even thought of suicide. And then suddenly he began to win, not one contest but every speaking contest in college.

Other students pleaded with him to train them; and they won also.

Graduating from college, he started selling correspondence courses to the ranchers among the sand hills of western Nebraska and eastern Wyoming.

In spite of all his boundless energy and enthusiasm, he couldn't make the grade. He became so discouraged that he went to his hotel room in Alliance, Nebraska, in the middle of the day, threw himself across the bed, and wept with despair. He longed to go back to college, he longed to etreat from the harsh battle of life; but he couldn't. So he esolved to go to Omaha and get another job. He didn't ave the money for a railroad ticket so he traveled on a reight train, feeding and watering two carloads of wild orses in return for his passage. Landing in South Omaha, e got a job selling bacon and soap and lard for Armour nd Company. His territory was up among the Bad Lands nd the cow and Indian country of western South Dakota. He covered his territory by freight train and on stage coach nd on horseback and slept in pioneer hotels where the nly partition between the rooms was a sheet of muslin. He tudied books on salesmanship, rode bucking broncos, layed poker with squaw men, and learned how to collect noney. When an inland storekeeper couldn't pay cash for he bacon and hams he had ordered, Dale Carnegie would ake a dozen pairs of shoes off his shelf, sell the shoes to the ailroad men, and forward the receipts to Armour and Company.

He would often ride a freight train a hundred miles a lay. When the train stopped to unload freight, he would lash uptown, see three or four merchants, get his orders; nd when the whistle blew, he would dash down the street gain lickety-split and swing onto the train while it was noving.

Within two years, he had taken an unproductive territory hat stood in the twenty-fifth place and boosted it to first lace among all the twenty-nine car routes leading out of outh Omaha. Armour and Company offered to promote im, saying: "You have achieved what seemed imposible." But he refused the promotion and resigned—reigned, went to New York, studied at the American Acadmy of Dramatic Arts, and toured the country playing the ole of Dr. Hartley in *Polly of the Circus*.

He would never be a Booth or a Barrymore. He had the ood sense to recognize that. So back he went to sales work gain, dispensing automobile trucks for the Packard Motor ar Company.

He knew nothing about machinery and cared nothing bout it. Dreadfully unhappy, he had to scourge himself to is task each day. He longed to have time to study, to write the books he had dreamed about writing back in college. So he resigned. He was going to spend his days writing stories and novels and support himself by teaching in a night school.

Teaching what? As he looked back and evaluated his college work, he saw that his training in public speaking had done more to give him confidence, courage, poise, and the ability to meet and deal with people in business than had all the rest of his college courses put together. So he urged the Y.M.C.A. schools in New York to give him a chance to conduct courses in public speaking for business men.

What? Make orators out of business men? Absurd. They knew. They had tried such courses—and they had always failed.

When they refused to pay him a salary of two dollars a night, he agreed to teach on a commission basis and take a percentage of the net profits—if there were any profits to take. And inside of three years they were paying him thirty dollars a night on that basis—instead of two.

The course grew. Other "Y's" heard of it, then other cities. Dale Carnegie soon became a glorified circuit rider covering New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and later London and Paris. All the textbooks were too academic and impractical for the business men who flocked to his courses. Nothing daunted, he sat down and wrote one entitled *Public Speaking and Influencing Men in Business*. It is now the official text of all the Y.M.C.A.'s as well as the American Bankers' Association and the National Credit Men's Association.

Today far more adults come to Dale Carnegie for training in public speaking each season than go to all the extension courses in public speaking conducted by all the twenty-two colleges and universities located in New York City.

Dale Carnegie claims that any man can talk when he gets mad. He says that if you hit the most ignorant man in town on the jaw and knock him down, he will get on his feet and talk with an eloquence, heat, and emphasis that would have rivaled William Jennings Bryan in his palmiest lays. He claims that almost any man can speak acceptably n public if he has self-confidence and an idea that is boilng and stewing within him.

(The way to develop self-confidence, he says, is to do the hing you fear to do and get a record of successful experinces behind you. So he forces each man to talk at every ession of the course.) The audience is sympathetic. They re all in the same boat; and (by constant practice, they levelop a courage, confidence, and enthusiasm that carry ver into their private speaking.)

Dale Carnegie will tell you that he has made a living all hese years, not by teaching public speaking—that has been ncidental. He claims his main job has been to help men onquer their fears and develop courage.

He started out at first to conduct merely a course in pubc speaking, but the students who came were business men. Iany of them hadn't seen the inside of a classroom in hirty years. Most of them were paying their tuition on the nstallment plan. They wanted results and they wanted hem quick—results that they could use the next day in usiness interviews and in speaking before groups.

So he was forced to be swift and practical. Consequently, e has developed a system of training that is unique—a triking combination of public speaking, salesmanship, huaan relations, and applied psychology.

A slave to no hard and fast rules, he has developed a ourse that is as real as the measles and twice as much fun.

When the classes terminate, the men form clubs of their wn and continue to meet fortnightly for years afterwards. ne group of nineteen men in Philadelphia has been meetng twice a month during the winter season for seventeen ears. Men frequently motor fifty or a hundred miles to atend these classes. One student used to commute each week om Chicago to New York.

Professor William James of Harvard used to say that the verage man develops only ten per cent of his latent menl ability. Dale Carnegie, by helping business men and omen to develop their latent possibilities, has created one f the most significant movements in adult education.

How This Book Was Written—and Why

By Dale Carnegie

DURING THE LAST thirty-five years, the publishing houses of America have printed more than a fifth of a million different books. Most of them were deadly dull; and many were financial failures. "Many," did I say? The president of one of the largest publishing houses in the world recently confessed to me that his company, after seventy-five years of publishing experience, still loses money on seven out of every eight books it publishes.

Why, then, have I had the temerity to write another book? And, after I have written it, why should you bother to read it?

Fair questions, both; and I'll try to answer them.

In order to explain precisely how and why this book was written, I may, unfortunately, have to repeat briefly some of the facts that you have already read in Lowell Thomas' introduction entitled "A Short-Cut to Distinction."

I have, since 1912, been conducting educational courses for business and professional men and women in New York. At first, I conducted courses in public speaking only—courses designed to train adults, by actual experience, to think on their feet and express their ideas with more clarity, more effectiveness, and more poise, both in business interviews and before groups.

But gradually, as the seasons passed, I realized that sorely as these adults needed training in effective speaking, they needed still more training in the fine art of getting along with people in everyday business and social contacts.

I also gradually realized that I was sorely in need of such training myself. As I look back now across the years, I am appalled at my own frequent lack of finesse and understanding. How I wish a book such as this had been placed in my hands twenty years ago! What a priceless boon it would have been!

(Dealing with people is probably the biggest problem you face, especially if you are a business man) Yes, and that is also true if you are a housewife, architect, or engineer. Research made a few years ago under the auspices of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teachers uncovered a most important and significant fact—a fact later confirmed by additional studies made at the Carnegie Institute of Technology. These investigations revealed that even in such technical lines as engineering, about 15 per cent of one's financial success is due to one's technical knowledge and about 85 per cent is due to skill in human engineering—to personality and the ability to lead people.

For many years, I conducted courses each season in the Engineers' Club of Philadelphia, and also courses for the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. A total of probably more than 1,500 engineers have passed through my classes. They came to me because they finally realized, after years of observation and experience, that the highest-paid men in the engineering field are frequently not the men who know most about engineering. One can, for example, hire mere technical ability in engineering, accountancy, architecture or any other profession at fifty to seventy-five dollars a week. The market is always glutted with it. But the man who has technical knowledge *plus* the ability to express his ideas, to assume leadership, and to arouse enthusiasm among men—that man is headed for higher earning power.

In the heyday of his activity, John D. Rockefeller told Matthew C. Brush that ("the ability to deal with people is as purchasable a commodity as sugar or coffee." "And I will pay more for that ability," said John D., "than for any other under the sun.")

Wouldn't you suppose that every college in the land would conduct courses to develop the highest-priced ability under the sun? But if there is just one practical, commonsense course of that kind given for adults in even one college in the land, it has escaped my attention up to the present writing.

The University of Chicago and the United Y.M.C.A. Schools conducted a survey to determine what adults really want to study.

That survey cost $25,000 and took two years. The last part of the survey was made in Meriden, Connecticut. It was taken as a typical American town. Every adult in Meriden was interviewed and requested to answer 156 questions—questions such as "What is your business or profession? Your education? How do you spend your spare time? What is your income? Your hobbies? Your ambitions? Your problems? What subjects are you most interested in studying?" And so on. That survey revealed that health is the prime interest of adults—and that their second interest is people: how to understand and get along with people; how to make people like you; and how to win others to your way of thinking.

So the committee conducting this survey resolved to conduct such a course for adults in Meriden. They searched diligently for a practical textbook on the subject but found —not one. Finally they approached one of the world's outstanding authorities on adult education and asked him if he knew of any book which met the needs of this group. "No," he replied, "I know what those adults want. But the book they need has never been written."

I knew from experience that this statement was true, for I myself had been searching for years to discover a practical, working handbook on human relations.

Since no such book existed, I have tried to write one for use in my own courses. And here it is. I hope you like it.

In preparation for this book, I read everything that I could find on the subject—everything from Dorothy Dix, the divorce-court records, and the *Parents' Magazine*, to Professor Overstreet, Alfred Adler, and William James. In addition to that, I hired a trained research man to spend one and a half years in various libraries reading everything I had missed, plowing through erudite tomes on psychology, poring over hundreds of magazine articles, searching through countless biographies, trying to ascertain how the great men of all ages had dealt with people. We read the biographies of the great men of all ages. We read the life stories of all great leaders from Julius Caesar to Thomas Edison. I recall that we read over one hundred biographies of Theodore Roosevelt alone. We were determined to spare no time, no expense, to discover every practical idea that anyone had ever used throughout the ages to win friends and influence people.

I personally interviewed scores of successful people, some of them world-famous—Marconi, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Owen D. Young, Clark Gable, Mary Pickford, Martin Johnson—and tried to discover the technique they used in human relations.

From all this material, I prepared a short talk. I called it "How to Win Friends and Influence People." I say "short." It *was* short in the beginning, but it has now expanded to a lecture that consumes one hour and thirty minutes. For years, I have given this talk each season to the adults in the Carnegie Institute courses in New York.

I gave the talk and urged them to go out and test it in their business and social contacts, and then come back to class and speak about their experiences and the results they had achieved. What an interesting assignment! These men and women, hungry for self-improvement, were fascinated by the idea of working in a new kind of laboratory—the first and only laboratory of human relationships for adults that has ever existed.

This book wasn't written in the usual sense of the word. It grew as a child grows. It grew and developed out of that laboratory, out of the experiences of thousands of adults.

Years ago, we started with a set of rules printed on a card no larger than a post card. The next season we printed a larger card, then a leaflet, then a series of booklets, each one expanding in size and scope. And now, after fifteen years of experiment and research, comes this book.

The rules we have set down here are not mere theories or guess work. They work like magic. Incredible as it sounds, I have seen the application of these principles literally revolutionize the lives of many people.

To illustrate: Last season a man with 314 employees joined one of these courses. For years, he had driven and criticized and condemned his employees without stint or discretion. Kindness, words of appreciation, and encouragement were alien to his lips. After studying the principles discussed in this book, this employer sharply altered his philosophy of life. His organization is now inspired with a new loyalty, a new enthusiasm, a new spirit of team work. Three hundred and fourteen enemies have been turned into three hundred and fourteen friends. As he proudly said in a speech before the class: "When I used to walk through my establishment, no one greeted me. My employees actually looked the other way when they saw me approaching. But now they are all my friends and even the janitor calls me by my first name."

This employer now has more profit, more leisure, and—what is infinitely more important—he finds far more happiness in his business and in his home.

Countless numbers of salesmen have sharply increased their sales by the use of these principles. Many have opened up new accounts—accounts that they had formerly solicited in vain. Executives have been given increased authority, increased pay. One executive last season reported an increase in salary of five thousand a year largely because he applied these truths. Another, an executive in the Philadelphia Gas Works Company, was slated for demotion because of his belligerence, because of his inability to lead people skillfully. This training not only saved him from a demotion when he was sixty-five, but it brought him promotion with increased pay.

On innumerable occasions, wives attending the banquet given at the end of the course have told me that their homes have been much happier since their husbands took this training.

Men are frequently astonished at the new results they achieve. It all seems like magic. In some cases, in their enthusiasm, they have telephoned me at my home on Sun-s because they couldn't wait forty-eight hours to report ir achievements at the regular session of the course.

One man was so stirred by a talk on these principles last son that he sat discussing them with the other members he class until far into the night. At three o'clock in the rning, the others went home. But he was so shaken by ealization of his own mistakes, so inspired by the vista new and richer world opening before him, that he was ble to sleep. He didn't sleep that night or the next day he next night.

Who was he? A naive, untrained individual ready to h over any new theory that came along? No. Far from He is a sophisticated, blasé dealer in art, very much the n about town, who speaks three languages fluently and graduate of two foreign universities.

While writing this chapter, I received a letter from a man of the old school, an aristocrat whose forbears had ved for generations as professional army officers under Hohenzollerns. His letter, written from a transatlantic mer, telling about the application of these principles, e almost to a religious fervor.

Another man, an old New Yorker, a Harvard graduate, ose name looms large in the Social Register, a wealthy n, the owner of a large carpet factory, declared that he learned more in fourteen weeks through this system raining about the fine art of influencing people than he learned about the same subject during his four years ollege. Absurd? Laughable? Fantastic? Of course, you privileged to dismiss this statement with whatever ctive you wish. I am merely reporting, without comt, a declaration made by a conservative and eminently essful Harvard graduate in a public address to apimately six hundred men at the Yale Club in New k on the evening of Thursday, February 23, 1933.

Compared to what we ought to be," said the famous essor William James of Harvard, "compared to what ught to be, we are only half awake. We are making use nly a small part of our physical and mental resources. ng the thing broadly, the human individual thus lives far within his limits. He possesses powers of various sor which he habitually fails to use.”

Those powers which you “habitually fail to use”! Th sole purpose of this book is to help you discover, develo and profit by those dormant and unused assets.

“Education,” said Dr. John G. Hibben, former Preside of Princeton University, “education is the ability to me life’s situations.”

If by the time you have finished reading the first thre chapters of this book—if you aren’t then a little bett equipped to meet life’s situations, then I shall consider th book to be a total failure, so far as you are concerne For(“*the great aim of education*,” said Herbert Spence “*is not knowledge but action.*”)

And this is an *action* book.

This introduction, like most introductions, is already to long. So let’s go. Let’s get down to brass tacks at onc Please turn immediately to Chapter One.

PART ONE

Fundamental Techniques in Handling People

CHAPTER ONE

"If You Want to Gather Honey, Don't Kick Over the Beehive"

May 7, 1931, New York City witnessed the most
sational man-hunt the old town had ever known. After
ks of search, "Two Gun" Crowley—the killer, the
man who didn't smoke or drink—was at bay, trapped
his sweetheart's apartment on West End Avenue.

ne hundred and fifty policemen and detectives laid
e to his top-floor hideaway. Chopping holes in the roof,
tried to smoke out Crowley, the "cop killer," with
gas. Then they mounted their machine guns on sur-
nding buildings, and for more than an hour one of
York's fine residential sections reverberated with the
k of pistol fire and the rat-tat-tat of machine guns.
wley, crouching behind an overstuffed chair, fired in-
antly at the police. Ten thousand excited people
hed the battle. Nothing like it had ever been seen be-
on the sidewalks of New York.

hen Crowley was captured, Police Commissioner Mul-
ey declared that the two-gun desperado was one of the

most dangerous criminals ever encountered in the history of New York. “He will kill,” said the Commissioner, “at the drop of a feather.”

But how did “Two Gun” Crowley regard himself? We know, because while the police were firing into his apartment, he wrote a letter addressed “To whom it may concern.” And, as he wrote, the blood flowing from his wounds left a crimson trail on the paper. In this letter Crowley said: “Under my coat is a weary heart, but a kind one—one that would do nobody any harm.”

A short time before this, Crowley had been having a necking party on a country road out on Long Island. Suddenly a policeman walked up to the parked car and said: “Let me see your license.”

Without saying a word, Crowley drew his gun, and cut the policeman down with a shower of lead. As the dying officer fell Crowley leaped out of the car, grabbed the officer’s revolver, and fired another bullet into the prostrate body. And that was the killer who said: “Under my coat is a weary heart, but a kind one—one that would do nobody any harm.”

Crowley was sentenced to the electric chair. When he arrived at the death house at Sing Sing, did he say, “This is what I get for killing people?” No, he said: “This is what I get for defending myself.”

The point of the story is this: “Two Gun” Crowley didn’t blame himself for anything.

Is that an unusual attitude among criminals? If you think so, listen to this:

“I have spent the best years of my life giving people the lighter pleasures, helping them have a good time, and all I get is abuse, the existence of a hunted man.”

That’s Al Capone speaking. Yes, America’s erstwhile Public Enemy Number One—the most sinister gangleader who ever shot up Chicago. Capone didn’t condemn himself. He actually regarded himself as a public benefactor—an unappreciated and misunderstood public benefactor

And so did Dutch Schultz before he crumpled up under gangsters bullets in Newark. Dutch Schultz, one of New 'ork's most notorious rats, said in a newspaper interview iat he was a public benefactor. And he believed it.

I have had some interesting correspondence with Waren Lawes of Sing Sing on this subject, and he declares iat "few of the criminals in Sing Sing regard themselves s bad men. They are just as human as you and I. So they tionalize, they explain. They can tell you why they had crack a safe or be quick on the trigger finger. Most of iem attempt by a form of reasoning, fallacious or logical, justify their anti-social acts even to themselves, conseiently stoutly maintaining that they should never have een imprisoned at all."

If Al Capone, "Two Gun" Crowley, Dutch Schultz, the esperate men behind prison walls don't blame themselves r anything—what about the people with whom you and come in contact?

The late John Wanamaker once confessed: "I learned irty years ago that it is foolish to scold. I have enough ouble overcoming my own limitations without fretting er the fact that God has not seen fit to distribute evenly e gift of intelligence."

Wanamaker learned this lesson early; but I personally d to blunder through this old world for a third of a ntury before it even began to dawn upon me that ninetyne times out of a hundred, no man ever criticizes himlf for anything, no matter how wrong he may be.

Criticism is futile because it puts a man on the defensive, d usually makes him strive to justify himself. Criticism dangerous, because it wounds a man's precious pride, rts his sense of importance, and arouses his resentment.

The German army won't let a soldier file a complaint d make a criticism immediately after a thing has hapned. He has to sleep on his grudge first and cool off. he files his complaint immediately, he is punished. By eternals, there ought to be a law like that in civil life —a law for whining parents and nagging wives and olding employers and the whole obnoxious parade of lt-finders.

You will find examples of the futility of criticism brisg on a thousand pages of history. Take, for example, the famous quarrel between Theodore Roosevelt and President Taft—a quarrel that split the Republican Party, put Woodrow Wilson in the White House, and wrote bold, luminous lines across the World War and altered the flow of history. Let's review the facts quickly: When Theodore Roosevelt stepped out of the White House in 1908, he made Taft President, and then went off to Africa to shoot lions. When he returned, he exploded. He denounced Taft for his conservatism, tried to secure the nomination for a third term himself, formed the Bull Moose Party, and all but demolished the GOP. In the election that followed, William Howard Taft and the Republican Party carried only two states—Vermont and Utah. The most disastrous defeat the old party had ever known.

Theodore Roosevelt blamed Taft; but did President Taft blame himself? Of course not. With tears in his eyes, Taft said: "I don't see how I could have done any differently from what I have."

Who was to blame? Roosevelt or Taft? Frankly, I don't know, and I don't care. The point I am trying to make is that all of Theodore Roosevelt's (criticism didn't persuade Taft that he was wrong. It merely made Taft strive to justify himself) and to reiterate with tears in his eyes: "I don't see how I could have done any differently from what I have."

Or, take the Teapot Dome oil scandal. Remember it? It kept the newspapers ringing with indignation for years. It rocked the nation! Nothing like it had ever happened before in American public life within the memory of living men. Here are the bare facts of the scandal: Albert Fall, Secretary of the Interior in Harding's cabinet, was entrusted with the leasing of government oil reserves at Elk Hill and Teapot Dome—oil reserves that had been set aside for the future use of the Navy. Did Secretary Fall permit competitive bidding? No sir. He handed the fat, juicy contract outright to his friend, Edward L. Doheny. And what did Doheny do? He gave Secretary Fall what he was pleased to call a "loan" of one hundred thousand dollars. Then, in a high-handed manner, Secretary Fall ordered United States Marines into the district to drive off ompetitors whose adjacent wells were sapping oil out of e Elk Hill reserves. These competitors, driven off their ound at the ends of guns and bayonets, rushed into court -and blew the lid off the hundred million dollar Teapot ome scandal. A stench arose so vile that it ruined the arding administration, nauseated an entire nation, threat- ied to wreck the Republican Party, and put Albert B. all behind prison bars.

Fall was condemned viciously—condemned as few men public life have ever been. Did he repent? Never! Years ter Herbert Hoover intimated in a public speech that esident Harding's death had been due to mental anxiety d worry because a friend had betrayed him. When Mrs. ll heard that, she sprang from her chair, she wept, she ook her fists at fate, and screamed: "What! Harding trayed by Fall? No! My husband never betrayed anyone. is whole house full of gold would not tempt my husband do wrong. He is the one who has been betrayed and led the slaughter and crucified."

There you are: (human nature in action, the wrong-doer aming everybody but himself.) We are all like that. So en you and I are tempted to criticize someone tomorrow, 's remember Al Capone, "Two Gun" Crowley, and Al- rt Fall. Let's realize that criticisms are like homing geons. They always return home. (Let's realize that the rson we are going to correct and condemn will probably tify himself, and condemn us in return;) or, like the gentle ft, he will say: "I don't see how I could have done any ferently from what I have."

On Saturday morning, April 15, 1865, Abraham Lincoln dying in a hall bedroom of a cheap lodging house ectly across the street from Ford's Theatre, where Booth d shot him. Lincoln's long body lay stretched diagonally oss a sagging bed that was too short for him. A cheap roduction of Rosa Bonheur's famous painting, "The rse Fair," hung above the bed, and a dismal gas jet kered yellow light.

As Lincoln lay dying, Secretary of War Stanton said, here lies the most perfect ruler of men that the world ever seen."

What was the secret of Lincoln's success in dealing with men? I studied the life of Abraham Lincoln for ten years, and devoted all of three years to writing and rewriting a book entitled *Lincoln the Unknown.* I believe I have made as detailed and exhaustive a study of Lincoln's personality and home life as it is possible for any human being to make. I made a special study of Lincoln's method of dealing with men. Did he indulge in criticism? Oh, yes. As a young man in the Pigeon Creek Valley of Indiana, he not only criticized but he wrote letters and poems ridiculing people and dropped these letters on the country roads where they were sure to be found. One of these letters aroused resentments that burned for a lifetime.

Even after Lincoln had become a practicing lawyer in Springfield, Illinois, he attacked his opponents openly in letters published in the newspapers. But he did this just once too often.

In the autumn of 1842, he ridiculed a vain, pugnacious Irish politician by the name of James Shields. Lincoln lampooned him through an anonymous letter published in the *Springfield Journal.* The town roared with laughter. Shields, sensitive and proud, boiled with indignation. He found out who wrote the letter, leaped on his horse, started after Lincoln, and challenged him to fight a duel. Lincoln didn't want to fight. He was opposed to dueling; but he couldn't get out of it and save his honor. He was given the choice of weapons. Since he had very long arms, he chose cavalry broad swords, took lessons in sword fighting from a West Point graduate; and, on the appointed day, he and Shields met on a sand bar in the Mississippi River, prepared to fight to the death; but, at the last minute, their seconds interrupted and stopped the duel.

That was the most lurid personal incident in Lincoln's life. It taught him an invaluable lesson in the art of dealing with people. Never again did he write an insulting letter. Never again did he ridicule anyone. And from that time on, he almost never criticized anybody for anything.

Time after time, during the Civil War, Lincoln put a new general at the head of the Army of the Potomac, and each one in turn—McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, leade—blundered tragically, and drove Lincoln to pacing e floor in despair. Half the nation savagely condemned ese incompetent generals, but Lincoln, "with malice to- ards none, with charity for all," held his peace. One of s favorite quotations was "Judge not, that ye be not dged."

And when Mrs. Lincoln and others spoke harshly of the outhern people, Lincoln replied: "Don't criticize them; ey are just what we would be under similar circum- ances."

Yet, if any man ever had occasion to criticize, surely it as Lincoln. Let's take just one illustration:

The Battle of Gettysburg was fought during the first ree days of July, 1863. During the night of July 4, Lee egan to retreat southward while storm clouds deluged e country with rain. When Lee reached the Potomac with s defeated army, he found a swollen, impassable river in ont of him, and a victorious Union army behind him. Lee as in a trap. He couldn't escape. Lincoln saw that. Here as a golden, heaven-sent opportunity—the opportunity capture Lee's army and end the war immediately. So, ith a surge of high hope, Lincoln ordered Meade not to ll a council of war but to attack Lee immediately. Lin- ln telegraphed his orders and then sent a special mes- nger to Meade demanding immediate action.

And what did General Meade do? He did the very pposite of what he was told to do. He called a council war in direct violation of Lincoln's orders. He hesitated. e procrastinated. He telegraphed all manner of excuses. e refused point blank to attack Lee. Finally the waters ceded and Lee escaped over the Potomac with his forces.

Lincoln was furious. "What does this mean?" Lincoln ed to his son Robert. "Great God! What does this mean? e had them within our grasp, and had only to stretch th our hands and they were ours; yet nothing that I uld say or do could make the army move. Under the cumstances, almost any general could have defeated e. If I had gone up there, I could have whipped him self."

In bitter disappointment, Lincoln sat down and wrote

Meade this letter. And remember, at this period of his life was extremely conservative and restrained in his phraseology. So this letter coming from Lincoln in 1863 was tantamount to the severest rebuke.

"My dear General,

"I do not believe you appreciate the magnitude of the misfortune involved in Lee's escape. He was within our easy grasp, and to have closed upon him would, in connection with our other late successes, have ended the war. As it is, the war will be prolonged indefinitely. If you could not safely attack Lee last Monday, how can you possibly do so south of the river, when you can take with you very few—no more than two-thirds of the force you then had in hand? It would be unreasonable to expect and I do not expect that you can now effect much. Your golden opportunity is gone, and I am distressed immeasurably because of it."

What do you suppose Meade did when he read that letter?

Meade never saw that letter. Lincoln never mailed it. It was found among Lincoln's papers after his death.

My guess is—and this is only a guess—that after writing that letter, Lincoln looked out of the window and said to himself, "Just a minute. Maybe I ought not to be so hasty. It is easy enough for me to sit here in the quiet of the White House and order Meade to attack; but if I had been up at Gettysburg, and if I had seen as much blood as Meade has seen during the last week, and if my ears had been pierced with the screams and shrieks of the wounded and dying, maybe I wouldn't be so anxious to attack either. If I had Meade's timid temperament, perhaps I would have done just what he has done. Anyhow, it is water under the bridge now. If I send this letter, it will relieve my feelings but it will make Meade try to justify himself. It will make him condemn me. It will arouse hard feelings, impair all his further usefulness as a commander, and perhaps force him to resign from the army."

So, as I have already said, Lincoln put the letter aside, r he had learned by bitter experience that sharp criticisms nd rebukes almost invariably end in futility.

Theodore Roosevelt said that when he, as President, as confronted by some perplexing problem, he used to an back and look up at a large painting of Lincoln that ung above his desk in the White House and ask himself, What would Lincoln do if he were in my shoes? How ould he solve this problem?"

The next time we are tempted to give somebody "hail olumbia," let's pull a five-dollar bill out of our pocket, ok at Lincoln's picture on the bill, and ask, "How would incoln handle this problem if he had it?"

Do you know someone you would like to change and gulate and improve? Good! That is fine. I am all in vor of it. But why not begin on yourself? From a purely lfish standpoint, that is a lot more profitable than trying improve others—yes, and a lot less dangerous.

"When a man's fight begins within himself," said Browng, "he is worth something." It will probably take from ow until Christmas to perfect yourself. You can then ve a nice long rest over the holidays and devote the New ear to regulating and criticizing other people.

But perfect yourself first.

"Don't complain about the snow on your neighbor's of," said Confucius, "when your own doorstep is unean."

When I was still young and trying hard to impress ople, I wrote a foolish letter to Richard Harding Davis, author who once loomed large on the literary horizon America. I was preparing a magazine article about thors; and I asked Davis to tell me about his method work. A few weeks earlier, I had received a letter from meone with this notation at the bottom: "Dictated but t read." I was quite impressed. I felt the writer must be ry big and busy and important. I wasn't the slightest bit sy; but I was eager to make an impression on Richard rding Davis so I ended my short note with the words: ictated but not read."

He never troubled to answer the letter. He simply returned it to me with this scribbled across the bottom: "Your bad manners are exceeded only by your bad manners." True, I had blundered, and perhaps I deserved his rebuke. But, being human, I resented it. I resented it so sharply that when I read of the death of Richard Harding Davis ten years later, the one thought that still persisted in my mind—and I am ashamed to admit—was the hurt he had given me.

If you and I want to stir up a resentment tomorrow that may rankle across the decades and endure until death, just let us indulge in a little stinging criticism—no matter how certain we are that it is justified.

When dealing with people, let us remember we are not dealing with creatures of logic. We are dealing with creatures of emotion, creatures bristling with prejudices and motivated by pride and vanity.

And criticism is a dangerous spark—a spark that is liable to cause an explosion in the powder magazine of pride—an explosion that sometimes hastens death. For example, General Leonard Wood was criticized and not allowed to go with the army to France. That blow to his pride probably shortened his life.

Bitter criticism caused the sensitive Thomas Hardy, one of the finest novelists that ever enriched English literature, to give up the writing of fiction forever. Criticism drove Thomas Chatterton, the English poet, to suicide.

Benjamin Franklin, tactless in his youth, became so diplomatic, so adroit at handling people that he was made American Ambassador to France. The secret of his success? "I will speak ill of no man," he said, ". . . and speak all the good I know of everybody."

Any fool can criticize, condemn, and complain—and most fools do.

But it takes character and self-control to be understanding and forgiving.

"A great man shows his greatness," said Carlyle, "by the way he treats little men."

Instead of condemning people, let's try to understand them. Let's try to figure out why they do what they do. That's a lot more profitable and intriguing than criticism;

nd it breeds sympathy, tolerance, and kindness. “To know l is to forgive all.”

As Dr. Johnson said: “God Himself, sir, does not pro-
ose to judge man until the end of his days.”

Why should you and I?

CHAPTER TWO

The Big Secret of Dealing with People

THERE IS ONLY ONE way under high Heaven to get anybody to do anything. Did you ever stop to think of that? Yes, just one way. And that is by making the other person want to do it.

Remember, there is no other way.

Of course, you can make a man want to give you his watch by sticking a revolver in his ribs. You can make an employee give you co-operation—until your back is turned—by threatening to fire him. You can make a child do what you want it to do by a whip or a threat. But these crude methods have sharply undesirable repercussions.

The only way I can get you to do anything is by giving you what you want.

What do you want?

The famous Dr. Sigmund Freud of Vienna, one of the most distinguished psychologists of the twentieth century, says that everything you and I do springs from two motives: the sex urge and the desire to be great.

Professor John Dewey, America's most profound philo-pher, phrases it a bit differently. Dr. Dewey says the pest urge in human nature is "the desire to be impor-t." Remember that phrase: "the desire to be important." s significant. You are going to hear a lot about it in this ok.

What do you want? Not many things, but the few things t you do wish, you crave with an insistence that will not denied. Almost every normal adult wants—

1. Health and the preservation of life.
2. Food.
3. Sleep.
4. Money and the things money will buy.
5. Life in the hereafter.
6. Sexual gratification.
7. The well-being of our children.
8. A feeling of importance.

Almost all these wants are gratified—all except one. But re is one longing almost as deep, almost as imperious, the desire for food or sleep which is seldom gratified. s what Freud calls "the desire to be great." It is what wey calls the "desire to be important."

Lincoln once began a letter by saying: "Everybody likes ompliment." William James said: "The deepest prin-e in human nature is the craving to be appreciated." v. didn't speak, mind you, of the "wish" or the "desire" he "longing" to be appreciated. He said the *"craving"* e appreciated.

Here is a gnawing and unfaltering human hunger; and rare individual who honestly satisfies this heart-hunger hold people in the palm of his hand and "even the ertaker will be sorry when he dies."

The desire for a feeling of importance is one of the chief inguishing differences between mankind and the ani-s. To illustrate: When I was a farm boy out in Mis-i, my father bred fine Duroc-Jersey hogs and pedigreed e-faced cattle. We used to exhibit our hogs and white-d cattle at the county fairs and livestock shows throughout the Middle West. We won first prizes by the score. My father pinned his blue ribbons on a sheet of white muslin and when friends or visitors came to the house, he would get out the long sheet of muslin. He would hold one end and I would hold the other while he exhibited the blue ribbons.

The hogs didn't care about the ribbons they had won But Father did. These prizes gave him a feeling of importance.

(If our ancestors hadn't had this flaming urge for a feeling of importance, civilization would have been impossible Without it, we should have been just about like the animals.

It was this desire for a feeling of importance that led an uneducated, poverty-stricken grocery clerk to study some law books that he found in the bottom of a barrel of household plunder that he had bought for fifty cents. You have probably heard of this grocery clerk. His name was Lincoln.

It was this desire for a feeling of importance that inspired Dickens to write his immortal novels. This desire inspired Sir Christopher Wren to design his symphonies in stone. This desire made Rockefeller amass millions that he never spent! And this same desire made the richest man in your town build a house far too large for his requirements.

This desire makes you want to wear the latest styles drive the latest car, and talk about your brilliant children

It is this desire which lures many boys into becoming gangsters and gunmen. "The average young criminal of today," says E. P. Mulrooney, former Police Commissione of New York, "is filled with ego. and his first request afte arrest is for those lurid newspapers that make him out a hero. The disagreeable prospect of taking a 'hot squat' in the electric chair seems remote, so long as he can gloat over his likeness sharing space with pictures of Babe Ruth LaGuardia, Einstein, Lindbergh, Toscanini, or Roosevelt."

If you tell me how you get your feeling of importance I'll tell you what you are. That determines your character That is the most significant thing about you. For example

hn D. Rockefeller got his feeling of importance by giv-
g money to erect a modern hospital in Peking, China, to
re for millions of poor people whom he had never seen
d never would see. Dillinger, on the other hand, got his
eling of importance by being a bandit, a bank robber and
ler When the G-men were hunting him, he dashed into
farmhouse up in Minnesota and said, "I'm Dillinger!"
was proud of the fact that he was Public Enemy Num-
r One. "I'm not going to hurt you, but I'm Dillinger!"
said.

Yes, the one significant difference between Dillinger and
ckefeller is how they got their feeling of importance.

History sparkles with amusing examples of famous
ople struggling for a feeling of importance. Even George
ashington wanted to be called "His Mightiness, the Presi-
nt of the United States"; and Columbus pleaded for the
e, "Admiral of the Ocean and Viceroy of India."
therine the Great refused to open letters that were not
dressed to "Her Imperial Majesty"; and Mrs. Lincoln, in
White House, turned upon Mrs. Grant like a tigress
d shouted, "How dare you be seated in my presence
il I invite you!"

Our millionaires helped finance Admiral Byrd's ex-
lition to the Antarctic with the understanding that
ges of icy mountains would be named after them; and
tor Hugo aspired to have nothing less than the city
Paris renamed in his honor. Even Shakespeare, mightiest
he mighty, tried to add luster to his name by procuring
oat of arms for his family.

People sometimes become invalids in order to win sym-
ay and attention, and get a feeling of importance. For
mple, take Mrs. McKinley. She got a feeling of im-
tance by forcing her husband, the President of the
ted States, to neglect important affairs of state while
eclined on the bed beside her for hours at a time, his
s about her, soothing her to sleep. She fed her gnawing
re for attention by insisting that he remain with her
e she was having her teeth fixed, and once created a
rny scene when he had to leave her alone with the
ist while he kept an appointment with John Hay.

Mary Roberts Rinehart once told me of a bright, vigorous young woman who became an invalid in order to get a feeling of importance. “One day,” said Mrs. Rinehart, “this woman had been obliged to face something, her age perhaps, and the fact that she would never be married. The lonely years were stretching ahead and there was little left for her to anticipate.

“She took to her bed; and for ten years her old mother traveled to the third floor and back, carrying trays, nursing her. Then one day the old mother, weary with service, lay down and died. For some weeks, the invalid languished then she got up, put on her clothing and resumed living again.”

(Some authorities declare that people may actually go insane in order to find, in the dreamland of insanity, the feeling of importance that has been denied them in the harsh world of reality.) There are more patients suffering from mental diseases in the hospitals in the United States than from all other diseases combined. If you are over fifteen years of age and residing in New York State, the chances are one out of twenty that you will be confined to an asylum for seven years of your life.

What is the cause of insanity?

Nobody can answer such a sweeping question as that but we know that certain diseases, such as syphilis, break down and destroy the brain cells and result in insanity In fact, about (one-half of all mental diseases can be attributed to such physical causes as brain lesions, alcohol toxins, and injuries.) But the other half—and this is the appalling part of the story—the other half of the people who go insane apparently have nothing organically wrong with their brain cells. In post-mortem examinations, when their brain tissues are studied under the highest-powered microscopes, they are found to be apparently just as healthy as yours and mine.

Why do these people go insane?

I recently put that question to the head physician of one of our most important hospitals for the insane. This doctor who has received the highest honors and the most coveted ards for his knowledge of insanity, told me frankly (that didn't know why people went insane. Nobody knows sure. But he did say that many people who go insane d in insanity a feeling of importance that they were able to achieve in the world of reality.) Then he told this story:

"I have a patient right now whose marriage proved to a tragedy. She wanted love, sexual gratification, children, d social prestige; but life blasted all her hopes. Her husnd didn't love her. He refused even to eat with her, and ced her to serve his meals in his room upstairs. She had children, no social standing. She went insane; and, in imagination, she divorced her husband and resumed maiden name. She now believes she has married into English aristocracy, and she insists on being called dy Smith.

'And as for children, she imagines now that she has a v child every night. Each time I call on her she says: ctor, I had a baby last night.' "

Life once wrecked all her dream ships on the sharp ks of reality; but in the sunny, fantastic isles of inity, all her barkentines race into port with canvas owing and with winds singing through the masts.

Tragic? Oh, I don't know. Her physician said to me: I could stretch out my hand and restore her sanity, I ıldn't do it. She's much happier as she is."

As a group, insane people are happier than you and I. ny enjoy being insane. Why shouldn't they? They have ed their problems. They will write you a check for a ion dollars, or give you a letter of introduction to the Khan. They have found in a dream world of their creation the feeling of importance which they so ply desired.

some people are so hungry for a feeling of importance they actually go insane to get it, imagine what miracles and I can achieve by giving people honest appreciation side of insanity.

here have been, so far as I know, only two people in ory who were paid a salary of a million dollars a year: ter Chrysler and Charles Schwab.

Why did Andrew Carnegie pay Schwab a million dollar a year or more than three thousand dollars a day? Why

Because Schwab is a genius? No. Because he knew more about the manufacture of steel than other people? Nonsense. Charles Schwab told me himself that he had many men working for him who knew more about the manufacture of steel than he did.

Schwab says that he was paid this salary largely because of his ability to deal with people. I asked him how he did it. Here is his secret set down in his own words—words that ought to be cast in eternal bronze and hung i every home and school, every shop and office in the lan —words that children ought to memorize instead o wasting their time memorizing the conjugation of Lati verbs or the amount of the annual rainfall in Brazil—words that will all but transform your life and mine i we will only live them:

v.71

"I consider my ability to arouse enthusiasm among th men," said Schwab, "the greatest asset I possess, and th way to develop the best that is in a man is by appreciatio and encouragement.

"There is nothing else that so kills the ambitions of man as criticisms from his superiors. I never criticize anyone. I believe in giving a man incentive to work. So I am anxious to praise but loath to find fault. If I like anything I am hearty in my approbation and lavish in my praise

That is what Schwab does. But what does the averag man do? The exact opposite. If he doesn't like a thing, h raises the Old Harry; if he does like it, he says nothing.

"In my wide association in life, meeting with many an great men in various parts of the world," Schwab declare "I have yet to find the man, however great or exalted h station, who did not do better work and put forth great effort under a spirit of approval than he would ever d under a spirit of criticism."

That, he said frankly, was one of the outstanding reaso for the phenomenal success of Andrew Carnegie. Carneg praised his associates publicly as well as privately.

Carnegie wanted to praise his assistants even on his
bstone. He wrote an epitaph for himself which read:
ere lies one who knew how to get around him men who
e cleverer than himself."

incere appreciation was one of the secrets of Rocke-
er's success in handling men. For example, when one
is partners, Edward T. Bedford, pulled a boner and
the firm a million dollars by a bad buy in South Ameri-
John D. might have criticized; but he knew Bedford
done his best—and the incident was closed. So Rocke-
er found something to praise; he congratulated Bedford
ause he had been able to save sixty per cent of the
ey he had invested. "That's splendid," said Rocke-
er. "We don't always do as well as that upstairs."

iegfeld, the most spectacular *entrepreneur* who ever
zled Broadway, gained his reputation by his subtle
ity to "glorify the American girl." He repeatedly took
e drab little creature that no one ever looked at twice
transformed her on the stage into a glamorous vision
ystery and seduction. Knowing the value of apprecia-
and confidence, he made women *feel* beautiful by the
r power of his gallantry and consideration. He was
ctical: he raised the salary of chorus girls from thirty
ars a week to as high as one hundred and seventy-five.
he was also chivalrous: on opening night at the Fol-
he sent a telegram to the stars in the cast, and he
ged every chorus girl in the show with American
ty roses.

once succumbed to the fad of fasting and went for six
and nights without eating. It wasn't difficult. I was less
gry at the end of the sixth day than I was at the end
e second. Yet I know, and you know, people who
d think they had committed a crime if they let their
lies or employees go for six days without food; but
will let them go for six days, and six weeks, and some-
sixty years without giving them the hearty apprecia-
that they crave almost as much as they crave food.
hen Alfred Lunt played the stellar role in *Reunion in*

Vienna, he said, "There is nothing I need so much a nourishment for my self-esteem."

We nourish the bodies of our children and friends an employees; but how seldom do we nourish their sel esteem. We provide them with roast beef and potatoes t build energy; but we neglect to give them kind words o appreciation that would sing in their memories for year like the music of the morning stars.

Some readers are saying right now as they read thes lines: "Old stuff! Soft soap! Bear oil! Flattery! I've trie that stuff. It doesn't work—not with intelligent people.

Of course, flattery seldom works with discerning peopl It is shallow, selfish, and insincere. It ought to fail and usually does. True, some people are so hungry, so thirst for appreciation that they will swallow anything, just as starving man will eat grass and fish worms.

Why, for example, were the much-married Mdivar brothers such flaming successes in the matrimonial mar ket? Why were these so-called "Princes" able to marry tw beautiful and famous screen stars and a world-famou prima donna and Barbara Hutton with her five-and-ter cent-store millions? Why? How did they do it?

"The Mdivani charm for women," said Adela Roger St. John, in an article in the magazine *Liberty*, " . . . ha been among the mysteries of the ages to many.

"Pola Negri, a woman of the world, a connoisseur o men, and a great artist, once explained it to me. She saic 'They understand the art of flattery as do no other me I have ever met. And the art of flattery is almost a lo one in this realistic and humorless age. That, I assure you is the secret of the Mdivani charm for women, I know.

Even Queen Victoria was susceptible to flattery. Disrae confessed that he put it on thick in dealing with the Quee To use his exact words, he said he "spread it on with trowel." But Disraeli was one of the most polished, def and adroit men who ever ruled the far-flung British Em pire. He was a genius in his line. What would work fo him wouldn't necessarily work for you and me. In th long run, flattery will do you more harm than goo ttery is counterfeit, and like counterfeit money, it will ntually get you into trouble if you try to pass it.

The difference between appreciation and flattery? That is ple. One is sincere and the other insincere. One comes m the heart out; the other from the teeth out. One is selfish; the other selfish. One is universally admired; the er is universally condemned.

I recently saw a bust of General Obregon in the Cha- tepec palace in Mexico City. Below the bust are carved se wise words from General Obregon's philosophy: on't be afraid of the enemies who attack you. Be afraid the friends who flatter you.”

No! No! No! I am not suggesting flattery! Far from it. talking about a new way of life. Let me repeat. *I am king about a new way of life.*

King George V had a set of six maxims displayed on walls of his study at Buckingham Palace. One of these xims said: “Teach me neither to proffer nor receive ap praise.” That's all flattery is: cheap praise. I once d a definition of flattery that may be worth repeating: attery is telling the other man precisely what he thinks ut himself.”

“Use what language you will,” said Ralph Waldo Emer- , “you can never say anything but what you are.”

f all we had to do was to use flattery, everybody would ch on to it and we should all be experts in human rela- s.

When we are not engaged in thinking about some defi- problem, we usually spend about 95 per cent of our e thinking about ourselves. Now, if we stop thinking ut ourselves for awhile and begin to think of the other 's good points, we won't have to resort to flattery so ap and false that it can be spotted almost before it is of the mouth.

Emerson said: “Every man I meet is my superior in e way. In that, I learn of him.”

f that was true of Emerson, isn't it likely to be a sand times more true of you and me? Let's cease king of our accomplishments, our wants. Let's try to re out the other man's good points. Then forget flattery.

Give honest, sincere appreciation. Be "hearty in your approbation and lavish in your praise," and people will cherish your words and treasure them and repeat them over a lifetime—repeat them years after you have forgotten them.

CHAPTER THREE

"He Who Can Do This Has the Whole World with Him. He Who Cannot Walks a Lonely Way."

GO FISHING up in Maine every summer. Personally I am
ry fond of strawberries and cream; but I find that for
me strange reason fish prefer worms. So when I go fish-
g, I don't think about what I want. I think about what
ey want. I don't bait the hook with strawberries and
eam. Rather, I dangle a worm or a grasshopper in front
the fish and say: "Wouldn't you like to have that?"

Why not use the same common sense when fishing for
en?

That is what Lloyd George did. When someone asked
n how he managed to stay in power after all the other
r-time leaders—Wilson, Orlando, and Clemenceau—
d been ousted and forgotten, he replied that if his stay-
on top might be attributed to any one thing, it was
bably to the fact that he had learned it was necessary
bait the hook to suit the fish.

Why talk about what we want? That is childish. Absurd. Of course, you are interested in what you want. You are eternally interested in it. But no one else is. The rest of us are just like you: we are interested in what we want.

So the only way on earth to influence the other fellow is to talk about what he wants and show him how to get it.

Remember that tomorrow when you are trying to get somebody to do something. If, for example, you don't want your son to smoke, don't preach at him, and don't talk about what you want; but show him that cigarettes may keep him from making the baseball team or winning the hundred-yard dash.

This is a good thing to remember regardless of whether you are dealing with children or calves or chimpanzees. For example: Ralph Waldo Emerson and his son one day tried to get a calf into the barn. But they made the common mistake of thinking only of what they wanted: Emerson pushed and his son pulled. But the calf did just what they did: he thought only of what he wanted; so he stiffened his legs and stubbornly refused to leave the pasture. The Irish housemaid saw their predicament. She couldn't write essays and books; but, on this occasion at least, she had more horse sense, or calf sense, than Emerson had. She thought of what the calf wanted; so she put her maternal finger in the calf's mouth, and let the calf suck her finger as she gently led him into the barn.

Every act you ever performed since the day you were born is because you wanted something. How about the time you gave a hundred dollars to the Red Cross? Yes, that is no exception to the rule. You gave the Red Cross a hundred dollars because you wanted to lend a helping hand, because you wanted to do a beautiful, unselfish, divine act. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

If you hadn't wanted that feeling more than you wanted your hundred dollars, you would not have made the contribution. Of course, you may have made the contribution because you were ashamed to refuse or because a customer asked you to do it. But one thing is certain. You made the contribution because you wanted something.

Professor Harry A. Overstreet in his illuminating book, *nfluencing Human Behavior,* says: "Action springs out of hat we fundamentally desire . . . and the best piece of dvice which can be given to would-be persuaders, whether business, in the home, in the school, in politics, is: first, rouse in the other person an eager want. He who can do is has the whole world with him. He who cannot walks lonely way!"

Andrew Carnegie, the poverty-stricken Scotch lad who arted to work at two cents an hour and finally gave vay three hundred and sixty-five million dollars—he arned early in life that the only way to influence people to talk in terms of what the other person wants. He tended school only four years, yet he learned how to andle people.

To illustrate: His sister-in-law was worried sick over er two boys. They were at Yale, and they were so busy ith their own affairs that they neglected to write home id paid no attention whatever to their mother's frantic tters.

Then Carnegie offered to wager a hundred dollars that could get an answer by return mail, without even asking r it. Someone called his bet; so he wrote his nephews chatty letter, mentioning casually in a postscript that he as sending each one a five-dollar bill.

He neglected, however, to enclose the money.

Back came replies by return mail thanking "Dear Uncle ndrew" for his kind note and—you can finish the sennce yourself.

Tomorrow you will want to persuade somebody to do mething. Before you speak, pause and ask: "How can I ake him *want* to do it?"

That question will stop us from rushing in heedlessly see people with futile chatter about our desires.

I rent the grand ballroom of a certain New York hotel twenty nights in each season in order to hold a series lectures.

At the beginning of one season, I was suddenly informed at I should have to pay almost three times as much rent as formerly. This news reached me after the tickets had been printed and distributed and all announcements had been made.

Naturally, I didn't want to pay the increase, but what was the use of talking to the hotel about what I wanted? They were interested only in what they wanted. So a couple of days later I went in to see the manager.

"I was a bit shocked when I got your letter," I said, "but I don't blame you at all. If I had been in your position, I should probably have written a similar letter myself. Your duty as the manager of this hotel is to make all the profit possible. If you don't do that, you will be fired and you ought to be fired. Now, let's take a piece of paper and write down the advantages and the disadvantages that will accrue to you, if you insist on this increase in rent."

Then I took a letterhead and ran a line through the center and headed one column "Advantages" and the other column "Disadvantages."

I wrote down under the head of "Advantages" these words: "Ballroom free." Then I went on to say: "You will have the advantage of having the ballroom free to rent for dances and conventions. That is a big advantage, for affairs like that will pay you much more than you can get for a series of lectures. If I tie your ballroom up for twenty nights during the course of the season, it is sure to mean a loss of some very profitable business to you.

"Now, let's consider the disadvantages. First, instead of increasing your income from me, you are going to decrease it. In fact, you are going to wipe it out because I cannot pay the rent you are asking. I shall be forced to hold these lectures at some other place.

"There's another disadvantage to you also. These lectures attract crowds of educated and cultured people to your hotel. That is good advertising for you, isn't it? In fact, if you spent $5,000 advertising in the newspapers, you couldn't bring as many people to look at your hotel as I can bring by these lectures. That is worth a lot to a hotel, isn't it?"

As I talked, I wrote these two "disadvantages" under the proper heading, and handed the sheet of paper to the inager, saying: "I wish you would carefully consider th the advantages and disadvantages that are going to crue to you and then give me your final decision."

I received a letter the next day, informing me that my nt would be increased only 50 per cent instead of 300 r cent.

Mind you, I got this reduction without saying a word (out what I wanted. I talked all the time about what the ner person wanted, and how he could get it.)

Suppose I had done the human, natural thing: suppose ad stormed into his office and said, "What do you mean raising my rent 300 per cent when you know the tickets ve been printed and the announcements made? Three ndred per cent! Ridiculous! Absurd! I won't pay it!"

What would have happened then? An argument would ve begun to steam and boil and sputter—and you know w arguments end. Even if I had convinced him that he s wrong. his pride would have made it difficult for him back down and give in.

Here is one of the best bits of advice ever given about fine art of human relationships. ("If there is any one cret of success," said Henry Ford, "it lies in the ability get the other person's point of view and see things from angle as well as from your own.")

That is so good, I want to repeat it: "If there is any one cret of success, it lies in the ability to get the other rson's point of view and see things from his angle as ll as from your own."

That is so simple, so obvious, that anyone ought to see truth of it at a glance; yet 90 per cent of the people this earth ignore it 90 per cent of the time.

An example? Look at the letters that come across your k tomorrow morning, and you will find that most of m violate this high canon of common sense. Take this , a letter written by the head of the radio department an advertising agency with offices scattered across the tinent. This letter was sent to the managers of local io stations throughout the country. (I have set down, parentheses, my reactions to each paragraph.)

"Mr. John Blank,
Blankville,
Indiana.

Dear Mr. Blank:
The —— company desires to retain its position in advertising agency leadership in the radio field."

> (Who cares what your company desires? I am worried about my own problems. The bank is foreclosing the mortgage on my house, the bugs are destroying the hollyhocks, the stock market tumbled yesterday, I missed the 8:15 this morning, I wasn't invited to the Jones' dance last night, the doctor tells me I have high blood pressure and neuritis and dandruff. And then what happens? I come down to the office this morning worried, open my mail, and here is some little whippersnapper off in New York yapping about what his company wants. Bah! If he only realized what sort of impression his letter makes, he would get out of the advertising busines and start manufacturing sheep dip.)

"This agency's national advertising accounts were the bulwark of the first network. Our subsequent clearances of station time have kept us at the top of agencies year after year."

> (You are big and rich and right at the top, are you? So what? I don't give two whoops in Hades if you are as big as General Motors and General Electric and the General Staff of the U. S. Army all combined. If you had as much sense as a half-witted humming bird, you would realize that I am interested in how big *I* am—not how big you are. All this talk about your enormous success makes me feel small and unimportant.)

"We desire to service our accounts with the last word on radio station information."

(*You* desire! *You* desire. You unmitigated ass. I'm not interested in what *you* desire or what Mussolini desires, or what Bing Crosby desires. Let me tell you once and for all that I am interested in what *I* desire —and you haven't said a word about that yet in this absurd letter of yours.)

"Will you, therefore, put the —— company on your ferred list for weekly station information—every single ail that will be useful to an agency in intelligently oking time."

("Preferred list." You have your nerve! You make me feel insignificant by your big talk about your company— and then you ask me to put you on a "preferred" list, and you don't even say "please" when you ask it.)

"A prompt acknowledgment of this letter, giving us ur latest 'doings,' will be mutually helpful."

(You fool! You mail me a cheap multigraphed letter —a form letter scattered far and wide like the autumn leaves; and you have the gall to ask me when I am worried about the mortgage and the hollyhocks and my blood pressure, to sit down and dictate a personal note acknowledging your multigraphed form letter— and you ask me to do it "promptly." What do you mean, "promptly"? Don't you know I am just as busy as you are—or, at least, I like to *think* I am. And while we are on that subject, who gave you the lordly right to order me around? . . . You say it will be "mutually helpful." At last, at last, you have begun to see my viewpoint. But you are vague about how it will be to my advantage.)

Very truly yours,
John Blank
Manager Radio Department

"P. S. The enclosed reprint from the Blankville Journal *will be of interest to you and you may want to broadcast it over your station."*

> (Finally, down here in the postscript, you mention something that may help me solve one of my problems. Why didn't you begin your letter with—but what's the use? Any advertising man who is guilty of perpetrating such drivel as you have sent me has something wrong with his medulla oblongata. You don't need a letter giving our latest doings. What you need is a quart of iodine in your thyroid gland.)

Now if a man who devotes his life to advertising and who poses as an expert in the art of influencing people to buy—if he writes a letter like that, what can we expect from the butcher and baker and carpet-tack maker?

Here is another letter, written by the superintendent of a large freight terminal to a student of this course, Mr. Edward Vermylen. What effect did this letter have on the man to whom it was addressed? Read it and then I'll tell you.

A. Zerega's Sons, Inc.,
28 Front Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Attention: Mr. Edward Vermylen

Gentlemen:

The operations at our outbound-rail-receiving station are handicapped because a material percentage of the total business is delivered us in the late afternoon. This condition results in congestion, overtime on the part of our forces, delays to trucks, and in some cases delays to freight. On November 10, we received from your company a lot of 510 pieces, which reached here at 4:20 P.M.

We solicit your co-operation toward overcoming the undesirable effects arising from the late receipt of freight. May we ask that, on days on which you ship the volume which was received on the above date, effort be made

ther to get the truck here earlier or to deliver us part of
e freight during the forenoon?

The advantage that would accrue to you under such an
rangement would be that of more expeditious discharge
your trucks and the assurance that your business would
forward on the date of its receipt.

Very truly yours,
J—— B——, *Supt.*

After reading this letter, Mr. Vermylen, sales manager
r A. Zerega's Sons, Inc., sent it to me with the following
mment: "This letter had the reverse effect from that
iich was intended. The letter begins by describing the
rminal's difficulties, in which we are not interested,
nerally speaking. Our co-operation is then requested
thout any thought as to whether it would inconvenience
, and then, finally, in the last paragraph, the fact is
entioned that if we do co-operate it will mean more
peditious discharge of our trucks with the assurance
at our freight will go forward on the date of its receipt.

"In other words, that in which we are most interested
mentioned last and the whole effect is one of raising a
irit of antagonism rather than of co-operation."

Let's see if we can't rewrite and improve this letter. Let's
t waste any time talking about our problems. As Henry
rd admonishes, (let's "get the other person's point of
w and see things from his angle as well as from our
n.")

Here is one way of revising it. It may not be the best
y; but isn't it an improvement?

. Edward Vermylen,
A. Zerega's Sons, Inc.,
Front Street,
oklyn, N. Y.

ar Mr. Vermylen:

Your company has been one of our good customers for
rteen years. Naturally, we are very grateful for your

patronage and are eager to give you the speedy, efficient service you deserve. However, we regret to say that it isn't possible for us to do that when your trucks bring us a large shipment late in the afternoon as they did on November 10. Why? Because many other customers make late afternoon deliveries also. Naturally that causes congestion. That means your trucks are held up unavoidably at the pier and sometimes even your freight is delayed.

That's bad. Very bad. How can it be avoided? By making your deliveries at the pier in the forenoon when possible. That will enable your trucks to keep moving, your freight will get immediate attention, and our workmen will get home early at night to enjoy a dinner of the delicious macaroni and noodles that you manufacture.

Please don't take this as a complaint, and please don't feel I am assuming to tell you how to run your business. This letter is prompted solely by a desire to serve you more effectively.

Regardless of when your shipments arrive, we shall always cheerfully do all in our power to serve you promptly.

You are busy. Please don't trouble to answer this note.

Yours truly,
J—— B——, *Supt.*

Thousands of salesmen are pounding the pavements today, tired, discouraged, and underpaid. Why? Because they are always thinking only of what they want. They don't realize that neither you nor I want to buy anything. If we did, we would go out and buy it (But both of us are eternally interested in solving our problems. And if a salesman can show us how his services or his merchandise will help us solve our problems, he won't need to sell us. We'll buy. And a customer likes to feel that he is buying—not being sold)

Yet many men spend a lifetime in selling without seeing things from the customer's angle. For example, I live in Forest Hills, a little community of private homes in the center of greater New York. One day as I was rushing to

station, I chanced to meet a real estate operator who
d bought and sold property on Long Island for many
rs. He knew Forest Hills well so I hurriedly asked him
ether or not my stucco house was built with metal lath
hollow tile. He said he didn't know and told me what I
eady knew: that I could find out by calling the Forest
ls Gardens Association. The following morning, I re-
ved a letter from him. Did he give me the information
anted? He could have gotten it in sixty seconds by a
phone call. But he didn't. He told me again that I could
it by telephoning myself, and then asked me to let him
dle my insurance.

He was not interested in helping me. He was interested
y in helping himself.

ought to have given him copies of Vash Young's
ellent little books, *The Go-Giver* and *A Fortune to*
re. If he read those books and practiced their philoso-
, they would make him a thousand times as much
fit as handling my insurance.

rofessional men make the same mistake. Several years
, I walked into the office of a well-known nose-and-
oat specialist in Philadelphia. Before he even looked at
tonsils, he asked me what my business was. He wasn't
erested in the size of my tonsils. He was interested in
size of my exchequer.(His chief concern was not in how
ch he could help me. His chief concern was in how
ch he could get out of me. The result was he got
hing) I walked out of his office with contempt for his
of character.

he world is full of people like that: grabbing, self-
king.(So the rare individual who unselfishly tries to
e others has an enormous advantage. He has little
petition) Owen D. Young said:("The man who can put
self in the place of other men, who can understand the
kings of their minds, need never worry about what the
re has in store for him.")

out of reading this book you get just one thing: an
eased tendency to think always in terms of the other
on's point of view, and see things from his angle—if

you get that one thing out of this book, it may easily prove to be one of the milestones of your career.

Most men go through college and learn to read Virgil and master the mysteries of calculus without ever discovering how their own minds function. For instance: I once gave a course in "Effective Speaking" for the young college men who were entering the employ of the Carrier Corporation, Newark, New Jersey, the organization that cools office buildings and air-conditions theatres. One of the men wanted to persuade the others to play basketball and this is about what he said: "I want you men to come out and play basketball. I like to play basketball but the last few times I have been to the gymnasium there haven't been enough men there to get up a game. Two or three of us got to throwing the ball around the other night—and I got a black eye. I wish you boys would come down tomorrow night. I want to play basketball."

Did he talk about anything you want? You don't want to go to a gymnasium that no one else goes to, do you? You don't care about what he wants. You don't want to get a black eye.

Could he have shown you how to get the things you want by using the gymnasium? Surely. More pep. Keener edge to the appetite. Clearer brain. Fun. Games. Basketball

To repeat Professor Overstreet's wise advice: ("Firs arouse in the other person an eager want. He who can do this has the whole world with him. He who cannot walks a lonely way.")

One of the students in the author's training course wa worried about his little boy. The child was underweigh and refused to eat properly. His parents used the usua method. They scolded and nagged. "Mother wants you t eat this and that." "Father wants you to grow up to be big man."

Did the boy pay any attention to these pleas? Just abou as much as you pay to one grain of sand on a sandy beach

No man with a trace of horse sense would expect child three years old to react to the viewpoint of a fathe thirty years old. Yet that was precisely what that fathe had been expecting. It was absurd. He finally saw tha

he said to himself: "What does that boy want? How can
e up what I want to what he wants?"

t was easy when he started thinking about it. His boy
a tricycle which he loved to ride up and down the
ewalk in front of the house in Brooklyn. A few doors
n the street lived a "menace," as they say out in Holly-
od—a bigger boy who would pull the little boy off his
ycle and ride it himself.

aturally, the little boy would run screaming to his
her, and she would have to come out and take the
nace" off the tricycle and put her little boy on again.
happened almost every day.

hat did the little boy want? It didn't take a Sherlock
mes to answer that one. His pride, his anger, his desire
a feeling of importance—all the strongest emotions in
make-up—goaded him on to get revenge, to smash the
nace" in the nose. (And when his father told him he
d wallop the daylights out of the bigger kid someday
would only eat the things his mother wanted him to
—when his father promised him that, there was no
er any problem of dietetics) That boy would have
n spinach, sauerkraut, salt mackerel, anything in order
e big enough to whip the bully who had humiliated
so often.

fter solving that problem, the father tackled another:
ittle boy had the unholy habit of wetting his bed.

e slept with his grandmother. In the morning, his
dmother would wake up and feel the sheet and say:
ok, Johnny, what you did again last night."

e would say: "No, I didn't do it. You did it."

colding, spanking, shaming him, reiterating that mother
't want him to do it—none of these things kept the
dry. So the parents asked: "How can we make this
want to stop wetting his bed?"

hat were his wants? First, he wanted to wear pajamas
daddy instead of wearing a nightgown like grand-
ier. Grandmother was getting fed up with his nocturnal
ities so she gladly offered to buy him a pair of
mas if he would reform. Second, he wanted a bed of
wn . . . Grandma didn't object.

His mother took him down to Loeser's department stor in Brooklyn, winked at the sales girl, and said: "Here is little gentleman who would like to do some shopping."

The sales girl made him feel important by saying "Young man, what can I show you?"

He stood a couple of inches taller and said: "I want t buy a bed for myself."

When he was shown the one his mother wanted him t buy, she winked at the sales girl and the boy was persuade to buy it.

The bed was delivered the next day; and that nigh when father came home, the little boy ran to the doo shouting: "Daddy! Daddy! Come upstairs and see *m* bed that *I* bought."

The father, looking at the bed, obeyed Charles Schwab' injunction: he was "hearty in his approbation and lavis in his praise."

"You are not going to wet this bed, are you?" the fathe asked.

"Oh, no, no! I am not going to wet this bed." The bo kept his promise, for his pride was involved. That was *h* bed. *He* and *he* alone had bought it. And he was wearin pajamas now like a little man. He wanted to act like man. And he did.

Another father, K. T. Dutschmann, a telephone enginee a student of this course, couldn't get his three-year-ol daughter to eat breakfast food. The usual scolding, pleading, coaxing methods had all ended in futility. So th parents asked themselves: "How can we make her *wa* to do it?"

The little girl loved to imitate her mother, to feel b and grown up; so one morning they put her on a chair an let her make the breakfast food. At just the psychologic moment, father drifted into the kitchen while she w stirring the breakfast food and she said: "Oh, look, dadd I am making the Maltex this morning."

She ate two helpings of the cereal that morning witho any coaxing because she was interested in it. She ha achieved a feeling of importance; she had found in makin the breakfast food an avenue of self-expression.

Villiam Winter once remarked that "self-expression is dominant necessity of human nature." Why can't we that same psychology in business? When we have a liant idea, instead of making the other person think it is s, why not let him cook and stir the idea himself? He then regard it as his own; he will like it and maybe eat uple of helpings of it.

emember: "First arouse in the other person an eager t. He who can do this has the world with him. He who not walks a lonely way."

Nine Suggestions on How to Get the Most Out of This Book

1. If you wish to get the most out of this book, there
one indispensable requirement, one essential infinitely mo
important than any rules or technique. Unless you ha
this one fundamental requisite a thousand rules on how
study will avail little. And if you do have this cardin
endowment, then you can achieve wonders without readi
any suggestions for getting the most out of a book.

What is this magic requirement? Just this: (*a dee*
driving desire to learn, a vigorous determination to increa
your ability to deal with people)

How can you develop such an urge? By constantly r
minding yourself of how important these principles are
you. Picture to yourself how their mastery will aid y
in your race for richer social and financial rewards. S
to yourself over and over: "My popularity, my happines
and my income depend to no small extent upon my sk
in dealing with people."

2.(Read each chapter rapidly at first to get a bird's-e
view of it.) You will probably be tempted then to rush

ne next one. But don't. Unless you are reading merely entertainment. But if you are reading because you want ncrease your skill in human relations, *then go back reread each chapter thoroughly.* In the long run, this mean saving time and getting results.

. *Stop frequently in your reading to think over what are reading.* Ask yourself just how and when you can y each suggestion. That kind of reading will aid you nore than racing ahead like a whippet chasing a rabbit.

. *Read with a red crayon, pencil, or fountain pen in hand; and when you come across a suggestion that feel you can use, draw a line beside it.* If it is a four- suggestion, then underscore every sentence, or mark it "XXXX." Marking and underscoring a book make it e interesting, and far easier to review rapidly.

I know a man who has been office manager for a e insurance concern for fifteen years. He reads every th all the insurance contracts his company issues. Yes, eads the same contracts over month after month, year year. Why? Because experience has taught him that is the only way he can keep their provisions clearly ind.

once spent almost two years writing a book on public king; and yet I find I have to keep going back over it time to time in order to remember what I wrote in own book. The rapidity with which we forget is ishing.

, if you want to get a real, lasting benefit out of this , don't imagine that skimming through it once will ce. After reading it thoroughly, you ought to spend a hours reviewing it every month. Keep it on your desk ont of you every day. Glance through it often. Keep tantly impressing yourself with the rich possibilities mprovement that still lie in the offing. Remember that use of these principles can be made habitual and un- cious only by a constant and vigorous campaign of w and application. There is no other way.

6. Bernard Shaw once remarked: ("If you teach a man anything, he will never learn." Shaw was right. *Learning is an active process. We learn by doing. So, if you desire to master the principles you are studying in this book, do something about them. Apply these rules at every opportunity*. If you don't, you will forget them quickly. Only knowledge that is used sticks in your mind.)

You will probably find it difficult to apply these suggestions all the time. I know because I wrote the book, and yet frequently I find it difficult to apply everything I have advocated. For example, when you are displeased, it is much easier to criticize and condemn than it is to try to understand the other person's viewpoint. It is frequently easier to find fault than to find praise. It is more natural to talk about what you want than to talk about what the other person wants. And so on. So, as you read this book, remember that you are not merely trying to acquire information. You are attempting to form new habits. Ah yes, you are attempting a new way of life. That will require time and persistence and daily application.

(*So refer to these pages often. Regard this as a working handbook on human relations; and whenever you are confronted with some specific problem—such as handling a child, winning a wife to your way of thinking, or satisfying an irritated customer—hesitate about doing the natural thing, the impulsive thing. That is usually wrong. Instead, turn to these pages and review the paragraphs you have underscored. Then try these new ways and watch them achieve magic for you.*)

7. (Offer your wife, your son or some business associate a dime or a dollar every time he or she catches you violating a certain principle.) (Make a lively game out of mastering these rules.)

8. The president of an important Wall Street bank once described, in a talk before one of my classes, a highly efficient system that he used for self-improvement. This man had little formal schooling, yet he is now one of the

t important financiers in America, and he confessed he owed most of his success to the constant application is homemade system. This is what he does. I'll put it is own words as accurately as I can remember.

For years I have kept an engagement book showing all appointments I have during the day. My family never es any plans for me on Saturday night, for the family ws that I devote a part of each Saturday evening to the ninating process of self-examination and review and raisal. After dinner I go off by myself, open my engaget book, and think over all the interviews, discussions, meetings that have taken place during the week. I myself:

'What mistakes did I make that time?'

'What did I do that was right—and in what way could ve improved my performance?'

'What lessons can I learn from that experience?'

often find that this weekly review makes me very appy. I am frequently astonished at my own blunders. ourse, as the years have gone by, these blunders have me less frequent. Sometimes now I am inclined to pat elf on the back a little after one of these sessions. This em of self-analysis, self-education, continued year after , has done more for me than any other one thing I have attempted.

t has helped me improve my ability to make decisions d it has aided me enormously in all my contacts with le. I cannot recommend it too highly."

hy not use a similar system to check up on your aption of the principles discussed in this book? If you do, hings will result.

rst, you will find yourself engaged in an educational ess that is both intriguing and priceless.

cond, you will find that your ability to meet and deal people will grow and spread like a green bay tree.

Keep a diary—a diary in which you ought to record triumphs in the application of these principles. Be ic. Give names, dates, results. Keeping such a record will inspire you to greater efforts; and how fascinating thes entries will be when you chance upon them some evenin years from now!

In Order to Get the Most Out of This Book:

1. Develop a deep, driving desire to master th principles of human relations.
2. Read each chapter twice before going on to th next one.
3. As you read, stop frequently to ask yourself ho you can apply each suggestion.
4. Underscore each important idea.
5. Review this book each month.
6. Apply these principles at every opportunity. Us this volume as a working handbook to help yo solve your daily problems.
7. Make a lively game out of your learning by offe ing some friend a dime or a dollar every time h catches you violating one of these principles.
8. Check up each week on the progress you ar making. Ask yourself what mistakes you hav made, what improvement, what lessons you hav learned for the future.
9. Keep a diary in the back of this book showin how and when you have applied these principle

ART TWO

Six Ways to Make People Like You

CHAPTER ONE

Do This and You'll Be Welcome Anywhere

READ THIS BOOK to find out how to win friends? Why
tudy the technique of the greatest winner of friends
orld has ever known? Who is he? You may meet him
rrow coming down the street. When you get within
eet of him, he will begin to wag his tail. If you stop
pat him, he will almost jump out of his skin to show
ow much he likes you. And you know that behind this
of affection on his part, there are no ulterior motives:
esn't want to sell you any real estate, and he doesn't
to marry you.

d you ever stop to think that a dog is the only animal
loesn't have to work for a living? A hen has to lay
a cow has to give milk; and a canary has to sing. But
makes his living by giving you nothing but love)

en I was five years old, my father bought a little
-haired pup for fifty cents. He was the light and joy
childhood. Every afternoon about four-thirty, he
sit in the front yard with his beautiful eyes staring

steadfastly at the path, and as soon as he heard my voic or saw me swinging my dinner pail through the buc brush, he was off like a shot, racing breathlessly up th hill to greet me with leaps of joy and barks of sheer ecstas

Tippy was my constant companion for five years. The one tragic night—I shall never forget it—he was kille within ten feet of my head, killed by lightning. Tippy' death was the tragedy of my boyhood.

You never read a book on psychology, Tippy. Yo didn't need to. You knew by some divine instinct that on can make more friends in two months by becoming genuinely interested in other people than one can in two years b trying to get other people interested in him. Let me repea that. *You can make more friends in two months by becoming interested in other people than you can in tw years by trying to get other people interested in you.*

Yet I know and you know people who blunder throug life trying to wigwag other people into becoming intereste in them.

Of course, it doesn't work. People are not interested i you. They are not interested in me. They are intereste in themselves—morning, noon, and after dinner.

The New York Telephone Company made a detaile study of telephone conversations to find out which word i the most frequently used. You have guessed it: it is th personal pronoun "I." "I." "I." It was used 3,990 times i 500 telephone conversations. "I." "I." "I." "I." "I."

When you see a group photograph that you are in, whos picture do you look for first?

If you think people are interested in you, answer thi question: If you died tonight, how many people woul come to your funeral?

Why should people be interested in you unless you ar first interested in them? Reach for your pencil now an write your reply here:

If we merely try to impress people and get people i terested in us, we will never have many true, sincer friends. Friends, real friends, are not made that way.

Napoleon tried it, and in his last meeting with Josephin he said: "Josephine, I have been as fortunate as any ma ever was on this earth; and yet, at this hour, you are the only person in the world on whom I can rely." And historians doubt whether he could rely even on her.

The late Alfred Adler, the famous Viennese psychologist, wrote a book entitled *What Life Should Mean to You.* In that book he says: "It is the individual who is not interested in his fellow men who has the greatest difficulties in life and provides the greatest injury to others. It is from among such individuals that all human failures spring."

You may read scores of erudite tomes on psychology without coming across a statement more significant for you and for me. I dislike repetition but Adler's statement is so rich with meaning that I am going to repeat it in italics:

(*It is the individual who is not interested in his fellow men who has the greatest difficulties in life and provides the greatest injury to others. It is from among such individuals that all human failures spring.*)

I once took a course in short-story writing at New York University and during that course the editor of *Collier's* talked to our class. He said he could pick up any one of the dozens of stories that drifted across his desk every day, and after reading a few paragraphs he could feel whether or not the author liked people. "If the author doesn't like people," he said, "people won't like his stories."

This hard-boiled editor stopped twice in the course of his talk on fiction writing, and apologized for preaching a sermon. "I am telling you," he said, "the same things your preacher would tell you. But, remember, you have to be interested in people if you want to be a successful writer of stories."

If that is true of writing fiction, you can be sure it is rebly true of dealing with people face to face.

I spent an evening in the dressing room of Howard Thurston the last time be appeared on Broadway—Thurs-on, the acknowledged dean of magicians. Thurston, the ing of legerdemain. For forty years he traveled all over he world, time and again, creating illusions, mystifying audiences, and making people gasp with astonishment. More than sixty million people paid admission to his show, and he made almost two million dollars in profit.

I asked Mr. Thurston to tell me the secret of his success. His schooling certainly had nothing to do with it, for he ran away from home as a small boy, became a hobo, rode in box cars, slept in haystacks, begged his food from door to door, and learned to read by looking out of box cars at signs along the railway.

Did he have a superior knowledge of magic? No, he told me hundreds of books had been written about legerdemain, and scores of people knew as much about it as he did. But he had two things that the others didn't have. First, he had the ability to put his personality across the footlights. He was a master showman. He knew human nature. Everything he did, every gesture, every intonation of his voice, every lifting of an eyebrow had been carefully rehearsed in advance, and his actions were timed to split seconds. But, in addition to that, Thurston had a genuine interest in people. He told me that many magicians would look at the audience and say to themselves, "Well, there is a bunch of suckers out there, a bunch of hicks; I'll fool them all right." But Thurston's method was totally different. He told me every time he entered the stage he said to himself: "I am grateful because these people come to see me. They make it possible for me to make my living in a very agreeable way. I'm going to give them the very best I possibly can."

He declared he never stepped in front of the footlights without first saying to himself over and over: "I love my audience. I love my audience." Ridiculous? Absurd? You are privileged to think about it anything you like. I am merely passing it on to you without comment as a recipe used by one of the most famous magicians of all time.

Madame Schumann-Heink told me much the same thing. In spite of hunger and heartbreak, in spite of a life filled with so much tragedy that she once attempted to kill herself and her babies—in spite of all that, she sang her way up to the top until she became perhaps the most distinguished Wagnerian singer who ever thrilled an audience;

and she, too, confessed that (one of the secrets of her success was the fact that she was intensely interested in people.)

That, too, was one of the secrets of Theodore Roosevelt's astonishing popularity. Even his servants loved him. His colored valet, James E. Amos, wrote a book about him entitled *Theodore Roosevelt, Hero to His Valet*. In that book, Amos relates this illuminating incident:

> My wife one time asked the President about a bobwhite. She had never seen one and he described it to her fully. Some time later, the telephone at our cottage rang. [Amos and his wife lived in a little cottage on the Roosevelt estate at Oyster Bay.] My wife answered it and it was Mr. Roosevelt himself. He had called her, he said, to tell her that there was a bobwhite outside her window and that if she would look out she might see it. Little things like that were so characteristic of him. Whenever he went by our cottage, even though we were out of sight, we would hear him call out: "Oo-oo-oo, Annie!" or "Oo-oo-oo, James!" It was just a friendly greeting as he went by.

How could employees keep from liking a man like that? How could anyone keep from liking him?

Roosevelt called at the White House one day when the President and Mrs. Taft were away. (His honest liking for umble people was shown by the fact that he greeted all he old White House servants by name) even the scullery maids.

"When he saw Alice, the kitchen maid," writes Archie Butt, "he asked her if she still made corn bread. Alice told im that she sometimes made it for the servants, but no ne ate it upstairs.

" 'They show bad taste,' Roosevelt boomed, 'and I'll tell he President so when I see him.'

"Alice brought a piece to him on a plate, and he went ver to the office eating it as he went and greeting gareners and laborers as he passed. . . .

"He addressed each person just as he was wont to ddress him in the past. They still whisper about it to each other, and Ike Hoover said with tears in his eyes: 'It is the only happy day we have had in nearly two years, and not one of us would exchange it for a hundred-dollar bill.' "

It was this same intense interest in the problems of other people that made Dr. Charles W. Eliot one of the most successful presidents who ever directed a university—and you will recall that he presided over the destinies of Harvard from four years after the close of the Civil War until five years before the outbreak of World War I. Here is an example of the way Dr. Eliot worked. One day a freshman, L. R. G. Crandon, went to the president's office to borrow fifty dollars from the Students' Loan Fund. The loan was granted. "Then I made my heartfelt thanks and started to leave"—I am quoting Crandon's own words now—"when President Eliot said, 'Pray be seated.' Then he proceeded, to my amazement, to say in effect: 'I am told that you cook and eat in your room. Now I don't think that is at all bad for you if you get the right food and enough of it. When I was in college, I did the same. Did you ever make veal loaf? That, if made from sufficiently mature and sufficiently cooked veal, is one of the best things you could have, because there is no waste. This is the way I used to make it.' He then told me how to pick the veal, how to cook it slowly, with such evaporation that the soup would turn into jelly later, then how to cut it up and press it with one pan inside another and eat it cold."

I have discovered from personal experience that (one can win the attention and time and co-operation of even the most sought-after people in America by becoming genuinely interested in them.) Let me illustrate:

Years ago I conducted a course in fiction writing at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, and we wanted Kathleen Norris, Fannie Hurst, Ida Tarbell, Albert Payson Terhune, Rupert Hughes, and other distinguished and busy authors to come over to Brooklyn and give us the benefit of their experiences. So we wrote them, saying we admired their work and were deeply interested in getting their advice and learning the secrets of their success.

Each of these letters was signed by about a hundred and fifty students. We said we realized that they were busy—too busy to prepare a lecture. So we enclosed a list of questions for them to answer about themselves and their methods of work. They liked that. Who wouldn't like it? So they left their homes and traveled over to Brooklyn to give us a helping hand.

By using the same method, I persuaded Leslie M. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury in Theodore Roosevelt's cabinet, George W. Wickersham, Attorney General in Taft's cabinet, William Jennings Bryan, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and many other prominent men to come and talk to the students of my courses in public speaking.

All of us, be we butcher or baker or the king upon his throne, (all of us like people who admire us) Take the German Kaiser, for example. At the close of the World War, he was probably the most savagely and universally despised man on this earth. Even his own nation turned against him when he fled over into Holland to save his neck. The hatred against him was so intense that millions of people would have loved to have torn him limb from imb or burned him at the stake. In the midst of all this forest fire of fury, one little boy wrote the Kaiser a simple, sincere letter glowing with kindliness and admiration. This ittle boy said that no matter what the others thought, he would always love Wilhelm as his Emperor. The Kaiser was deeply touched by his letter and invited the little boy to come and see him. The boy came, and so did his mother—nd the Kaiser married her. That little boy didn't need to ead a book on "How to Win Friends and Influence People." He knew how instinctively.

(If we want to make friends, let's put ourselves out to do hings for other people—things that require time, energy, nselfishness, and thoughtfulness) When the Duke of Windsor was Prince of Wales, he was scheduled to tour South America, and before he started out on that tour he spent months studying Spanish so that he could make public talks n the language of the country; and the South Americans oved him for it.

For years I have made it a point to find out the birthays of my friends. How? Although I haven't the foggiest bit of faith in astrology, I begin by asking the other party whether he believes the date of one's birth has anything to do with character and disposition. I then ask him to tell me the month and day of his birth. If he says November 24, for example, I keep repeating to myself, "November 24, November 24." The minute his back is turned, I write down his name and birthday and later transfer it to a birthday book. At the beginning of each year, I have these birthday dates scheduled in my calendar pad, so they come to my attention automatically. When the natal day arrives, there is my letter or telegram. What a hit it makes! I am frequently the only person on earth who remembers.

If we want to make friends, let's greet people with animation and enthusiasm. When somebody calls you on the telephone, use the same psychology. Say "Hello" in tones that bespeak how pleased you are to have the person call. The New York Telephone Company conducts a school to train its operators to say "Number please" in a tone that means "Good morning, I am happy to be of service to you." Let's remember that when we answer the telephone tomorrow.

Does this philosophy work in business? Does it? I could cite scores of illustrations; but we have time for only two.

Charles R. Walters, of one of the large banks in New York City, was assigned to prepare a confidential report on a certain corporation. He knew of only one man who possessed the facts he needed so urgently. Mr. Walters went to see that man, the president of a large industrial company. As Mr. Walters was ushered into the president's office, a young woman stuck her head through a door and told the president that she didn't have any stamps for him that day.

"I am collecting stamps for my twelve-year-old son," the president explained to Mr. Walters.

Mr. Walters stated his mission, and began asking questions. The president was vague, general, nebulous. He didn't want to talk, and apparently nothing could persuade him to talk. The interview was brief and barren.

"Frankly, I didn't know what to do," Mr. Walters said as he related the story to the class. "Then I remembered what s secretary had said to him—stamps, twelve-year-old n . . . And I also recalled that the foreign department of r bank collected stamps—stamps taken from letters uring in from every continent washed by the seven seas.

"The next afternoon I called on this man and sent in ord that I had some stamps for his boy. Was I ushered in th enthusiasm? Yes, sir. He couldn't have shaken my nd with more enthusiasm if he had been running for ongress. He radiated smiles and good will. 'My George ll love this one,' he kept saying as he fondled the stamps. nd look at this! This is a treasure.'

"We spent half an hour talking stamps and looking at a cture of his boy, and he then devoted more than an hour his time to giving me every bit of information I wanted without my even suggesting that he do it. He told me all knew, and then called in his subordinates and quesned them. He telephoned some of his associates. He aded me down with facts, figures, reports, and correondence. In the parlance of newspaper men, I had a oop."

Here is another illustration:

C. M. Knaphle, Jr., of Philadelphia, had tried for years sell coal to a large chain-store organization. But the ain-store company continued to purchase its fuel from an t-of-town dealer and continued to haul it right past the or of Knaphle's office. Mr. Knaphle made a speech one ht before one of my classes, pouring out his hot wrath on chain stores, branding them as a curse to the nation. And still he wondered why he couldn't sell them.

I suggested that he try different tactics. To put it briefly, s is what happened. We staged a debate between mbers of the course on "Resolved that the spread of the in store is doing the country more harm than good." Knaphle, at my suggestion, took the negative side; he eed to defend the chain stores, and then went straight an executive of the chain-store organization that he pised and said: "I am not here to try to sell coal. I e come to ask you to do me a favor." He then told out his debate and said, "I have come to you for help because I can't think of anyone else who would be more capable of giving me the facts I want. I am anxious to win this debate; and I'll deeply appreciate whatever help you can give me."

Here is the rest of the story in Mr. Knaphle's own words:

> I had asked this man for precisely one minute of his time. It was with that understanding that he consented to see me. After I had stated my case, he motioned me to a chair and talked to me for exactly one hour and forty-seven minutes. He called in another executive who had written a book on chain stores. He wrote to the National Chain Store Association and secured for me a copy of a debate on the subject. He feels that the chain store is rendering a real service to humanity. He is proud of what he is doing for hundreds of communities. His eyes fairly glowed as he talked; and I must confess that he opened my eyes to things I had never even dreamed of. He changed my whole mental attitude.
>
> As I was leaving, he walked with me to the door, put his arm around my shoulder, wished me well in my debate, and asked me to stop in and see him again and let him know how I made out. The last words he said to me were: "Please see me again later in the spring. I should like to place an order with you for coal."
>
> (To me that was almost a miracle. Here he was offering to buy coal without my even suggesting it. I had made more headway in two hours by becoming genuinely interested in him and his problems than I could have made in ten years by trying to get him interested in me and my coal)

You didn't discover a new truth, Mr. Knaphle, for a long time ago, a hundred years before Christ was born, a famous old Roman poet, Publius Syrus, remarked: "We are interested in others when they are interested in us."

So if you want people to like you, **Rule 1** is:

(***Become genuinely interested in other people.***)

CHAPTER TWO

A Simple Way to Make a Good Impression

ECENTLY ATTENDED a dinner party in New York. One the guests, a woman who had inherited money, was ger to make a pleasing impression on everyone. She had andered a modest fortune on sables, diamonds, and rls. But she hadn't done anything whatever about her . It radiated sourness and selfishness. She didn't realize t every man knows: namely, that the expression a man wears on her face is far more important than the hes she wears on her back. (By the way, that is a good to remember when your wife wants to buy a fur coat.)

harles Schwab told me his smile had been worth a lion dollars. And he was probably understating the h. For Schwab's personality, his charm, his ability to e people like him were almost wholly responsible for extraordinary success; and one of the delightful factors is personality was his captivating smile.

once spent an afternoon with Maurice Chevalier—and, kly, I was disappointed. Glum, taciturn, he was sharply different from what I expected—until he smiled. Then it seemed as if the sun had broken through a cloud. If it hadn't been for his smile, Maurice Chevalier would probably still be a cabinet-maker, back in Paris, following the trade of his father and brothers.

Actions speak louder than words, and a smile says, "I like you. You make me happy. I am glad to see you."

That is why dogs make such a hit. They are so glad to see us that they almost jump out of their skins. So, naturally, we are glad to see them.

An insincere grin? No. That doesn't fool anybody. We know it is mechanical and we resent it. I am talking about a real smile, a heart-warming smile, a smile that comes from within, the kind of a smile that will bring a good price in the market place.

The employment manager of a large New York department store told me he would rather hire a sales girl who hadn't finished grade school, if she had a lovely smile, than to hire a doctor of philosophy with a sober face.

The chairman of the board of directors of one of the largest rubber companies in the United States told me that, according to his observations, a man rarely succeeds at anything unless he has fun doing it. This industrial leader doesn't put much faith in the old adage that hard work alone is the magic key that will unlock the door to our desires. "I have known men," he said, "who succeeded because they had a rip-roaring good time conducting their business. Later, I saw those men begin to work at the job. It grew dull. They lost all joy in it, and they failed."

You must have a good time meeting people if you expect them to have a good time meeting you.

I have asked thousands of business men to smile at someone every hour of the day for a week and then come to class and talk about the results. How has it worked? Let's see . . . Here is a letter from William B. Steinhardt, a member of the New York Curb Exchange. His case isn't isolated. In fact, it is typical of hundreds of others.

"I have been married for over eighteen years," writes Mr. Steinhardt, "and in all that time I seldom smiled at my e or spoke two dozen words to her from the time I got until I was ready to leave for business. I was one of the rst grouches who ever walked down Broadway.

'Since you asked me to make a talk about my experience h smiles, I thought I would try it for a week. So the next rning, while combing my hair, I looked at my glum mug the mirror and said to myself, 'Bill, you are going to pe the scowl off that sour puss of yours today. You are ng to smile. And you are going to begin right now.' As at down to breakfast, I greeted my wife with a 'Good rning, my dear,' and smiled as I said it.

'You warned me that she might be surprised. Well, you der-estimated her reaction. She was bewildered. She s shocked. I told her that in the future she could expect s as a regular occurrence and I have kept it up every rning now for two months.

'This changed attitude of mine has brought more hapess in our home during these two months than there s during the last year.

'As I leave for my office now, I greet the elevator boy in apartment house with a 'Good Morning' and a smile. I et the doorman with a smile. I smile at the cashier in subway booth when I ask for change. As I stand on the or on the Curb Exchange, I smile at men who never saw smile until recently.

'I soon found that everybody was smiling back at me. I t those who come to me with complaints or grievances cheerful manner. I smile as I listen to them and I find t adjustments are accomplished much easier. I find that les are bringing me dollars, many dollars every day.

I make my office with another broker. One of his clerks likable young chap, and I was so elated about the res I was getting that I told him recently about my new osophy of human relations. He then confessed that n I first came to make my office with his firm he ight me a terrible grouch—and only recently changed mind. He said I was really human when I smiled.

I have also eliminated criticism from my system. I give reciation and praise now instead of condemnation. I e stopped talking about what I want. I am now trying to see the other person's viewpoint. And these things have literally revolutionized my life. I am a totally different man, a happier man, a richer man, richer in friendships and happiness—the only things that matter much after all."

Remember this letter was written by a sophisticated, worldly-wise stockbroker who makes his living buying and selling stocks for his own account on the New York Curb Exchange—a business so difficult that 99 out of every 100 who attempt it fail.

You don't feel like smiling? Then what? Two things. First, force yourself to smile. If you are alone, force yourself to whistle or hum a tune or sing. Act as if you were already happy, and that will tend to make you happy. Here is the way the late Professor William James of Harvard put it:

"Action seems to follow feeling, but really action and feeling go together, and by regulating the action, which is under the more direct control of the will, we can indirectly regulate the feeling, which is not.

"Thus the sovereign voluntary path to cheerfulness, if our cheerfulness be lost, is to sit up cheerfully and to act and speak as if cheerfulness were already there. . ."

Everybody in the world is seeking happiness—and there is one sure way to find it. That is by controlling your thoughts. Happiness doesn't depend on outward conditions. It depends on inner conditions.

It isn't what you have or who you are or where you are or what you are doing that makes you happy or unhappy. It is what you think about it. For example, two people may be in the same place, doing the same thing; both may have about an equal amount of money and prestige—and yet one may be miserable and the other happy. Why? Because of a different mental attitude. I saw just as many happy faces among the Chinese coolies sweating and toiling in the devastating heat of China for seven cents a day as I see on Park Avenue.

"Nothing is good or bad," said Shakespeare, "but thinking makes it so."

Abe Lincoln once remarked that "most folks are about as happy as they make up their minds to be.) He was right. I recently saw a vivid illustration of that truth. I was walking up the stairs of the Long Island station in New York. Directly in front of me thirty or forty crippled boys on canes and crutches were struggling up the stairs. One boy had to be carried up. I was astonished at their laughter and gaiety. I spoke about it to one of the men in charge of the boys. "Oh, yes," he said, ("when a boy realizes that he is going to be a cripple for life, he is shocked at first; but, after he gets over the shock, he usually resigns himself to his fate and then becomes happier than normal boys.")

I felt like taking my hat off to those boys. They taught me a lesson I hope I shall never forget.

I spent an afternoon with Mary Pickford during the time vhen she was preparing to get a divorce from Douglas Fairbanks. The world probably imagined at the time that she vas distraught and unhappy; but I found her to be one of he most serene and triumphant persons I had ever met. She adiated happiness. Her secret? She has revealed it in a ittle book of thirty-five pages, a book you might enjoy. Go o your public library and ask for a copy of *Why Not Try God?* by Mary Pickford.

Franklin Bettger, former third baseman for the St. Louis Cardinals, and now one of the most successful insurance nen in America, told me that he figured out years ago (that man with a smile is always welcome. So, before entering man's office, he always pauses for an instant and thinks f the many things he has to be thankful for, works up a reat big honest-to-goodness smile, and then enters the oom with the smile just vanishing from his face.) N.9

This simple technique, he believes, has had much to do vith his extraordinary success in selling insurance.

Peruse this bit of sage advice from Elbert Hubbard—but emember, perusing it won't do you any good unless you pply it:

> Whenever you go out of doors, draw the chin in, carry the crown of the head high, and fill the lungs to the utmost; drink in the sunshine; greet your friends with a

> smile, and put soul into every handclasp. Do not fear being misunderstood and do not waste a minute thinking about your enemies. Try to fix firmly in your mind what you would like to do; and then, without veering of direction, you will move straight to the goal. Keep your mind on the great and splendid things you would like to do, and then, as the days go gliding by, you will find yourself unconsciously seizing upon the opportunities that are required for the fulfillment of your desire, just as the coral insect takes from the running tide the element it needs. Picture in your mind the able, earnest, useful person you desire to be, and the thought you hold is hourly transforming you into that particular individual. . . . 1.4 Thought is supreme. Preserve a right mental attitude—the attitude of courage, frankness, and good cheer. To think rightly is to create. All things come through desire and every sincere prayer is answered. We become like that on which our hearts are fixed. Carry your chin in and the crown of your head high. We are gods in the chrysalis.

The ancient Chinese are a wise lot—wise in the ways of the world; and they have a proverb that you and I ought to cut out and paste inside our hats. It goes like this: "A man without a smiling face must not open a shop."

And speaking of shops, Frank Irving Fletcher, in one of his advertisements for Oppenheim, Collins & Co., gave us this bit of homely philosophy.

The Value of a Smile at Christmas

It costs nothing, but creates much.
It enriches those who receive, without impoverishing those who give.
It happens in a flash and the memory of it sometimes lasts forever.
None are so rich they can get along without it, and none so poor but are richer for its benefits.

It creates happiness in the home, fosters good will in a business, and is the countersign of friends.

It is rest to the weary, daylight to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad, and Nature's best antidote for trouble.

Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed, or stolen, for it is something that is no earthly good to anybody till it is given away!

And if in the last-minute rush of Christmas buying some of our salespeople should be too tired to give you a smile, may we ask you to leave one of yours?

For nobody needs a smile so much as those who have none left to give!

So if you want people to like you, **Rule 2** is:

Smile.

CHAPTER THREE

If You Don't Do This, You are Headed for Trouble

BACK IN 1898, a tragic thing happened in Rockland County, New York. A child had died and on this particular day the neighbors were preparing to go to the funeral. Jim Farley went out to the barn to hitch up his horse. The ground was covered with snow, the air was cold and snappy; the horse hadn't been exercised for days; and as he was led out to the watering trough, he wheeled playfully, kicked both his heels high into the air, and killed Jim Farley. So the little village of Stony Point had two funerals that week instead of one.

Jim Farley left behind him a widow and three boys, and a few hundred dollars in insurance.

His oldest boy, Jim, was ten, and he went to work in a brickyard, wheeling sand and pouring it into the molds and turning the brick on edge to be dried by the sun. This boy Jim never had a chance to get much education. But with his Irish geniality, he had a flair for making people like him, so he went into politics and, as the years went by, he developed an uncanny ability for remembering people's names.

He never saw the inside of a high school; but before he was forty-six years of age, four colleges had honored him with degrees, he had become chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and Postmaster General of the United States.

I once interviewed Jim Farley and asked him the secret of his success. He said, "Hard work," and I said, "Don't be funny."

He then asked me what I thought was the reason for his success. I replied: "I understand you can call ten thousand people by their first names."

"No. You are wrong," he said. "I can call fifty thousand people by their first names."

Make no mistake about it. That ability helped Mr. Farley put Franklin D. Roosevelt in the White House.

During the years that Jim Farley traveled as a salesman or a gypsum concern, and during the years that he held office as town clerk in Stony Point, he built up a system for emembering names.

In the beginning, it was a very simple one. Whenever he met a new acquaintance, he found out his complete name, he size of his family, the nature of his business, and the olor of his political opinions. He got all these facts well in mind as part of the picture, and the next time he met that man, even if it was a year later, he was able to slap him on he back, inquire after the wife and kids, and ask him about he hollyhocks in the backyard. No wonder he developed following!

For months before Roosevelt's campaign for President egan, Jim Farley wrote hundreds of letters a day to people l over the western and northwestern states. Then he pped onto a train and in nineteen days covered twenty ates and twelve thousand miles, traveling by buggy, train, tomobile, and skiff. He would drop into town, meet his ople at lunch or breakfast, tea or dinner, and give them "heart-to-heart talk." Then he'd dash off again on another g of his journey.

As soon as he arrived back East, he wrote to one man in each town he had visited, asking for a list of all the guests to whom he had talked. The final list contained thousands and thousands of names; yet each person on that list was paid the subtle flattery of getting a personal letter from James Farley. These letters began "Dear Bill" or "Dear Joe" and they were always signed "Jim."

Jim Farley discovered early in life that the average man is more interested in his own name than he is in all the other names on earth put together. Remember that name and call it easily, and you have paid him a subtle and very effective compliment. But forget it or misspell it—and you have placed yourself at a sharp disadvantage. For example, I once organized a public speaking course in Paris and sent multigraphed letters to all the American residents in the city. French typists with apparently little knowledge of English filled in the names and naturally they made blunders. One man, the manager of a large American bank in Paris, wrote me a scathing rebuke because his name had been misspelled.

What was the reason for Andrew Carnegie's success?

He was called the Steel King; yet he himself knew little about the manufacture of steel. He had hundreds of men working for him who knew far more about steel than he did.

But he knew how to handle men—and that is what made him rich. Early in life, he showed a flair for organization, a genius for leadership. By the time he was ten, he too had discovered the astonishing importance people place on their own names. And he used that discovery to win co-operation. To illustrate: When he was a boy back in Scotland, he got hold of a rabbit, a mother rabbit. Presto! He soon had a whole nest of little rabbits—and nothing to feed them. But he had a brilliant idea. He told the boys in the neighborhood that if they would go out and pull enough clover and dandelions to feed the rabbits, he would name the bunnies in their honor.

The plan worked like magic; and Carnegie never forgot it.

Years later, he made millions by using that same psyhology in business. For example, he wanted to sell steel ails to the Pennsylvania Railroad. J. Edgar Thomson was e president of the Pennsylvania Railroad then. So, ndrew Carnegie built a huge steel mill in Pittsburgh and alled it the "Edgar Thomson Steel Works."

Here is a riddle. See if you can guess it. When the Penn- lvania Railroad needed steel rails, where do you suppose Edgar Thomson bought them? . . . From Sears, Roe- uck? No. No. You're wrong. Guess again.

When Carnegie and George Pullman were battling each her for supremacy in the sleeping-car business, the Steel ing again remembered the lesson of the rabbits.

The Central Transportation Company, which Andrew arnegie controlled, was fighting with the company Pull- an owned. Both were struggling to get the sleeping-car isiness of the Union Pacific Railroad, bucking each other, ashing prices, and destroying all chance of profit. Both arnegie and Pullman had gone to New York to see the ard of directors of the Union Pacific. Meeting one eve- ng in the St. Nicholas Hotel, Carnegie said: "Good eve- ng, Mr. Pullman, aren't we making a couple of fools of rselves?"

"What do you mean?" Pullman demanded.

Then Carnegie expressed what he had on his mind—a erger of their two interests. He pictured in glowing terms e mutual advantage of working with, instead of against, ch other. Pullman listened attentively, but he was not olly convinced. Finally he asked, "What would you l the new company?" and Carnegie replied promptly: hy the Pullman Palace Car Company, of course."

Pullman's face brightened. "Come into my room," he d. "Let's talk it over." That talk made industrial history.

This policy of Andrew Carnegie's of remembering and oring the names of his friends and business associates s one of the secrets of his leadership. He was proud of fact that he could call many of his laborers by their first es; and he boasted that while he was personally in rge, no strike ever disturbed his flaming steel mills.

Paderewski, on the other hand, made his colored Pullman chef feel important by always addressing him as "Mr. Copper." On fifteen different occasions, Paderewski toured America, playing to wildly enthusiastic audiences from coast to coast; and on each occasion he traveled in a private car and the same chef had a midnight meal ready for him after the concert. Never in all those years did Paderewski ever call him "George" after the American manner. With his old-world formality, Paderewski always spoke to him as "Mr. Copper," and Mr. Copper loved it.

(Men are so proud of their names that they strive to perpetuate them at any cost) Even blustering, hard-boiled old P. T. Barnum, disappointed because he had no sons to carry on his name, offered his grandson, C. H. Seeley, twenty-five thousand dollars if he would call himself "Barnum" Seeley.

Two hundred years ago, rich men used to pay authors to dedicate their books to them.

Libraries and museums owe their richest collections to men who cannot bear to think that their names might perish from the memory of the race. The New York Public Library has its Astor and Lenox collections. The Metropolitan Museum perpetuates the names of Benjamin Altman and J. P. Morgan. And nearly every church is beautified by stained-glass windows commemorating the names of the donors.

(Most people don't remember names for the simple reason that they don't take the time and energy necessary to concentrate and repeat and fix names indelibly in their minds.) They make excuses for themselves; they are too busy.

But they are probably no busier than Franklin D. Roosevelt, and he took time to remember and recall even the names of mechanics with whom he came in contact.

To illustrate: The Chrysler organization built a special car for Mr. Roosevelt. W. F. Chamberlain and a mechanic delivered it to the White House. I have in front of me a letter from Mr. Chamberlain relating his experiences. "I taught President Roosevelt how to handle a car with a lot of unusual gadgets; but he taught me a lot about the fine art of handling people."

"When I called at the White House," Mr. Chamberlain writes, "the President was extremely pleasant and cheerful. He called me by name, made me feel very comfortable, and particularly impressed me with the fact that he was *vitally interested* in the things I had to show him and tell him. The car was so designed that it could be operated entirely by hand. A crowd gathered around to look at the car; and he remarked: 'I think it is marvelous. All you have to do is to touch a button and it moves away and you can drive it without effort. I think it is grand—I don't know what makes it go. I'd love to have the time to tear it down and see how it works.'

"When Roosevelt's friends and associates admired the machine, he said in their presence: 'Mr. Chamberlain, I certainly appreciate all the time and effort you have spent in developing this car. It is a mighty fine job.' He admired the radiator, the special rear-vision mirror and clock, the special spotlight, the kind of upholstery, the sitting position of the driver's seat, the special suitcases in the trunk with his monogram on each suitcase. In other words, he took notice of every detail to which he knew I had given considerable thought. He made a point of bringing these various pieces of equipment to the attention of Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Perkins, the Secretary of Labor, and his secretary. He even brought the old colored porter into the picture by saying, 'George, you want to take particularly good care of the suitcases.'

"When the driving lesson was finished, the President turned to me and said: 'Well, Mr. Chamberlain, I have been keeping the Federal Reserve Board waiting thirty minutes. I guess I had better get back to work.'

"I took a mechanic with me down to the White House. He was introduced to Roosevelt when he arrived. He didn't talk to the President and Roosevelt heard his name only once. He was a shy chap, and he kept in the background. But before leaving us, the President looked for the mechanic, shook his hand, called him by name, and thanked him for coming down to Washington. And there was nothing perfunctory about his thanks. He meant what he said. I could feel that.

"A few days after returning to New York, I got an autographed photograph of President Roosevelt and a little note of thanks again expressing his appreciation for my assistance. How he found time to do it is a mystery to me."

Franklin D. Roosevelt knew that one of the simplest, most obvious, and most important ways of gaining good will is by remembering names and making people feel important—yet how many of us do it?

Half the time we are introduced to a stranger, chat a few minutes, and can't even remember his name when we say good-by.

One of the first lessons a politician learns is this: "To recall a voter's name is statesmanship. To forget it is oblivion."

And the ability to remember names is almost as important in business and social contacts as it is in politics.

Napoleon the Third, Emperor of France and nephew of the great Napoleon, boasted that in spite of all his royal duties he could remember the name of every person he met.

His technique? Simple. If he didn't hear the name distinctly, he said, "So sorry. I didn't get the name clearly." Then, if it was an unusual name, he would say, "How is it spelled?"

During the conversation, he took the trouble to repeat the name several times, and tried to associate it in his mind with the man's features, expression, and general appearance.

If the man were someone of importance, Napoleon went to even further pains. As soon as His Royal Highness was alone, he wrote the man's name down on a piece of paper, looked at it, concentrated on it, fixed it securely in his mind, and then tore up the paper. In this way, he gained an eye impression of the name as well as an ear impression.

All this takes time, but "good manners," said Emerson, "are made up of petty sacrifices."

So if you want people to like you, **Rule 3** is:

Remember that a man's name is to him the sweetest and most important sound in any language.

CHAPTER FOUR

An Easy Way to Become a Good Conversationalist

I WAS RECENTLY INVITED to a bridge party. Personally, I don't play bridge—and there was a blonde there who didn't play bridge either. She had discovered that I had once been Lowell Thomas' manager before he went on the radio, that I had traveled in Europe a great deal while helping him prepare the illustrated travel talks he was then delivering. So she said: "Oh, Mr. Carnegie, I do want you to tell me about all the wonderful places you have visited and the sights you have seen."

As we sat down on the sofa, she remarked that she and her husband had recently returned from a trip to Africa. "Africa!" I exclaimed. "How interesting! I always wanted to see Africa, but I never got there except for a twenty-four-hour stay once in Algiers. Tell me, did you visit the big-game country? Yes? How fortunate! I envy you! Do tell me about Africa."

That was good for forty-five minutes. She never again asked me where I had been or what I had seen. She didn't want to hear me talk about my travels. All she wanted was an interested listener, so she could expand her ego and tell about where she had been.

Was she unusual? No. Many people are like that.

For example, I recently met a distinguished botanist at a dinner party given by J. W. Greenberg, the New York book publisher. I had never talked to a botanist before, and I found him fascinating. I literally sat on the edge of my chair and listened while he spoke of hashish and Luther Burbank and indoor gardens and told me astonishing facts about the humble potato. I have a small indoor garden of my own—and he was good enough to tell me how to solve some of my problems.

As I said, we were at a dinner party. There must have been a dozen other guests there; but I violated all the canons of courtesy, ignored everyone else, and talked for hours to the botanist.

Midnight came. I said good night to everyone and departed. The botanist then turned to our host and paid me several flattering compliments. I was "most stimulating." I was this and I was that; and he ended up by saying I was a "most interesting conversationalist."

An interesting conversationalist? I? Why, I had said hardly anything at all. I couldn't have said anything if I had wanted to without changing the subject, for I don't know any more about botany than I know about the anatomy of a penguin. But I had done this: I had listened intently. I had listened because I was genuinely interested. And he felt it. Naturally that pleased him. That kind of listening is one of the highest compliments we can pay to anyone. "Few human beings," wrote Jack Woodford in *Strangers in Love*, "few human beings are proof against the implied flattery of rapt attention." I went even farther than giving him rapt attention. I was "hearty in my approbation and lavish in my praise."

I told him I had been immensely entertained and instructed—and I had. I told him I wished that I had his knowledge—and I do. I told him that I should love to wander the fields with him—and I should. I told him I must see him again—and I must.

(And so I had him thinking of me as a good conversationalist when, in reality, I had been merely a good listener and encouraged him to talk)

What is the secret, the mystery, of a successful business nterview? Well, according to that genial scholar Charles W. Eliot, ("there is no mystery about successful business ntercourse. . . . Exclusive attention to the person who is speaking to you is very important. Nothing else is so flatterng as that.")

Self-evident, isn't it? You don't have to study for four ears in Harvard to discover that. Yet I know and you know nerchants who will rent expensive space, buy their goods economically, dress their windows appealingly, spend hundreds of dollars in advertising, and (then hire clerks who haven't the sense to be good listeners—clerks who interupt customers, contradict them, irritate them,) and all but drive them from the store.

Take, for example, the experience of J. C. Wootton. He elated this story in one of my classes: He bought a suit in a department store in the enterprising city of Newark, New ersey. The suit proved to be disappointing; the dye of he coat rubbed off and darkened the collar of his shirt.

Taking the suit back to the store, he found the salesman he had dealt with and told his story. Did I say he "told" his tory? Sorry, that is an exaggeration. He *attempted* to tell is story. But he couldn't. He was interrupted.

"We've sold thousands of those suits," the salesman reported, "and this is the first complaint we have ever had."

That was what his words said; and his tones were even worse. His belligerent tones said: "You are lying. Think ou are going to put something over on us, don't you? Well, ll show you a thing or two."

In the heat of this argument, a second salesman pitched . "All dark suits rub a little at first," he said. "That can't e helped. Not in suits at that price. It's in the dye."

"By this time, I was fairly sizzling," Mr. Wootton remarked as he told his story. "The first salesman questioned y honesty. The second one intimated that I had purchased a second-rate article. I boiled. I was on the point of telling them to take their suit and go to hell, when suddenly the head of the department strolled by. He knew his business. He changed my attitude completely. He turned an angry man into a satisfied customer. How did he do it? By three things:

"First, *he listened to my story from beginning to end without saying a word.*

"Second, when I had finished and the salesmen again started to air their views, he argued with them from *my point of view.* Not only did he point out that my collar obviously was stained from the suit, but he also insisted that nothing should be sold from that store that did not give complete satisfaction.

"Third, he admitted he didn't know the cause of the trouble and said to me very simply, 'What would you like me to do with the suit? I'll do anything you say.'

"Only a few minutes before I had been ready to tell them to keep their confounded suit. But now I answered, 'I want only your advice. I want to know whether the condition is temporary, and if anything can be done about it.'

"He suggested that I try the suit for another week. 'If it isn't satisfactory then,' he promised, 'bring it in and we'll give you one that is. We are so sorry to have caused you this inconvenience.'

"I walked out of the store satisfied; the suit was all right at the end of the week; and my confidence in that department store was completely restored."

Small wonder that manager was head of his department; and, as for his subordinates, they will remain—I was about to say they would remain clerks all their lives. No, they will probably be demoted to the wrapping department, where they never will come in contact with customers.

The chronic kicker, even the most violent critic, will frequently soften and be subdued in the presence of a patient, sympathetic listener—a listener who will be silent while the irate fault-finder dilates like a king cobra and spews the poison out of his system. To illustrate: The New York Telephone Company discovered a few years ago that it had to deal with one of the most vicious customers who ever cursed a "hello girl." And he did curse. He raved. He threatened to tear the phone out by its roots. He refused to pay certain charges which he declared were false. He wrote letters to the newspapers. He filed innumerable complaints with the Public Service Commission and he started several suits against the telephone company.

At last, one of the company's most skillful "trouble shooters" was sent to interview this stormy petrel. This "trouble shooter" listened and let the cantankerous old boy enjoy himself by pouring out his tirade. The telephone man listened and said "yes" and sympathized with his grievance.

"He raved on and I listened for nearly three hours," the "trouble shooter" said as he related his experiences before one of the author's classes. "Then I went back and listened some more. I interviewed him four times, and before the fourth visit was over I had become a charter member of an organization he was starting. He called it the 'Telephone Subscribers' Protective Association.' I am still a member of this organization, and, so far as I know, I'm the only member in the world today besides Mr. ——.

"I listened and sympathized with him on every point that he made during these interviews. He had never had a telephone man talk to him that way before, and he became almost friendly. The point on which I went to see him was not even mentioned on the first visit, nor was it mentioned on the second or third, but upon the fourth interview I closed the case completely, had all bills paid in full, and for the first time in the history of his difficulties with the Telephone Company he withdrew his complaints to the Commission."

Doubtless Mr. —— considered himself to be a holy crusader, defending the public rights against callous exploitation. But in reality, what he wanted was a feeling of mportance. He got this feeling of importance at first by kicking and complaining. But as soon as he got his feeling of importance from a representative of the company, his imagined grievances vanished into thin air.

One morning, years ago, an angry customer stormed into the office of Julian F. Detmer, founder of the Detmer Woolen Company, which later became the world's largest distributors of woolens to the tailoring trade.

"This man owed us fifteen dollars," Mr. Detmer explained to me. "The customer denied it, but we knew he was wrong. So our credit department had insisted that he pay. After getting a number of letters from our credit men, he packed his grip, made a trip to Chicago, and hurried into my office to inform me not only that he was not going to pay that bill, but that he was never going to buy another dollar's worth of goods from the Detmer Woolen Company.

"I listened patiently to all he had to say. I was tempted to interrupt, but I realized that would be bad policy. So I let him talk himself out. When he finally simmered down and got in a receptive mood, I said quietly: 'I want to thank you for coming to Chicago to tell me about this. You have done me a great favor, for if our credit department has annoyed you, it may annoy other good customers, and that would be just too bad. Believe me, I am far more eager to hear this than you are to tell it.'

"That was the last thing in the world he expected me to say. I think he was a trifle disappointed, because he had come to Chicago to tell me a thing or two, but here I was thanking him instead of scrapping with him. I assured him we would wipe the fifteen-dollar charge off the books and forget it, because he was a very careful man with only one account to look after, while our clerks had to look after thousands. Therefore he was less likely to be wrong than we were.

"I told him that I understood exactly how he felt and that, if I were in his shoes, I should undoubtedly feel precisely as he did. Since he wasn't going to buy from us any more, I recommended some other woolen houses.

"In the past, we had usually lunched together when he came to Chicago, so I invited him to have lunch with me this day. He accepted reluctantly, but when we came back to the office he placed a larger order than ever before. He returned home in a softened mood and, wanting to be just as fair with us as we had been with him, looked over his bills, found one that had been mislaid, and sent us a check for fifteen dollars, with his apologies.

"Later, when his wife presented him with a baby boy, he gave his son the middle name of Detmer and he remained a friend and customer of the house until his death twenty-two years afterwards."

Years ago, a poor Dutch immigrant boy was washing the windows of a bakery shop after school for fifty cents a week, and his people were so poor that he used to go out in the street with a basket every day and collect stray bits of coal that had fallen in the gutter where the coal wagons had delivered fuel. That boy, Edward Bok, never got more than six years' schooling in his life; yet eventually he made himself one of the most successful magazine editors in the history of American journalism. How did he do it? That is a long story, but how he got his start can be told briefly. He got his start by using the principles advocated in this chapter.

He left school when he was thirteen and became an office boy for the Western Union at six dollars and twenty-five cents a week; but he didn't for one moment give up the idea of an education. Instead, he started to educate himself. He saved his car-fares and went without lunch until he had enough money to buy an encyclopedia of American biography—and then he did an unheard-of thing. He read the lives of famous men and wrote them asking for additional information about their childhoods. He was a good listener. He encouraged famous people to talk about themselves. He wrote General James A. Garfield, who was then running for President, and asked if it was true that he was once a tow boy on a canal; and Garfield replied. He wrote General Grant asking about a certain battle; and Grant drew a map for him and invited this fourteen-year-old boy to dinner and spent the evening talking to him.

He wrote Emerson and encouraged Emerson to talk about himself. This Western Union messenger boy was soon corresponding with many of the most famous people in the nation: Emerson, Phillips Brooks, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Longfellow, Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, Louisa May Alcott, General Sherman, and Jefferson Davis.

He not only corresponded with these distinguished people but as soon as he got a vacation he visited many of them as a welcome guest in their homes. This experience imbued him with a confidence that was invaluable. These men and women fired him with a vision and ambition that revolutionized his life. And, all this, let me repeat, was made possible solely by the application of the principles we are discussing here.

Isaac F. Marcosson, who is probably the world's champion interviewer of celebrities, declared that many people fail to make a favorable impression because they don't listen attentively. "They have been so much concerned with what they are going to say next that they do not keep their ears open. . . . Big men have told me that they prefer good listeners to good talkers, but the ability to listen seems rarer than almost any other good trait."

And not only big men crave a good listener, but ordinary folk do too. As the *Reader's Digest* once said: "Many persons call a doctor when all they want is an audience."

During the darkest hours of the Civil War, Lincoln wrote to an old friend out in Springfield, Illinois, asking him to come to Washington. Lincoln said he had some problems he wanted to discuss with him. The old neighbor called at the White House, and Lincoln talked to him for hours about the advisability of issuing a proclamation freeing the slaves. Lincoln went over all the arguments for and against such a move, and then read letters and newspaper articles, some denouncing him for not freeing the slaves and others denouncing him for fear he was going to free them. After talking for hours, Lincoln shook hands with his old neighbor, said good night, and sent him back to Illinois without even asking for his opinion. Lincoln had done all the talking himself. That seemed to clarify his mind. "He seemed to feel easier after the talk," the old friend said. Lincoln hadn't wanted advice. He had wanted merely a friendly, sympathetic listener to whom he could unburden himself. That's what we all want when we are in trouble. That is frequently ıll the irritated customer wants, and the dissatisfied employee or the hurt friend.

If you want to know how to make people shun you and augh at you behind your back and even despise you, here s the recipe: Never listen to anyone for long. Talk incessantly about yourself. If you have an idea while the other ellow is talking, don't wait for him to finish. He isn't as mart as you. Why waste your time listening to his idle hatter? Bust right in and interrupt him in the middle of ı sentence.

Do you know people like that? I do, unfortunately; and he astonishing part of it is that some of them have their ıames in the social register.

Bores, that is all they are—bores intoxicated with their wn egos, drunk with a sense of their own importance.

The man who talks only of himself, thinks only of himself. And "the man who thinks only of himself," says Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, 'is hopelessly uneducated." "He is not educated," says Dr. Butler, "no matter how instructed he may be."

So if you aspire to be a good conversationalist, be an attentive listener. As Mrs. Charles Northam Lee puts it: "To e interesting, be interested." Ask questions that the other nan will enjoy answering. Encourage him to talk about imself and his accomplishments.

Remember that the man you are talking to is a hundred imes more interested in himself and his wants and his roblems than he is in you and your problems. His toothche means more to him than a famine in China that kills million people. A boil on his neck interests him more than orty earthquakes in Africa. Think of that the next time you tart a conversation.

So if you want people to like you, **Rule 4** is:

Be a good listener. Encourage others to talk about themselves.

CHAPTER FIVE

How to Interest People

EVERYONE WHO VISITED Theodore Roosevelt at Oyster Bay was astonished at the range and diversity of his knowledge. "Whether it was a cowboy or a Rough Rider, a New York politician or a diplomat," wrote Gamaliel Bradford, "Roosevelt knew what to say to him." And how was it done? The answer was simple. Whenever Roosevelt expected a visitor, he sat up late the night before reading up on the subject in which he knew his guest was particularly interested.

For Roosevelt knew, as all leaders know, (that the *royal road to a man's heart is to talk to him about the things he treasures most.*)

The genial William Lyon Phelps, erstwhile professor of literature at Yale, learned this lesson early in life.

"When I was eight years old and was spending a weekend visiting my Aunt Libby Linsley at her home in Stratford on the Housatonic," writes William Lyon Phelps in his essay on *Human Nature,* "a middle-aged man called one evening, and after a polite skirmish with my aunt, he evoted his attention to me. At that time, I happened to be xcited about boats, and the visitor discussed the subject a way that seemed to me particularly interesting. After e left, I spoke of him with enthusiasm. What a man! And ow tremendously interested in boats! My aunt informed e he was a New York lawyer; that he cared nothing whatver about boats—took not the slightest interest in the ubject. 'But why then did he talk all the time about boats?'

" 'Because he is a gentleman. He saw you were interested boats, and he talked about the things he knew would terest and please you. He made himself agreeable.' "

And William Lyon Phelps adds: "I never forgot my unt's remark."

As I write this chapter, I have before me a letter from dward L. Chalif, a man active in Boy Scout work.

"One day I found I needed a favor," writes Mr. Chalif. A big Scout jamboree was coming off in Europe, and I anted the president of one of the largest corporations in merica to pay the expenses of one of my boys for the trip.

"Fortunately, just before I went to see this man, I heard at he had drawn a check for a million dollars, and that fter it was cancelled, he had had it framed.

"So the first thing I did when I entered his office was ask to see that check. A check for a million dollars! told him I never knew that anybody had ever written ich a check, and that I wanted to tell my boys that I had ctually seen a check for a million dollars. He gladly owed it to me; I admired it and asked him to tell me l about how it happened to be drawn."

You notice, don't you, that Mr. Chalif didn't begin by lking about the Boy Scouts, or the jamboree in Europe, what it was *he* wanted? He talked in terms of what terested the other man. Here's the result:

"Presently the man I was interviewing said: 'Oh, by the ay, what was it you wanted to see me about?' So I told m.

"To my vast surprise," Mr. Chalif continues, "he not ly granted immediately what I asked for, but much more. had asked him to send only one boy to Europe, but he nt five boys and myself, gave me a letter of credit for a thousand dollars and told us to stay in Europe for seven weeks. He also gave me letters of introduction to his branch presidents, putting them at our service; and he himself met us in Paris and showed us the town. Since then, he has given jobs to some of the boys whose parents were in want; and he is still active in our group.

"Yet I know if I hadn't found out what he was interested in, and got him warmed up first, I wouldn't have found him one-tenth as easy to approach."

Is this a valuable technique to use in business? Is it? Let's see. Take Henry G. Duvernoy, of Duvernoy & Sons, one of the highest-class baking firms in New York.

Mr. Duvernoy had been trying to sell bread to a certain New York hotel. He had called on the manager every week for four years. He went to the same social affairs the manager attended. He even took rooms in the hotel and lived there in order to get the business. But he failed.

"Then," said Mr. Duvernoy, "after studying human relations, I resolved to change my tactics. I decided to find out what interested this man—what caught his enthusiasm.

"I discovered he belonged to a society of hotel men called the Hotel Greeters of America. He not only belonged, but his bubbling enthusiasm had made him president of the organization, and president of the International Greeters. No matter where its conventions were held, he would be there even if he had to fly over mountains or cross deserts or seas.

"So when I saw him the next day, I began talking about the Greeters. What a response I got. What a response! He talked to me for half an hour about the Greeters, his tones vibrant with enthusiasm. I could plainly see that this society was his hobby, the passion of his life. Before I left his office, he 'sold' me a membership in his organization.

"In the meantime, I had said nothing about bread. But a few days later, the steward of his hotel phoned me to come over with samples and prices.

" 'I don't know what you did to the old boy,' the steward greeted me. 'But he sure is sold on you!'

"Think of it! I had been drumming at that man for four years—trying to get his business—and I'd still be drumming at him if I hadn't finally taken the trouble to find out what *he* was interested in, and what *he* enjoyed talking about."

So, if you want to make people like you, **Rule 5** is:

Talk in terms of the other man's interests.

CHAPTER SIX

How to Make People Like You Instantly

I WAS WAITING in line to register a letter in the Post Office at Thirty-third Street and Eighth Avenue in New York. I noticed that the registry clerk was bored with his job—weighing envelopes, handing out the stamps, making change, issuing receipts—the same monotonous grind year after year. So I said to myself: "I am going to try to make that chap like me. Obviously, to make him like me, I must say something nice, not about myself, but about him." So I asked myself, "What is there about him that I can honestly admire?" That is sometimes a hard question to answer, especially with strangers; but, in this case, it happened to be easy. I instantly saw something I admired no end.

So while he was weighing my envelope, I remarked with enthusiasm: "I certainly wish I had your head of hair."

He looked up, half-startled, his face beaming with smiles. "Well, it isn't as good as it used to be," he said modestly. I assured him that although it might have lost

ome of its pristine glory, nevertheless it was still mag-
ificent. He was immensely pleased. We carried on a
leasant conversation and the last thing he said to me
vas: "Many people have admired my hair."

I'll bet that chap went out to lunch that day walking
n air. I'll bet he went home that night and told his wife
bout it. I'll bet he looked in the mirror and said: "It *is*
beautiful head of hair."

I told this story once in public; and a man asked me
fterwards: "What did you want to get out of him?"

What was I trying to get out of him!!! What was I
ying to get out of him!!!

If we are so contemptibly selfish that we can't radiate a
ttle happiness and pass on a bit of honest appreciation
ithout trying to screw something out of the other person
return—if our souls are no bigger than sour crab apples,
e shall meet with the failure we so richly deserve.

Oh yes, I did want something out of that chap. I wanted
mething priceless. And I got it. I got the feeling that I
ad done something for him without his being able to
anything whatever in return for me. That is a feeling
at glows and sings in your memory long after the incident
as passed.

There is one all-important law of human conduct. If we
bey that law, we shall almost never get into trouble. In
ct, that law, if obeyed, will bring us countless friends and
nstant happiness. But the very instant we break that law,
e shall get into endless trouble. The law is this: *Always*
ake the other person feel important. Professor John
ewey, as we have already noted, says that the desire to
important is the deepest urge in human nature; and
ofessor William James says: "The deepest principle in
man nature is the craving to be appreciated." As I have
ready pointed out, it is the urge that differentiates us
om the animals. It is the urge that has been responsible
r civilization itself.

Philosophers have been speculating on the rules of hu-
an relationships for thousands of years and out of all
at speculation, there has evolved only one important

precept. It is not new. It is as old as history. Zoroaster taught it to his fire-worshipers in Persia three thousand years ago. Confucius preached it in China twenty-four centuries ago. Lao-tse, the founder of Taoism, taught it to his disciples in the Valley of the Han. Buddha preached it on the banks of the Holy Ganges five hundred years before Christ. The sacred books of Hinduism taught it a thousand years before that. Jesus taught it among the stony hills of Judea nineteen centuries ago. Jesus summed it up in one thought—probably the most important rule in the world: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

You want the approval of those with whom you come in contact. You want recognition of your true worth. You want a feeling that you are important in your little world. You don't want to listen to cheap, insincere flattery but you do crave sincere appreciation. You want your friends and associates to be, as Charles Schwab puts it, "hearty in their appreciation and lavish in their praise." All of us want that.

So let's obey the Golden Rule, and give unto others what we would have others give unto us.

How? When? Where? The answer is: all the time, everywhere.

For example, I asked the information clerk in Radio City for the number of Henry Souvaine's office. Dressed in a neat uniform, he prided himself on the way he dispensed knowledge. Clearly and distinctly he replied: "Henry Souvaine. (pause) 18th floor. (pause) Room 1816."

I rushed for the elevator, then paused and went back and said: "I want to congratulate you on the splendid way you answered my question. You were very clear and precise. You did it like an artist. And that's unusual."

Beaming with pleasure, he told me why he made each pause, and precisely why each phrase was uttered as it was. My few words made him carry his necktie a bit higher; and as I shot up to the eighteenth floor, I got a feeling of having added a trifle to the sum total of human happiness that afternoon.

You don't have to wait until you are ambassador to France or chairman of the Clambake Committee of the Elks' Club before you use this philosophy of appreciation. You can work magic with it almost every day.

If, for example, the waitress brings us mashed potatoes when we ordered French fried, let's say: "I'm sorry to trouble you, I prefer French fried." She'll reply, "No trouble at all," and will be glad to do it because you have shown respect for her.

Little phrases such as "I'm sorry to trouble you," "Would you be so kind as to—," "Won't you please," "Would you mind," "Thank you"—little courtesies like that oil the cogs of the monotonous grind of everyday life —and, incidentally, they are the hall mark of good breeding.

Let's take another illustration. Did you ever read any of Hall Caine's novels—*The Christian, The Deemster, The Manxman?* Millions of people read his novels, countless millions. He was the son of a blacksmith. He never had more than eight years' schooling in his life, yet when he died he was the richest literary man the world has ever known.

The story goes like this: Hall Caine loved sonnets and ballads: so he devoured all of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's poetry. He even wrote a lecture chanting the praises of Rossetti's artistic achievements—and sent a copy to Rossetti himself. Rossetti was delighted. "Any young man who has such an exalted opinion of my ability," Rossetti probably said to himself, "must be brilliant." So Rossetti invited this blacksmith's son to come to London and act as his secretary. That was the turning point in Hall Caine's life; or, in his new position, he met the literary artists of the day. Profiting by their advice and inspired by their encouragement, he launched upon a career that emblazoned his name across the sky.

His home, Greeba Castle, on the Isle of Man, became a Mecca for tourists from the far corners of the world; and he left an estate of two million, five hundred thousand dollars. Yet—who knows—he might have died poor and unknown had he not written an essay expressing his admiration for a famous man.

Such is the power, the stupendous power, of sincere, heartfelt appreciation.

Rossetti considered himself important. That is not strange. Almost everyone considers himself important, very important.

So does every nation.

Do you feel that you are superior to the Japanese? The truth is that the Japanese consider themselves far superior to you. A conservative Japanese, for example, is infuriated at the sight of a white man dancing with a Japanese lady.

Do you consider yourself superior to the Hindus in India? That is your privilege; but a million Hindus feel so infinitely superior to you that they wouldn't befoul themselves by condescending to touch food that your heathen shadow had fallen across and contaminated.

Do you feel you are superior to the Eskimos? Again, that is your privilege; but would you really like to know what the Eskimo thinks of you? Well, there are a few native hobos among the Eskimos, worthless bums who refuse to work. The Eskimos call them "white men"—that being their utmost term of contempt.

Each nation feels superior to other nations. That breeds patriotism—and wars.

The unvarnished truth is that almost every man you meet feels himself superior to you in some way; and a sure way to his heart is to let him realize in some subtle way that you recognize his importance in his little world, and recognize it sincerely.

Remember what Emerson said: "Every man I meet is in some way my superior; and in that I can learn of him."

And the pathetic part of it is that frequently those who have the least justification for a feeling of achievement bolster up their inner feeling of inadequacy by an outward shouting and tumult and conceit that are offensive and truly nauseating.

As Shakespeare put it: "Man, proud man! dressed in a ittle brief authority, plays such fantastic tricks before high eaven as to make the angels weep."

I am going to tell you three stories of how business men n my own courses have applied these principles with emarkable results. Let's take the case first of a Connecti- ut attorney who prefers not to have his name mentioned ecause of his relatives. We'll call him Mr. R.

Shortly after joining the course, he motored down to ong Island with his wife to visit some of her relatives. he left him to chat with an old aunt of hers and then ushed off by herself to visit some of her younger relatives. ince he had to make a talk on how he had applied the rinciples of appreciation, he thought he would begin with he old lady. So he looked around the house to see what e could honestly admire.

"This house was built about 1890, wasn't it?" he in- uired.

"Yes," she replied, "that is precisely the year it was uilt."

"It reminds me of the house in which I was born," he aid. "It is beautiful. Well built. Roomy. You know, they on't build houses like this any more."

"You're right," the old lady agreed. "The young folks owadays don't care for beautiful homes. All they want a small apartment and an electric ice box and then they o off gadding about in their automobiles.

"This is a dream house," she said in a voice vibrating ith tender memories. "This house was built with love. y husband and I dreamed about it for years before we uilt it. We didn't have an architect. We planned it all urselves."

She then showed him about the house, and he expressed s hearty admiration for all the beautiful treasures she d picked up in her travels and cherished over a lifetime: aisley shawls, an old English tea set, Wedgwood china, rench beds and chairs, Italian paintings, and silk draperies at had once hung in a French château.

"After showing me through the house," said Mr. R., "she took me out to the garage. There, jacked up on blocks, was a Packard car—almost new."

"My husband bought that car shortly before he passed on," she said softly. "I have never ridden in it since his death. . . . You appreciate nice things, and I'm going to give this car to you."

"Why, aunty," he said, "you overwhelm me. I appreciate your generosity, of course; but I couldn't possibly accept it. I'm not even a relative of yours. I have a new car; and you have many relatives that would like to have that Packard."

"Relatives!" she exclaimed. "Yes, I have relatives who are just waiting till I die so they can get that car. But they are not going to get it."

"If you don't want to give it to them, you can very easily sell it to a second-hand dealer," he told her.

"Sell it!" she cried. "Do you think I would sell this car? Do you think I could stand to see strangers riding up and down the street in that car—that car that my husband bought for me? I wouldn't dream of selling it. I am going to give it to you. You appreciate beautiful things!"

He tried to get out of accepting the car; but he couldn't without hurting her feelings.

This old lady, left in a big house all alone with her Paisley shawls, her French antiques, and her memories, was starving for a little recognition. She had once been young and beautiful and sought after. She had once built a house warm with love and had collected things from all over Europe to make it beautiful. Now, in the isolated loneliness of old age, she craved a little human warmth, a little genuine appreciation—and no one gave it to her. And when she found it, like a spring in the desert, her gratitude couldn't adequately express itself with anything less than the gift of a Packard car.

Let's take another case: Donald M. McMahon, superintendent of Lewis & Valentine, nurserymen and landscape architects in Rye, New York, related this incident:

"Shortly after I heard the talk on 'How to Win Friends and Influence People,' I was landscaping the estate of a famous attorney. The owner came out to give me a few ggestions about where he wished to plant a mass of ododendrons and azaleas.

"I said, 'Judge, you have a lovely hobby. I have been lmiring your beautiful dogs. I understand you win a lot blue ribbons every year at the big dog show in Madison juare Garden.'

"The effect of this little expression of appreciation was iking.

" 'Yes,' the judge replied, 'I do have a lot of fun with my gs. Wouldn't you like to see my kennel?'

"He spent almost an hour showing me his dogs and the izes they had won. He even brought out their pedigrees d explained the blood lines responsible for such beauty d intelligence.

"Finally, turning to me, he asked: 'Do you have a little y?'

" 'Yes, I do,' I replied.

" 'Well, wouldn't he like a puppy?' the judge inquired.

" 'Oh, yes, he'd be tickled pink.'

" 'All right, I am going to give him one,' the judge anunced.

"He started to tell me how to feed the puppy. Then he used. 'You'll forget it if I tell you. I'll write it out.' So judge went in the house, typed out the pedigree and ding instructions and gave me a puppy worth a hundred llars and one hour and fifteen minutes of his valuable ne largely because I expressed my honest admiration for hobby and achievements."

George Eastman, of Kodak fame, invented the transent film that made motion pictures possible, amassed a tune of a hundred million dollars, and made himself of the most famous business men on earth. Yet in spite all these tremendous accomplishments, he craved little ognitions even as you and I.

To illustrate: A number of years ago, Eastman was lding the Eastman School of Music in Rochester and Kilbourn Hall, a theatre in memory of his mother. nes Adamson, president of the Superior Seating Comny of New York, wanted to get the order to supply the theatre chairs for these buildings. Phoning the architect, Mr. Adamson made an appointment to see Mr. Eastmar in Rochester.

When Adamson arrived, the architect said: "I know you want to get this order; but I can tell you right now that you won't stand a ghost of a show if you take more than five minutes of George Eastman's time. He is a martinet. He is very busy. So tell your story quickly and get out."

Adamson was prepared to do just that.

When he was ushered into the room, he noticed Mr. Eastman bending over a pile of papers at his desk. Presently, Mr. Eastman looked up, removed his glasses, and walked toward the architect and Mr. Adamson, saying: "Good morning, gentlemen, what can I do for you?"

The architect introduced them and then Mr. Adamsor said:

> While we have been waiting for you, Mr. Eastman, I have been admiring your office. I wouldn't mind working myself if I had a room like this to work in. You know I am in the interior-woodworking business myself and I never saw a more beautiful office in all my life.

George Eastman replied:

> You remind me of something I had almost forgotten It is beautiful, isn't it? I enjoyed it a great deal when i was first built. But I come down here now with a lot o other things on my mind and sometimes don't even se the room for weeks at a time.

Adamson walked over and rubbed his hand across panel. "This is English oak, isn't it? A little different texture from Italian oak."

"Yes," Eastman replied. "That is imported English oal It was selected for me by a friend who specializes in fin woods."

Then Eastman showed him about the room, pointin out the proportions, the coloring, the hand carving an other effects that he had helped to plan and execute.

Vhile drifting about the room, admiring the woodwork,
/ paused before a window and George Eastman, in his
lest, soft-spoken way, pointed out some of the institu-
s through which he was trying to help humanity: the
versity of Rochester, the General Hospital, the Homeo-
ic Hospital, the Friendly Home, the Children's Hos-
l. Mr. Adamson congratulated him warmly on the
listic way he was using his wealth to alleviate the
erings of humanity. Presently George Eastman un-
ed a glass case and pulled out the first camera he had
r owned—an invention he had bought from an English-
ı.

Adamson questioned him at length about his early
ggles to get started in business, and Mr.Eastman spoke
ı real feeling about the poverty of his childhood, told
/ his widowed mother had kept a boarding house while
clerked in an insurance office for fifty cents a day. The
or of poverty haunted him day and night and he re-
ed to make enough money so his mother wouldn't
e to work herself to death in a boarding house. Mr.
amson drew him out with further questions and listened,
orbed, while he related the story of his experiments
ı dry photographic plates. He told how he had worked
n office all day, and sometimes experimented all night,
ng only brief naps while the chemicals were working,
etimes working and sleeping in his clothes for seventy-
hours at a stretch.

ames Adamson had been ushered into Eastman's office
0:15, and warned that he must not take more than five
utes; but an hour passed, two hours passed. They were
talking.

inally, George Eastman turned to Adamson and said,
e last time I was in Japan I bought some chairs,
ght them home, and put them in my sun porch. But
un peeled the paint, so I went down town the other
and bought some paint and painted the chairs myself.
ld you like to see what sort of a job I can do painting
s? All right. Come up to my home and have lunch
me and I'll show you."

fter lunch, Mr. Eastman showed Adamson the chairs he had brought from Japan. They weren't worth more tha $1.50 apiece, but George Eastman, who had made hundred million dollars in business, was proud of the because he himself had painted them.

The order for the seats amounted to $90,000. Who d you suppose got the order—James Adamson or one of hi competitors?

From that time on until Mr. Eastman's death, he an James Adamson were close friends.

Where should you and I begin applying this magi touchstone of appreciation? Why not begin right at home I don't know of any other place where it is more neede —or more neglected. Your wife must have some goo points—at least you once thought she had or you wouldn have married her. But how long has it been since you expressed your admiration for her attractions? How long? How long????

I was fishing up on the headwaters of the Miramichi i New Brunswick a few years ago. I was isolated in a lonel camp deep in the Canadian woods. The only thing I coul find to read was a country newspaper. I read everything i it, including the ads and an article by Dorothy Dix. He article was so fine that I cut it out and kept it. She claime she was tired of always hearing lectures to brides. Sh declared that someone ought to take the bridegroom to on side and give him this bit of sage advice:

> Never get married until you have kissed the Blarne Stone. Praising a woman before marriage is a matter inclination. But praising one after you marry her is matter of necessity—and personal safety. Matrimony no place for candor. It is a field for diplomacy.
>
> If you wish to fare sumptuously every day, nev knock your wife's housekeeping or make invidious con parisons between it and your mother's. But, on the co trary, be forever praising her domesticity and open congratulate yourself upon having married the on woman who combines the attractions of Venus ar Minerva and Mary Ann. Even when the steak is leath and the bread a cinder, don't complain. Merely remar

that the meal isn't up to her usual standard of perfection, and she will make a burnt offering of herself on the kitchen stove to live up to your ideal of her.

Don't begin this too suddenly—or she'll be suspicious. But tonight, or tomorrow night bring her some flowers a box of candy. Don't merely say, "Yes, I ought to do ' *Do it!* And bring her a smile in addition, and some rm words of affection. If more wives and more husbands that, I wonder if we should still have one marriage out every six shattered on the rocks of Reno?

Would you like to know how to make a woman fall in e with you? Well, here is the secret. This is going to be od. It is not my idea. I borrowed it from Dorothy Dix. e once interviewed a celebrated bigamist who had won hearts and savings-bank accounts of twenty-three men. (And, by the way, it ought to be noted in passing t she interviewed him in jail.) When she asked him recipe for making women fall in love with him, he said vas no trick at all; all you had to do was to talk to a man about herself.

And the same technique works with men: "Talk to a n about himself," said Disraeli, one of the shrewdest n who ever ruled the British Empire, "talk to a man out himself and he will listen for hours."

So if you want people to like you, **Rule 6** is:

Make the other person feel important—and do it sincerely.

You've been reading this book long enough. Close it v, knock the dead ashes out of your pipe, and begin to ly this philosophy of appreciation at once on the per- nearest you—and watch the magic work.

IN A NUTSHELL

Six Ways to Make People Like You

✓ RULE 1: Become genuinely interested in other people.
✓ RULE 2: Smile.
✓ RULE 3: Remember that a man's name is to him the sweetest and most important sound in any language.
✓ RULE 4: Be a good listener. Encourage others to talk about themselves.
✓ RULE 5: Talk in terms of the other man's interest.
✓ RULE 6: Make the other person feel important—and do it sincerely.

PART THREE

Twelve Ways to Win People to Your Way of Thinking

CHAPTER ONE

You Can't Win an Argument

ORTLY AFTER the close of the war, I learned an invalu-
le lesson one night in London. I was manager at the
ne for Sir Ross Smith. During the war, Sir Ross had been
Australian ace out in Palestine; and, shortly after peace
s declared, he astonished the world by flying halfway
ound it in thirty days. No such feat had ever been at-
pted before. It created a tremendous sensation. The
stralian government gave him fifty thousand dollars;
King of England knighted him; and, for awhile, he
s the most talked-of man under the Union Jack—the
dbergh of the British Empire. I was attending a banquet
night given in Sir Ross's honor; and during the dinner,
man sitting next to me told a humorous story which
ged on the quotation,(“There's a divinity that shapes
ends, rough-hew them how we will.”)

he raconteur mentioned that the quotation was from
Bible. He was wrong. I knew that. I knew it positively.
re couldn't be the slightest doubt about it. And so, to
a feeling of importance and display my superiority, I
ointed myself an unsolicited and unwelcome committee

of one to correct him. He stuck to his guns. What? From Shakespeare? Impossible! Absurd! That quotation was from the Bible. And he knew it!

The story-teller was sitting on my right; and Mr. Frank Gammond, an old friend of mine, was seated at my left. Mr. Gammond had devoted years to the study of Shakespeare. So the story-teller and I agreed to submit the question to Mr. Gammond. Mr. Gammond listened, kicked me under the table, and then said: "Dale, you are wrong. The gentleman is right. It *is* from the Bible."

On our way home that night, I said to Mr. Gammond: "Frank, you knew that quotation was from Shakespeare."

"Yes, of course," he replied, "Hamlet, Act V, Scene 2. But we were guests at a festive occasion, my dear Dale. Why prove to a man he is wrong? Is that going to make him like you? Why not let him save his face? He didn't ask for your opinion. He didn't want it. Why argue with him? Always avoid the acute angle."

"Always avoid the acute angle." The man who said that is now dead; but the lesson that he taught me goes marching on.

It was a sorely needed lesson because I had been an inveterate arguer. During my youth, I had argued with my brother about everything under the Milky Way. When I went to college, I studied logic and argumentation, and went in for debating contests. Talk about being from Missouri, I was born there. I had to be shown. Later, I taught debating and argumentation in New York; and once, I am ashamed to admit, I planned to write a book on the subject. Since then, I have listened to, criticized, engaged in, and watched the effects of thousands of arguments. As a result of it all, I have come to the conclusion that there is only one way under high heaven to get the best of an argument—and that is to avoid it. Avoid it as you would avoid rattlesnakes and earthquakes.

Nine times out of ten, an argument ends with each of the contestants being more firmly convinced than ever that he is absolutely right.

You can't win an argument. You can't because if you lose it, you lose it; and if you win it, you lose it. Why?

Well, suppose you triumph over the other man and shoot his argument full of holes and prove that he is *non compos mentis*. Then what? You will feel fine. But what about him? You have made him feel inferior. You have hurt his pride. He will resent your triumph. And—

> *"A man convinced against his will*
> *Is of the same opinion still."*

The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company has laid down a definite policy for its salesmen: "Don't argue!"

Real salesmanship isn't argument. It isn't anything even remotely like argument. The human mind isn't changed that way.

To illustrate: Years ago, a belligerent Irishman by the name of Patrick J. O'Haire joined one of my classes. He had had little education, and how he loved a scrap! He had once been a chauffeur, and he came to me because he had been trying, without much success, to sell automobile trucks. A little questioning brought out the fact that he was continually scrapping with and antagonizing the very people he was trying to do business with. If a prospect said anything derogatory about the trucks he was selling, Pat saw red and was right at the man's throat. Pat won a lot of arguments in those days. As he said to me afterwards, "I often walked out of a man's office saying: 'I told that bird something.' Sure I had told him something, but I hadn't sold him anything."

My first problem was not to teach Patrick J. O'Haire to alk. My immediate task was to train him to refrain from alking and to avoid verbal fights.

Mr. O'Haire is now one of the star salesmen for the White Motor Company in New York. How does he do it? Here is his story in his own words: "If I walk into a uyer's office now and he says: 'What? A White truck? They're no good! I wouldn't take one if you gave it to me. I'm going to buy the Whoseit truck,' I say, 'Brother, listen, he Whoseit is a good truck. If you buy the Whoseit you'll ever make a mistake. The Whoseits are made by a fine ompany and sold by good people.'

"He is speechless then. There is no room for an argument. If he says the Whoseit is best and I say sure it is, he has to stop. He can't keep on all afternoon saying, 'It's the best' when I'm agreeing with him. We then get off the subject of Whoseit and I begin to talk about the good points of the White truck.

"There was a time when a crack like that would make me see scarlet and red and orange. I would start arguing against the Whoseit; and the more I argued against it, the more my prospect argued in favor of it; and the more he argued, the more he sold himself on my competitor's product.

"As I look back now I wonder how I was ever able to sell anything. I lost years of my life in scrapping and arguing. I keep my mouth shut now. It pays."

As wise old Ben Franklin used to say:

> If you argue and rankle and contradict, you may achieve a victory sometimes; but it will be an empty victory because you will never get your opponent's good will.

So figure it out for yourself. Which would you rather have: an academic, theatrical victory or a man's good will? You can seldom have both.

The Boston Transcript once printed this bit of significant doggerel:

"Here lies the body of William Jay,
Who died maintaining his right of way—
He was right, dead right, as he sped along,
But he's just as dead as if he were wrong."

You may be right, dead right, as you speed along in your argument; but as far as changing the other man's mind is concerned, you will probably be just as futile as if you were wrong.

William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury in Woodrow Wilson's cabinet, declared that he had learned,

s a result of his crowded years in politics, that "it is im-
ossible to defeat an ignorant man by argument."

"An ignorant man?" You put it mildly, Mr. McAdoo.
Iy experience has been that it is all but impossible to
nake *any* man—regardless of his I. Q. rating—change
is mind by a verbal joust.

For example, Frederick S. Parsons, an income-tax con-
ultant, had been disputing and wrangling for an hour with
government tax inspector. An item of nine thousand
ollars was at stake. Mr. Parsons claimed that this nine
housand was in reality a bad debt, that it would never
e collected, that it ought not to be taxed. "Bad debt, my
ye!" retorted the inspector. "It must be taxed."

"This inspector was cold, arrogant, and stubborn," Mr.
arsons said as he told the story to the class. "Reason was
asted on him and so were facts. . . . The longer we
rgued, the more stubborn he became. So I decided to
void argument, change the subject, and give him ap-
reciation.

"I said, 'I suppose that this is a very petty matter in
omparison with the really important and difficult decisions
ou are required to make. I've made a study of taxation
yself. But I've had to get my knowledge from books.
ou are getting yours from the firing line of experience.
sometimes wish I had a job like yours. It would teach
e a lot.' I meant every word I said.

"Well, the inspector straightened up in his chair, leaned
ack, and talked for a long time about his work, telling
e of the clever frauds he had uncovered. His tone gradu-
ly became friendly; and presently he was telling me about
s children. As he left, he advised me that he would con-
der my problem further, and give me his decision in a
w days.

"He called at my office three days later and informed me
at he had decided to leave the tax return exactly as it was
d."

This tax inspector was demonstrating one of the most
mmon of human frailties. He wanted a feeling of im-
rtance; and as long as Mr. Parsons argued with him,
got his feeling of importance by loudly asserting his

authority. But as soon as his importance was admitted, and the argument stopped, and he was permitted to expand his ego, he became a sympathetic and kindly human being.

Constant, the head valet in Napoleon's household, often played billiards with Josephine. Constant says on page 73, Volume I, of his *Recollections of the Private Life of Napoleon*: "Although I had some skill, I always managed to let her beat me, which pleased her exceedingly."

Let's learn a constant lesson from Constant. Let's let our customers and sweethearts and husbands and wives beat us in the little discussions that may arise.

Buddha said: "Hatred is never ended by hatred but by love," and a misunderstanding is never ended by an argument but by tact, diplomacy, conciliation, and a sympathetic desire to see the other person's viewpoint.

Lincoln once reprimanded a young army officer for indulging in a violent controversy with an associate. "No man who is resolved to make the most of himself," said Lincoln, "can spare time for personal contention. Still less can he afford to take the consequences, including the vitiation of his temper and the loss of self-control. Yield larger things to which you show no more than equal rights; and yield lesser ones though clearly your own. Better give your path to a dog than be bitten by him in contesting for the right. Even killing the dog would not cure the bite."

Therefore, **Rule 1** is:

The only way to get the best of an argument is to avoid it.

CHAPTER TWO

A Sure Way of Making Enemies— and How to Avoid It

HEN Theodore Roosevelt was in the White House, he
nfessed that if he could be right 75 per cent of the time,
would reach the highest measure of his expectations.

If that was the highest rating that one of the most dis-
guished men of the twentieth century could hope to
ain, what about you and me?

If you can be sure of being right only 55 per cent of the
e, you can go down to Wall Street, make a million dol-
a day, buy a yacht, and marry a chorus girl. And if
can't be sure of being right even 55 per cent of the
e, why should you tell other people they are wrong?

You can tell a man he is wrong by a look or an intona-
or a gesture just as eloquently as you can in words—
if you tell him he is wrong, do you make him want to
e with you? Never! For you have struck a direct blow
is intelligence, his judgment, his pride, his self-respect.
t will make him want to strike back. But it will never
e him want to change his mind. You may then hurl

at him all the logic of a Plato or an Immanuel Kant, but you will not alter his opinion, for you have hurt his feelings.

Never begin by announcing, "I am going to prove so and so to you." That's bad. That's tantamount to saying: "I'm smarter than you are. I'm going to tell you a thing or two and make you change your mind."

That is a challenge. That arouses opposition, and makes the listener want to battle with you before you even start.

It is difficult, under even the most benign conditions, to change people's minds. So why make it harder? Why handicap yourself?

If you are going to prove anything, don't let anybody know it. Do it so subtly, so adroitly that no one will feel that you are doing it.

"Men must be taught as if you taught them not
And things unknown proposed as things forgot."

As Lord Chesterfield said to his son:

> Be wiser than other people, if you can; but do not tell them so.

I believe now hardly anything that I believed twenty years ago—except the multiplication table; and I begin to doubt even that when I read about Einstein. In another twenty years, I may not believe what I have said in this book. I am not so sure now of anything as I used to be. Socrates said repeatedly to his followers in Athens: "One thing only I know; and that is that I know nothing."

Well, I can't hope to be any smarter than Socrates; so I have quit telling people they are wrong. And I find that it pays.

If a man makes a statement that you think is wrong—yes, even that you know is wrong—isn't it better to begin by saying: "Well, now, look! I thought otherwise, but I

y be wrong. I frequently am. And if I am wrong, I
nt to be put right. Let's examine the facts"?

There's magic, positive magic, in such phrases as: "I
y be wrong. I frequently am. Let's examine the facts."

Nobody in the heavens above or the earth beneath or in
waters under the earth will ever object to your saying:
nay be wrong. Let's examine the facts."

That is what a scientist does. I once interviewed Stefans-
, the famous explorer and scientist who spent eleven
rs up beyond the Arctic Circle and who lived on ab-
utely nothing but meat and water for six years. He told
of a certain experiment he had conducted and I asked
what he tried to prove by it. I shall never forget his
ly. He said: "A scientist never tries to prove anything.
attempts only to find the facts."

You like to be scientific in your thinking, don't you?
ll, no one is stopping you but yourself.

You will never get into trouble by admitting that you
y be wrong. That will stop all argument and inspire the
er fellow to be just as fair and open and broadminded
you are. It will make him want to admit that he, too,
y be wrong.

f you know positively that a man is wrong, and you tell
so bluntly, what happens? Let me illustrate by a
cific case. Mr. S——, a young New York attorney, was
uing a rather important case recently before the United
es Supreme Court *(Lustgarten v. Fleet Corporation,*
U.S. 320). The case involved a considerable sum of
ney and an important question of law.

During the argument, one of the Supreme Court justices
to Mr. S——: "The statue of limitations in admiralty
is six years, is it not?"

Ir. S—— stopped, stared at Justice —— for a moment,
then said bluntly: "Your Honor, there is no statute
mitations in admiralty."

A hush fell on the court," said Mr. S——, as he re-
l his experience to one of the author's classes, "and
emperature in the room seemed to go down to zero.
s right. Justice —— was wrong. And I had told him
ut did that make him friendly? No. I still believe that

I had the law on my side. And I know that I spoke better than I ever spoke before. But I didn't persuade. I made the enormous blunder of telling a very learned and famous man that he was wrong."

Few people are logical. Most of us are prejudiced and biased. Most of us are blighted with preconceived notions, with jealousy, suspicion, fear, envy, and pride. And most citizens don't want to change their minds about their religion or their hair cut or Communism or Clark Gable. So, if you are inclined to tell people they are wrong, please read the following paragraph on your knees every morning before breakfast. It is from Professor James Harvey Robinson's enlightening book, *The Mind in the Making*.

> We sometimes find ourselves changing our minds without any resistance or heavy emotion, but if we are told we are wrong, we resent the imputation and harden our hearts. We are incredibly heedless in the formation of our beliefs, but find ourselves filled with an illicit passion for them when anyone proposes to rob us of their companionship. It is obviously not the ideas themselves that are dear to us, but our self-esteem which is threatened. . . . The little word "my" is the most important one in human affairs, and properly to reckon with it is the beginning of wisdom. It has the same force whether it is "my" dinner, "my" dog, and "my" house, or "my" father, "my" country, and "my" God. We not only resent the imputation that our watch is wrong, or our car shabby, but that our conception of the canals of Mars, of the pronunciation of "Epictetus," of the medicinal value of salicin, or of the date of Sargon I is subject to revision . . . We like to continue to believe what we have been accustomed to accept as true, and the resentment aroused when doubt is cast upon any of our assumptions leads us to seek every manner of excuse for clinging to it. The result is that most of our so-called reasoning consists in finding arguments for going on believing as we already do.

I once employed an interior decorator to make some raperies for my home. When the bill arrived, I caught y breath.

A few days later, a friend called and looked at the rapes. The price was mentioned and she exclaimed with note of triumph: "What? That's awful. I am afraid he ut one over on you."

True? Yes, she had told the truth, but few people like to sten to truths that reflect on their judgment. So, being hu- an, I tried to defend myself. I pointed out that the best eventually the cheapest, that one can't expect to get uality and artistic taste at bargain-basement prices, and on and on.

The next day another friend dropped in, admired the aperies, bubbled over with enthusiasm, and expressed wish that she could afford such exquisite creations for r home. My reaction was totally different. "Well, to tell e truth," I said, "I can't afford them myself. I paid too uch. I'm sorry I ordered them."

When we are wrong, we may admit it to ourselves. And we are handled gently and tactfully, we may admit it to hers and even take pride in our frankness and broad- indedness. But not if someone else is trying to ram the palatable fact down our esophagus. . . .

Horace Greeley, the most famous editor in America dur- g the time of the Civil War, disagreed violently with ncoln's policies. He believed that he could drive Lincoln o agreeing with him by a campaign of argument, ridi- le, and abuse. He waged this bitter campaign month er month, year after year. In fact, he wrote a brutal, ter, sarcastic and personal attack on President Lincoln night Booth shot him.

But did all this bitterness make Lincoln agree with eeley? Not at all. Ridicule and abuse never do.

f you want some excellent suggestions about dealing h people and managing yourself and improving your sonality, read Benjamin Franklin's autobiography— of the most fascinating life stories ever written, one he classics of American literature. Borrow a copy from r public library or get a copy from your bookstore.

If there is no bookstore in your town, you can order one direct from Washington Square Press, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Ask for the *Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.* The price is 45c and enclose 10c for postage and handling.

In this autobiography, Ben Franklin tells how he conquered the iniquitous habit of argument and transformed himself into one of the most able, suave, and diplomatic men in American history.

One day, when Ben Franklin was a blundering youth, an old Quaker friend took him aside and lashed him with a few stinging truths, something like this:

> Ben, you are impossible. Your opinions have a slap in them for everyone who differs with you. They have become so expensive that nobody cares for them. Your friends find they enjoy themselves better when you are not around. You know so much that no man can tell you anything. Indeed, no man is going to try, for the effort would lead only to discomfort and hard work. So you are not likely ever to know any more than you do now, which is very little.

One of the finest things I know about Ben Franklin is the way that he accepted that smarting rebuke. He was big enough and wise enough to realize it was true, to sense that he was headed for failure and social disaster. So he made a right-about-face. He began immediately to change his insolent, bigoted ways.

"I made it a rule," said Franklin, "to forbear all direct contradiction to the sentiments of others, and all positive assertion of my own. I even forbade myself the use of every word or expression in the language that imported a fix'd opinion, such as 'certainly,' 'undoubtedly,' etc., and I adopted, instead of them, 'I conceive,' 'I apprehend,' or 'I imagine' a thing to be so or so; or 'it so appears to me at present.' When another asserted something that I thought an error, I deny'd myself the pleasure of contradicting him abruptly, and of showing immediately some absurdity in his proposition: and in answering I began by observing that in certain cases or circumstances his opinion would be right, but in the present case there appear'd or seem'd to me some difference, etc. I soon found the advantage of this change in my manner; the conversations I engag'd in went on more pleasantly. The modest way in which I propos'd my opinions procur'd them a readier reception and less contradiction; I had less mortification when I was found to be in the wrong, and I more easily prevail'd with others to give up their mistakes and join with me when I happened to be in the right.

"And this mode, which I at first put on with some violence to natural inclination, became at length so easy, and so habitual to me, that perhaps for these fifty years past no one has ever heard a dogmatical expression escape me. And to this habit (after my character of integrity) I think it principally owing that I had early so much weight with my fellow citizens when I proposed new institutions, or alterations in the old, and so much influence in public councils when I became a member; for I was but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly correct in language, and yet I generally carried my points."

How do Ben Franklin's methods work in business? Let's take two examples.

F. J. Mahoney, of 114 Liberty Street, New York, sells special equipment for the oil trade. He had booked an order for an important customer in Long Island. A blue print had been submitted and approved, and the equipment was in the process of fabrication. Then an unfortunate thing happened. The buyer discussed the matter with his friends. They warned him he was making a grave mistake. He had had something pawned off on him that was all wrong. It was too wide, too short, too this and too that. His friends worried him into a temper. Calling Mr. Mahoney on the phone, he swore he wouldn't accept the equipment that was already being manufactured.

"I checked things over very carefully and knew posiively that we were right," said Mr. Mahoney as he told the tory, "and I also knew that he and his friends didn't know what they were talking about, but I sensed that it would be dangerous to tell him so. I went out to Long Island to see him, and as I walked into his office, he leaped to his feet and came oward me, talking rapidly. He was so excited that he shook his fist as he talked. He condemned me and my equipment and ended up by saying, 'Now, what are you going to do about it?'

"I told him very calmly that I would do anything he said. 'You are the man who is going to pay for this,' I said, 'so you should certainly get what you want. However, somebody has to accept the responsibility. If you think you are right, give us a blue print and, although we have spent $2,000 making this job for you, we'll scrap that. We are willing to lose $2,000 in order to please you. However, I must warn you that if we build it as you insist, you must take the responsibility. But if you let us proceed as we planned, which we still believe is the right way, we will assume the responsibility.'

"He had calmed down by this time, and finally said: 'All right, go ahead, but if it is not right, God help you.'

"It was right, and he has already promised us another order for two similar jobs this season.

"When this man insulted me and shook his fist in my face and told me I didn't know my business, it took all the self-control I could summon up not to argue and try to justify myself. It took a lot of self-control, but it paid. If I had told him he was wrong and started an argument, there probably would have been a law suit, bitter feelings, a financial loss, and the loss of a valuable customer. Yes, I am convinced that it doesn't pay to tell a man he is wrong."

Let's take another example—and remember these cases I am citing are typical of the experiences of thousands of other men. R. V. Crowley is a salesman for the Gardner W. Taylor Lumber Company, of New York. Crowley admitted that he had been telling hard-boiled lumber inspectors for years that they were wrong. And he had won the arguments too. But it hadn't done any good. "For these lumber inspectors," said Mr. Crowley, "are like baseball umpires. Once they make a decision, they never change it."

Mr. Crowley saw that his firm was losing thousands of dollars through the arguments he won. So while taking my course, he resolved to change tactics and abandon arguments. With what results? Here is the story as he told it to the fellow members of his class:

> One morning the phone rang in my office. A hot and bothered person at the other end proceeded to inform me that a car of lumber we had shipped into his plant was entirely unsatisfactory. His firm had stopped unloading and requested that we make immediate arrangements to remove the stock from their yard. After about one-fourth of the car had been unloaded, their lumber inspector reported that the lumber was running 55 per cent below grade. Under the circumstances, they refused to accept it.
>
> I immediately started for his plant and on the way turned over in my mind the best way to handle the situation. Ordinarily, under such circumstances, I should have quoted grading rules and tried, as a result of my own experience and knowledge as a lumber inspector, to convince the other inspector that the lumber was actually up to grade, and that he was misinterpreting the rules in his inspection. However, I thought I would apply the principles learned in this training.
>
> When I arrived at the plant, I found the purchasing agent and the lumber inspector in a wicked humor, all set for an argument and a fight. We walked out to the car that was being unloaded and I requested that they continue to unload so that I could see how things were going. I asked the inspector to go right ahead and lay out the rejects, as he had been doing, and to put the good pieces in another pile.
>
> After watching him for a while it began to dawn on me that his inspection actually was much too strict and that he was misinterpreting the rules. This particular lumber was white pine, and I knew the inspector was thoroughly schooled in hard woods but not a competent, experienced inspector on white pine. White pine hap-

pened to be my own strong suit, but did I offer any objection to the way he was grading the lumber? None whatever. I kept on watching and gradually began to ask questions as to why certain pieces were not satisfactory. I didn't for one instant insinuate that the inspector was wrong. I emphasized that my only reason for asking was in order that we could give his firm exactly what they wanted in future shipments.

By asking questions in a very friendly, co-operative spirit, and insisting continually that they were right in laying out boards not satisfactory to their purpose, I got him warmed up and the strained relations between us began to thaw and melt away. An occasional carefully put remark on my part gave birth to the idea in his mind that possibly some of these rejected pieces were actually within the grade that they had bought, and that their requirements demanded a more expensive grade. I was very careful, however, not to let him think I was making an issue of this point.

Gradually his whole attitude changed. He finally admitted to me that he was not experienced on white pine and began to ask me questions about each piece as it came out of the car. I would explain why such a piece came within the grade specified, but kept on insisting that we did not want him to take it if it was unsuitable for their purpose. He finally got to the point where he felt guilty every time he put a piece in the rejected pile. And at last he saw that the mistake was on their part for not having specified as good a grade as they needed.

The ultimate outcome was that he went through the entire carload again after I left, accepted the whole lot, and we received a check in full.

In that one instance alone, a little tact and the determination to refrain from telling the other man he was wrong, saved my company one hundred and fifty dollars in actual cash, and it would be hard to place a money value on the good will that was saved.

By the way, I am not revealing anything new in this chapter. Nineteen centuries ago, Jesus said: "Agree with thine adversary quickly."

In other words, don't argue with your customer or your husband or your adversary. Don't tell him he is wrong, don't get him stirred up, but use a little diplomacy.

And 2,200 years before Christ was born, old King Akhtoi of Egypt gave his son some shrewd advice—advice that is sorely needed today. Old King Akhtoi said one afternoon, between drinks, four thousand years ago: "Be diplomatic. It will help you gain your point."

So, if you want to win people to your way of thinking, **Rule 2 is:**

Show respect for the other man's opinions. Never tell a man he is wrong.

CHAPTER THREE

If You're Wrong, Admit It

I LIVE almost in the geographical center of Greater New York; yet within a minute's walk of my house there is a wild stretch of virgin timber, where the blackberry thickets foam white in the springtime, where the squirrels nest and rear their young and the horseweeds grow as tall as a horse's head. This unspoiled woodland is called Forest Park—an it *is* a forest, probably not much different in appearanc from what it was the afternoon Columbus discovere America. I frequently go walking in this park with Re my little Boston bulldog. He is a friendly, harmless litt hound; and since we rarely meet anyone in the park, take Rex along without a leash or a muzzle.

One day we encountered a mounted policeman in th park, a policeman itching to show his authority.

"What do you mean by letting that dog run loose in t park without a muzzle and leash?" he reprimanded m "Don't you know it is against the law?"

"Yes, I know it is," I replied softly, "but I didn't thi he would do any harm out here."

"You didn't *think!* You didn't *think!* The law does e a tinker's dam about what you *think*. That dog might a squirrel or bite a child. Now, I'm going to let you off time; but if I catch this dog out here again without a zzle and a leash, you'll have to tell it to the judge."

meekly promised to obey.

And I did obey—for a few times. But Rex didn't like e muzzle, and neither did I; so we decided to take a ance. Everything was lovely for awhile; and then we uck a snag. Rex and I raced over the brow of a hill one ernoon and there, suddenly—to my dismay—I saw the ajesty of the law, astride a bay horse. Rex was out in ont, heading straight for the officer.

I was in for it. I knew it. So I didn't wait until the liceman started talking. I beat him to it. I said: "Officer, u've caught me red-handed. I'm guilty. I have no alibis, excuses. You warned me last week that if I brought this g out here again without a muzzle you would fine me."

"Well, now," the policeman responded in a soft tone. "I ow it's a temptation to let a little dog like that have a n out here when nobody is around."

"Sure it's a temptation," I replied, "but it is against the w."

"Well, a little dog like that isn't going to harm anybody," e policeman remonstrated.

"No, but he may kill squirrels," I said.

"Well, now, I think you are taking this a bit too seri-ly," he told me. "I'll tell you what you do. You just let run over the hill there where I can't see him—and ll forget all about it."

hat policeman, being human, wanted a feeling of im-ance; so when I began to condemn myself, the only he could nourish his self-esteem was to take the mag-mous attitude of showing mercy.

ut suppose I had tried to defend myself—well, did you argue with a policeman?

ut instead of breaking lances with him, I admitted that as absolutely right and I was absolutely wrong; I tted it quickly, openly, and with enthusiasm. The af-erminated graciously by my taking his side and his my side. Lord Chesterfield himself could hardly have been more gracious than this mounted policema who, only a week previously, had threatened to have t law on me.

If we know we are going to get the Old Harry anyho isn't it far better to beat the other fellow to it and do ourselves? Isn't it much easier to listen to self-criticism th to bear condemnation from alien lips?

Say about yourself all the derogatory things you know the other person is thinking or wants to say or intends to say—and say them before he has a chance to say them—and you take the wind out of his sails. The chances are a hundred to one that he will then take a generous, forgiving attitude and minimize your mistakes—just as the mounte policeman did with me and Rex.

Ferdinand E. Warren, a commercial artist, used thi technique to win the good will of a petulant, scolding buyer of art.

"It is important, in making drawings for advertising and publishing purposes, to be precise and very exact," Mr. Warren said as he told the story.

"Some art editors demand that their commissions be executed immediately; and in these cases, some slight error is liable to occur. I knew one art director in particular who was always delighted to find fault with some little thing. have often left his office in disgust, not because of th criticism, but because of his method of attack. Recently delivered a rush job to this editor and he phoned me t call at his office immediately. He said something w wrong. When I arrived, I found just what I had anticipat —and dreaded. He was hostile, gloating over his chan to criticize. He demanded with heat why I had done and so. My opportunity had come to apply the self-criticis I had been studying about. So I said: 'Mr. So-and-so, what you say is true, I am at fault and there is absolut no excuse for my blunder. I have been doing drawings you long enough to know better. I'm ashamed of myself.'

"Immediately he started to defend me. 'Yes, you're rig but after all, this isn't a serious mistake. It is only—'

"I interrupted him. 'Any mistake,' I said, 'may be cos and they are all irritating.'

He started to break in; but I wouldn't let him. I was
ing a grand time. For the first time in my life, I was
icizing myself—and I loved it.

'I should have been more careful,' I continued. 'You
me a lot of work; and you deserve the best; so I'm
ng to do this drawing all over.'

'No! No!' he protested. 'I wouldn't think of putting you
ll that trouble.' He praised my work, assured me that
wanted only a minor change, and that my slight error
n't cost his firm any money; and, after all, it was a mere
ail—not worth worrying about.

'My eagerness to criticize myself took all the fight out
im. He ended up by taking me to lunch; and before we
ted, he gave me a check and another commission."

ny fool can try to defend his mistakes—and most fools
—but it raises one above the herd and gives one a feeling
nobility and exultation to admit one's mistakes. For
mple, one of the most beautiful things that history rec-
s about Robert E. Lee is the way he blamed himself
only himself for the failure of Pickett's charge at
tysburg.

ickett's charge was undoubtedly the most brilliant and
uresque attack that ever occurred in the western world.
ett himself was picturesque. He wore his hair so long
his auburn locks almost touched his shoulders; and,
Napoleon in his Italian campaigns, he wrote ardent
-letters almost daily on the battlefield. His devoted
ps cheered him that tragic July afternoon as he rode
jauntily toward the Union lines, with his cap set at a
sh angle over his right ear. They cheered and they fol-
ed him, man touching man, rank pressing rank, with
ners flying and bayonets gleaming in the sun. It was a
ant sight. Daring. Magnificent. A murmur of admiration
through the Union lines as they beheld it.

ickett's troops swept forward at an easy trot, through
ard and corn-field, across a meadow, and over a ravine.
the time, the enemy's cannons were tearing ghastly
s in their ranks. But on they pressed, grim, irresistible.
ddenly the Union infantry rose from behind the stone
on Cemetery Ridge where they had been hiding, and

fired volley after volley into Pickett's defenseless troops. The crest of the hill was a sheet of flame, a slaughter-house a blazing volcano. In a few minutes, all of Pickett's brigade commanders except one were down, and four-fifths of his five thousand men had fallen.

Armistead, leading the troops in the final plunge, ran forward, vaulted over the stone wall, and, waving his cap on the top of his sword, shouted:

"Give 'em the steel, boys!"

They did. They leaped over the wall, bayoneted their enemies, smashed skulls with clubbed muskets, and planted the battle-flags of the South on Cemetery Ridge.

The banners waved there only for a moment. But that moment, brief as it was, recorded the high-water mark of the Confederacy.

Pickett's charge—brilliant, heroic—was nevertheless the beginning of the end. Lee had failed. He could not penetrate the North and he knew it.

The South was doomed.

Lee was so saddened, so shocked, that he sent in his resignation and asked Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederacy, to appoint "a younger and abler man." If Lee had wanted to blame the disastrous failure of Pickett's charge on someone else, he could have found a score of alibis. Some of his division commanders had failed him. The cavalry hadn't arrived in time to support the infantry attack. This had gone wrong and that had gone awry.

But Lee was far too noble to blame others. As Pickett's beaten and bloody troops struggled back to the Confederate lines, Robert E. Lee rode out to meet them all alone and greeted them with a self-condemnation that was little short of sublime. "All this has been my fault," he confessed. "I and I alone have lost this battle."

Few generals in all history have had the courage and character to admit that.

Elbert Hubbard was one of the most original authors who ever stirred up a nation, and his stinging sentences often aroused fierce resentments. But Hubbard with his are skill for handling people frequently turned his enemies nto friends.

For example, when some irritated reader wrote in to ay that he didn't agree with such and such article and nded by calling Hubbard this and that, Elbert Hubbard vould answer like this:

> Come to think it over, I don't entirely agree with it myself. Not everything I wrote yesterday appeals to me today. I am glad to learn what you think on the subject. The next time you are in the neighborhood you must visit us and we'll get this subject threshed out for all time. So here is a handclasp over the miles, and I am
>
> Yours sincerely,

What could you say to a man who treated you like that?

When we are right, let's try to win people gently and actfully to our way of thinking; and when we are wrong— and that will be surprisingly often, if we are honest with ourselves—let's admit our mistakes quickly and with enhusiasm. That technique will not only produce astonishing esults; but, believe it or not, it is a lot more fun, under he circumstances, than trying to defend one's self.

Remember the old proverb: "By fighting you never get enough, but by yielding you get more than you expected."

So if you want to win people to your way of thinking, it would be advisable to remember **Rule 3:**

If you are wrong, admit it quickly and emphatically.

CHAPTER FOUR

The High Road to a Man's Reason

IF YOUR TEMPER is aroused and you tell 'em a thing
two, you will have a fine time unloading your feelings.
what about the other fellow? Will he share your pleasu
Will your belligerent tones, your hostile attitude, make
easy for him to agree with you?

"If you come at me with your fists doubled," said Wo
row Wilson, "I think I can promise you that mine
double as fast as yours; but if you come to me and s
'Let us sit down and take counsel together, and, if we di
from one another, understand why it is that we differ fr
one another, just what the points at issue are,' we
presently find that we are not so far apart after all, that
points on which we differ are few and the points on wh
we agree are many, and that if we only have the patie
and the candor and the desire to get together, we will
together."

Nobody appreciates the truth of Woodrow Wilso
statement more than John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Back in 19

ockefeller was the most fiercely despised man in Colorlo. One of the bloodiest strikes in the history of American dustry had been shocking the state for two terrible years. ate, belligerent miners were demanding higher wages from e Colorado Fuel & Iron Company; and Rockefeller conolled that company. Property had been destroyed, troops ad been called out. Blood had been shed. Strikers had een shot, their bodies riddled with bullets.

At a time like that, with the air seething with hatred, ockefeller wanted to win the strikers to his way of thinkg. And he did it. How? Here's the story. After weeks pent in making friends, Rockefeller addressed the repreentatives of the strikers. This speech, in its entirety, is a asterpiece. It produced astonishing results. It calmed the empestuous waves of hate that threatened to engulf Rockeeller. It won him a host of admirers. It presented facts in uch a friendly manner that the strikers went back to work ithout saying another word about the increase in wages or which they had fought so violently.

Here is the opening of that remarkable speech. Note ow it fairly glows with friendliness.

Remember Rockefeller is talking to men who, a few ays previously, wanted to hang him by the neck to a sour pple tree; yet he couldn't have been more gracious, more riendly if he had addressed a group of medical missionries(His speech is radiant with such phrases as I am *proud* o be here, having *visited* in *your homes,* met many of your ives and children, we meet here not as strangers, but as *riends,* spirit of *mutual friendship,* our *common interests,* t is only by your courtesy that I am here.)

(“This is a red-letter day in my life,” Rockefeller began. It is the first time I have ever had the good fortune to eet the representatives of the employees of this great ompany, its officers and superintendents, together, and I an assure you that I am proud to be here, and that I shall emember this gathering as long as I live. Had this meeting een held two weeks ago, I should have stood here a ranger to most of you, recognizing a few faces. Having ad the opportunity last week of visiting all the camps in e southern coal fields and of talking individually with practically all of the representatives, except those who were away; having visited in your homes, met many of your wives and children, we meet here not as strangers, but as friends, and it is in that spirit of mutual friendship that I am glad to have this opportunity to discuss with you our common interests.

"Since this is a meeting of the officers of the company and the representatives of the employees, it is only by your courtesy that I am here, for I am not so fortunate as to be either one or the other; and yet I feel that I am intimately associated with you men, for, in a sense, I represent both the stockholders and the directors.")

Isn't that a superb example of the fine art of making friends out of enemies?

Suppose Rockefeller had taken a different tack. Suppose he had argued with those miners and hurled devastating facts in their faces. Suppose he had told them by his tones and insinuations that they were wrong. Suppose that, by all the rules of logic, he had proved that they were wrong? What would have happened? More anger would have stirred up, more hatred, more revolt.

(*If a man's heart is rankling with discord and ill feeling toward you, you can't win him to your way of thinking with all the logic in Christendom. Scolding parents and domineering bosses and husbands and nagging wives ought to realize that people don't want to change their minds. They can't be forced or driven to agree with you or me. But they may possibly be led to, if we are gentle and friendly, ever so gentle and ever so friendly.*)

Lincoln said that, in effect, almost a hundred years ago. Here are his words:—

> (*It is an old and true maxim "that a drop of honey catches more flies than a gallon of gall." So with men, if you would win a man to your cause, first convince him that you are his sincere friend. Therein is a drop of honey that catches his heart; which, say what you will, is the great high road to his reason.*)

usiness men are learning that it pays to be friendly to
ers. For example, when two thousand five hundred
loyees in the White Motor Company's plant struck
higher wages and a union shop, Robert F. Black, the
ident, didn't wax wroth and condemn, and threaten
talk of tyranny and Communists. He actually praised
strikers. He published an advertisement in the Cleveland
ers, complimenting them on "the peaceful way in which
laid down their tools." Finding the strike pickets idle,
bought them a couple of dozen baseball bats and gloves
invited them to play ball on vacant lots. For those who
ferred bowling, he rented a bowling alley.

his friendliness on President Black's part did what
ndliness always does: it begot friendliness. So the
kers borrowed brooms, shovels, and rubbish carts, and
an picking up matches, papers, cigarette stubs, and cigar
ts around the factory. Imagine it! Imagine strikers tidy-
up the factory grounds while battling for higher wages
recognition of the union. Such an event had never been
rd of before in the long, tempestuous history of Ameri-
labor wars. That strike ended with a compromise set-
nent within a week—ended without any ill feeling or
cor.

Daniel Webster, who looked like a god and talked like
ovah, was one of the most successful advocates who
r pleaded a cause; yet he ushered in his most powerful
uments with such friendly remarks as: "It will be for
jury to consider," "This may, perhaps, be worth think-
of, gentlemen," "Here are some facts that I trust you
not lose sight of, gentlemen," or "You, with your
owledge of human nature, will easily see the significance
these facts." No bulldozing. No high-pressure methods.
attempt to force his opinions on other men. Webster
d the soft-spoken, quiet, friendly approach, and it
ped to make him famous.

You may never be called upon to settle a strike or ad-
ss a jury, but you may want to get your rent reduced.
ll the friendly approach help you then? Let's see.

O. L. Straub, an engineer, wanted to get his rent reduced.

And he knew his landlord was hard-boiled. "I wrote hin Mr. Straub said in a speech before the class, "notifyin him that I was vacating my apartment as soon as my leas expired. The truth was I didn't want to move. I wanted stay if I could get my rent reduced. But the situatio seemed hopeless. Other tenants had tried—and faile Everyone told me that the landlord was extremely difficu to deal with. But I said to myself, 'I am studying a cours in how to deal with people, so I'll try it on him—and s how it works.'

"He and his secretary came to see me as soon as he g my letter. I met him at the door with a regular Charl Schwab greeting. I fairly bubbled with good will and en thusiasm. I didn't begin talking about how high the re was. I began talking about how much I liked his apartme house. Believe me, I was 'hearty in my approbation an lavish in my praise.' I complimented him on the way h ran the building, and told him I should like so much stay for another year but I couldn't afford it.

"He had evidently never had such a reception from tenant. He hardly knew what to make of it.

"Then he started to tell me his troubles. Complainin tenants. One had written him fourteen letters, some them positively insulting. Another threatened to break h lease unless the landlord kept the man on the floor abo from snoring. 'What a relief it is,' he said, 'to have a satisfie tenant like you.' And then without my even asking him do it, he offered to reduce my rent a little. I wanted mor so I named the figure I could afford to pay, and he a cepted without a word.

"As he was leaving, he turned to me and asked, 'Wh decorating can I have done for you?'

"If I had tried to get the rent reduced by the metho the other tenants were using, I am positive I should ha met with the same failure they encountered. (It was th friendly, sympathetic, appreciative approach that won.")

Let's take another illustration. We'll take a woman th time—a woman from the Social Register—Mrs. Doroth Day of Garden City on the sandy stretches of Long Islan l recently gave a luncheon to a small group of friends," Mrs. Day. "It was an important occasion for me. urally, I was most eager to have everything go off othly. Emil, the *maître d'hôtel,* is usually my able as- nt in these matters. But on this occasion he let me n. The luncheon was a failure. Emil was nowhere to een. He sent only one waiter to take care of us. This ter hadn't the faintest conception of first-class service. persisted in serving my guest of honor last. Once he ed her one miserable little piece of celery on a large . The meat was tough; the potatoes greasy. It was rible. I was furious. With considerable effort, I smiled ough the ordeal, but I kept saying to myself, 'Just wait il I see Emil. I'll give him a piece of my mind all right.'

This happened on a Wednesday. The next night I heard cture on human relationships. As I listened, I realized w futile it would be to give Emil a dressing down. It uld make him sullen and resentful. It would kill all desire help me in the future. I tried to look at it from his stand- nt. He hadn't bought the food. He hadn't cooked it. He ldn't help it because some of his waiters were dumb. haps I had been too severe, too hasty in my wrath. So, tead of criticizing him, I decided to begin in a friendly y. I decided to open up on him with appreciation. This roach worked beautifully. I saw Emil the following day. was defensively angry and spoiling for battle. I said, e here, Emil, I want you to know that it means a great l to me to have you at my back when I entertain. You the best *maître d'hôtel* in New York. Of course, I fully reciate that you don't buy the food and cook it. You ldn't help what happened on Wednesday.'

'The clouds disappeared. Emil smiled, and said, 'Ex- ly, Madam. The trouble was in the kitchen. It was not fault.'

'So I continued: 'I have planned other parties, Emil, l I need your advice. Do you think we had better give kitchen another chance?'

' 'Oh, certainly, Madam, of course. It might never hap- again.'

'The following week I gave another luncheon. Emil and

I planned the menu. I cut his tip in half, and never mentioned past mistakes.

"When we arrived, the table was colorful with two dozen American beauty roses. Emil was in constant attendance. He could hardly have showered my party with more attention if I had been entertaining Queen Mary. The food was excellent and hot. The service was perfection. The *entrée* was served by four waiters instead of one. Emil personally served delicious mints to finish it off.

"As we were leaving, my guest of honor asked: 'Have you charmed that *maître d'hôtel?* I never saw such service, such attention.'

("She was right. I had charmed with the friendly approach and sincere appreciation.")

Years ago, when I was a barefooted boy walking through the woods to a country school out in northwest Missouri, I read a fable one day about the sun and the wind. They quarreled about which was the stronger and the wind said, "I'll prove I am. See the old man down there with a coat? I bet I can make him take his coat off quicker than you can."

So the sun went behind a cloud and the wind blew until it was almost a tornado, but the harder it blew the tighter the old man wrapped his coat about him.

Finally, the wind calmed down and gave up; and then the sun came out from behind the cloud and smiled kindly on the old man. Presently, he mopped his brow and pulled off his coat. The (sun then told the wind that gentleness and friendliness were always stronger than fury and force)

Even while I was a boy reading this fable, the truth of it was actually being demonstrated in the far-off town of Boston, an historic center of education and culture that I never dreamed of ever living to see. It was being demonstrated in Boston by Dr. A. H. B——, a physician, who thirty years later became one of my students. Here is the story as Dr. B—— related it in one of his talks before the class:

The Boston newspapers in those days screamed with fake medical advertising—the ads of professional aborionists and quack physicians who pretended to treat the iseases of men but who really preyed upon many innocent ictims by frightening them with talk about "loss of manood" and other terrible conditions. Their treatment conisted in keeping the victim filled with terror and in giving im no useful treatment at all. The abortionists had caused any deaths, but there were few convictions. Most of them aid small fines or got off through political influence.

The condition became so terrible that the good people f Boston rose up in holy indignation. Preachers pounded heir pulpits, condemned the papers, and implored the help f Almighty God to stop this advertising. Civic organizaions, business men, women's clubs, churches, young peole's societies, damned and denounced—all in vain. A itter fight was waged in the state legislature to make this isgraceful advertising illegal, but it was defeated by graft and political influence.

Dr. B—— was then chairman of the Good Citizenship Committee of the Greater Boston Christian Endeavor Union. His committee had tried everything. It had failed. The fight against these medical criminals seemed hopeless.

Then one night, after midnight, Dr. B—— tried somehing that apparently no one in Boston had ever thought f trying before. He tried kindness, sympathy, appreciation. He tried to make the publishers actually *want* to stop the dvertising. He wrote the publisher of *The Boston Herald,* elling him how much he admired his paper. He had always ead it; the news items were clean, not sensational; and the ditorials were excellent. It was a splendid family paper. Dr. B—— declared that it was, in his opinion, the best aper in New England and one of the finest in America. "But," continued Dr. B——, "a friend of mine has a young aughter. He told me his daughter read one of your adverisements aloud to him the other night, the advertisement f a professional abortionist, and then asked him what was eant by some of the phrases. Frankly, he was embarrased. He didn't know what to say. Your paper goes into the est homes in Boston. If that happened in the home of my riend, isn't it probable that it is happening in many other omes also? If you had a young daughter, would you want her to read those advertisements? And if she did read them and ask you about them, how could you explain?

"I am sorry that such a splendid paper as yours—almost perfect in every other way—has this one feature which makes some fathers dread to see their daughters pick it up. Isn't it probable that thousands of your other subscribers feel about it just as I do?"

Two days later the publisher of *The Boston Herald* wrote Dr. B——; the doctor kept the letter in his files for a third of a century and gave it to me when he was a member of my course. I have it in front of me now as I write. It is dated October 13, 1904.

A. H. B.——, M.D.
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:

I really feel under obligations to you for your letter of the 11th inst., addressed to the editor of this paper, inasmuch as it has finally decided me on an action which I have had under contemplation ever since I have been in charge here.

Beginning Monday, I propose to have *The Boston Herald* absolutely expurgated of all objectionable advertising matter, as far as it is possible to do so. The medical cards, the whirling spray syringe, and like advertising, will be absolutely "killed," and all other medical advertising, which it is impossible to keep out at this time will be so thoroughly edited that it will be absolutely inoffensive.

Again thanking you for your kind letter, which has been helpful in this respect, I beg to remain,

Yours sincerely,
W. E. Haskell,
Publisher.

Aesop was a Greek slave who lived at the court of Croesus and spun immortal fables six hundred years before Christ. Yet the truths he taught about human nature are just as true in Boston and Birmingham now as they were twenty-five centuries ago in Athens. The sun can make you take off your coat more quickly than the wind; and kindliness, the friendly approach, and appreciation can make people change their minds more readily than all the bluster and storming in Christendom.)

Remember what Lincoln said: "A drop of honey catches more flies than a gallon of gall."

When you wish to win people to your way of thinking, don't forget to use **Rule 4:**

Begin in a friendly way.

CHAPTER FIVE

The Secret of Socrates

IN TALKING WITH PEOPLE, don't begin by discussing the things on which you differ. Begin by emphasizing—and keep on emphasizing—the things on which you agree. Keep emphasizing—if possible—that you are both striving for the same end and your only difference is one of method and not of purpose.

Get the other person saying, "Yes, yes," at the outset. Keep him, if possible, from saying "No."

"A 'No' response," says Professor Overstreet in his book, *Influencing Human Behavior,* "is a most difficult handicap to overcome. When a person has said 'No,' all his pride of personality demands that he remain consistent with himself. He may later feel that the 'No' was ill-advised; nevertheless, there is his precious pride to consider! Once having said a thing, he must stick to it. Hence it is of the very greatest importance that we start a person in the affirmative direction."

The skillful speaker gets "at the outset a number of 'yes responses.' He has thereby set the psychological processes of his listeners moving in the affirmative direction. It is ke the movement of a billiard ball. Propel it in one direcon, and it takes some force to deflect it; far more force o send it back in the opposite direction.

"The psychological patterns here are quite clear. When person says 'No' and really means it, he is doing far more han saying a word of two letters. His entire organism—landular, nervous, muscular—gathers itself together into condition of rejection. There is, usually in minute but ometimes in observable degree, a physical withdrawal, or eadiness for withdrawal. The whole neuro-muscular sysem, in short, sets itself on guard against acceptance. Vhere, on the contrary, a person says 'Yes,' none of the vithdrawing activities take place. The organism is in a orward-moving, accepting, open attitude. Hence the more Yeses' we can, at the very outset, induce, the more likely e are to succeed in capturing the attention for our ultimate roposal.

It is a very simple technique—this yes response. And et how much neglected! It often seems as if people get a ense of their own importance by antagonizing at the outset. he radical comes into a conference with his conservative rethren; and immediately he must make them furious! Vhat, as a matter of fact, is the good of it? If he simply oes it in order to get some pleasure out of it for himself, e may be pardoned. But if he expects to achieve someing, he is only psychologically stupid.

"Get a student to say 'No' at the beginning, or a cusmer, child, husband, or wife, and it takes the wisdom nd the patience of angels to transform that bristling negave into an affirmative."

The use of his "yes, yes" technique enabled James Ebern, teller for the Greenwich Savings Bank, New York ity, to save a prospective customer who might otherwise ave been lost.

"This man came in to open an account," said Mr. Ebern, "and I gave him our usual form to fill out. Some of e questions he answered willingly, but there were others flatly refused to answer.

"Before I began the study of human relations, I should ve told this prospective depositor that if he refused to give the bank this information, we should have to refuse to accept his account. I am ashamed that I have been guilty of doing that very thing in the past. Naturally, an ultimatum like that made me feel good. I had shown who was boss, that the bank's rules and regulations couldn't be flouted. But that sort of an attitude certainly didn't give a feeling of welcome and importance to the man who had walked in to give us his patronage.

"I resolved this morning to use a little horse sense. I resolved not to talk about what the bank wanted but about what the customer wanted. And above all else, I was determined to get him saying 'yes, yes' from the very start. So I agreed with him. I told him the information he refused to give was not absolutely necessary.

" 'However,' I said, 'suppose you have money in this bank at your death. Wouldn't you like to have the bank transfer it to your next of kin who is entitled to it according to law?'

" 'Yes, of course,' he replied.

" 'Don't you think,' I continued, 'that it would be a good idea to give us the name of your next of kin so that, in the event of your death, we could carry out your wishes without error or delay?'

"Again he said, 'Yes.'

"The young man's attitude softened and changed when he realized that we weren't asking for this information for our sake but for his sake. Before leaving the bank, this young man not only gave me complete information about himself but he opened, at my suggestion, a trust account naming his mother as the beneficiary for his account and he gladly answered all the questions concerning his mother also.

"I found that by getting him saying 'yes, yes' from the outset, he forgot the issue at stake and was happy to do all the things I suggested."

"There was a man on my territory that our company was most eager to sell," said Joseph Allison, salesman for Westinghouse. "My predecessor had called on him for ten years without selling anything. When I took over the territory, I called steadily for three years without getting an der. Finally, after thirteen years of calls and sales talk, e sold him a few motors. If these proved to be all right, felt sure of an order for several hundred more. Such was y expectation.

"Right? I knew they would be all right. So when I called ree weeks later, I was stepping high."

"But I didn't step high very long for the chief engineer eeted me with this shocking announcement: 'Allison, I n't buy the remainder of the motors from you.'

" 'Why?' I asked in amazement. 'Why?'

" 'Because your motors are too hot. I can't put my hand 1 them.'

"I knew it wouldn't do any good to argue. I had tried at sort of thing too long. So I thought of getting the 'yes, s' response.

" 'Well, now look, Mr. Smith,' I said. 'I agree with you hundred per cent; if those motors are running too hot, u ought not to buy any more of them. You must have otors that won't run any hotter than standards set by the gulations of the National Electrical Manufacturers' As-ciation. Isn't that so?"

"He agreed it was. I had gotten my first 'yes.'

" 'The Electrical Manufacturers' Association regulations y that a properly designed motor may have a temperature 72 degrees Fahrenheit above room temperature. Is that rrect?'

" 'Yes,' he agreed. 'That's quite correct. But your motors e much hotter.'

"I didn't argue with him. I merely asked: 'How hot is e mill room?'

" 'Oh,' he said, 'about 75 degrees Fahrenheit.'

" 'Well,' I replied, 'if the mill room is 75 degrees and u add 72 to that, that makes a total of 147 degrees Fahr-heit. Wouldn't you scald your hand if you held it under spigot of hot water at a temperature of 147 degrees hrenheit?'

"Again he had to say yes.

" 'Well,' I suggested, 'wouldn't it be a good idea to keep ir hands off those motors?'

" 'Well, I guess you're right,' he admitted. We continued to chat for awhile. Then he called his secretary and lined up approximately $35,000 worth of business for the ensuing month.

"It took me years and cost me countless thousands of dollars in lost business before I finally learned that it doesn't pay to argue, that it is much more profitable and much more interesting to look at things from the other man's viewpoint and try to get him saying 'yes, yes.' "

Socrates, "the gadfly of Athens," was a brilliant old boy in spite of the fact that he went barefooted and married a girl of nineteen when he was bald-headed and forty. He did something that only a handful of men in all history have been able to do: he sharply changed the whole course of human thought; and now, twenty-three centuries after his death, he is honored as one of the wisest persuaders who ever influenced this wrangling world.

His method? Did he tell people they were wrong? Oh, no, not Socrates. He was far too adroit for that. His whole technique, now called the "Socratic method," was based upon getting a "yes, yes" response. He asked questions with which his opponent would have to agree. He kept on winning one admission after another until he had an armful of yeses. He kept on asking questions until finally, almost without realizing it, his opponent found himself embracing a conclusion that he would have bitterly denied a few minutes previously.

The next time we are smarting to tell a man he is wrong, let's remember barefooted old Socrates and ask a gentle question—a question that will get the "yes, yes" response.

The Chinese have a proverb pregnant with the age-old wisdom of the changeless East: "He who treads softly goes far."

They have spent five thousand years studying human nature, those cultured Chinese, and they have garnered a lot of perspicacity: "He who treads softly goes far."

If you want to win people to your way of thinking, **Rule 5** is:

Get the other person saying "yes, yes" immediately.

CHAPTER SIX

The Safety Valve in Handling Complaints

ST PEOPLE, when trying to win others to their way of
nking, do too much talking themselves. Salesmen, es-
ially, are guilty of this costly error. Let the other man
himself out. He knows more about his business and
problems than you do. So ask him questions. Let him
you a few things.)

f you disagree with him, you may be tempted to inter-
t. But don't. It is dangerous. He won't pay attention to
while he still has a lot of ideas of his own crying for
ression. So listen patiently and with an open mind. Be
ere about it. Encourage him to express his ideas fully.)

oes this policy pay in business? Let's see. Here is the
y of a man who was *forced* to try it.

few years ago, one of the largest automobile manufac-
rs in the United States was negotiating for a year's
irements of upholstery fabrics. Three important manu-
urers had worked up fabrics in sample bodies. These
all been inspected by the executives of the motor com-

pany, and notice had been sent to each manufacturer sayin that, on a certain day, his representative would be given a opportunity of making his final plea for the contract.

G. B. R., a representative of one manufacturer, arrive in town with a severe attack of laryngitis. "When it cam my turn to meet the executives in conference," Mr. R. sai as he related the story before one of my classes, "I had los my voice. I could hardly whisper. I was ushered into room and found myself face to face with the textile engineer, the purchasing agent, the director of sales, and th president of the company. I stood up and made a valian effort to speak, but I couldn't do anything more tha squeak.

"They were all seated around a table, so I wrote on a pa of paper: 'Gentlemen, I have lost my voice. I am speechless.'

" 'I'll do the talking for you,' the president said. He di He exhibited my samples and praised their good points. lively discussion arose about the merits of my goods. An the president, since he was talking for me, took my sid during the discussion. My sole participation consisted smiles, nods, and a few gestures.

"As a result of this unique conference, I was awarded th contract, which called for over half a million yards upholstery fabrics at an aggregate value of $1,600,000— the biggest order I ever received.

("I know I should have lost that contract if I hadn't lo my voice, because I had the wrong idea about the who proposition. I discovered, quite by accident, how richly sometimes pays to let the other fellow do the talking.")

Joseph S. Webb of the Philadelphia Electric Compa made the same discovery. Mr. Webb was making a rur inspection trip through a district of prosperous Pennsylvania Dutch farmers.

"Why aren't those people using electricity?" he asked th district representative as they passed a well-kept farmhous

"They're tightwads. You can't sell them anything," th district man answered in disgust. "And, besides, they're so at the company. I've tried. It's hopeless."

Maybe it was, but Webb decided to try anyway, so h ocked at the farmhouse door. The door opened by a nar-/ crack, and old Mrs. Druckenbrod peered out.

'As soon as she saw the company representative," said . Webb, as he related the story, "she slammed the door our faces. I knocked again, and again she opened the or; and this time she began to tell us what she thought of and our company.

" 'Mrs. Druckenbrod,' I said, 'I'm sorry we've troubled 1. But I didn't come here to sell you electricity. I merely nted to buy some eggs."

"She opened the door wider and peered out at us susiously.

" 'I noticed your fine flock of Dominicks,' I said, 'and I uld like to buy a dozen fresh eggs.'

"The door opened a little wider. 'How'd you know my ns were Dominicks?' she inquired, her curiosity piqued.

" 'I raise chickens myself,' I replied. 'And I must say, e never seen a finer flock of Dominicks.'

" 'Why don't you use your own eggs then?' she dended, still somewhat suspicious.

" 'Because my Leghorns lay white eggs. And naturally, ng a cook myself, you know white eggs can't compare brown eggs when it comes to making cake. And my wife des herself on her cakes.'

'By this time, Mrs. Druckenbrod ventured out onto the ch in a much more amiable frame of mind. Meantime, eyes had been wandering around and I had discovered t the farm was equipped with a fine-looking dairy.

" 'As a matter of fact, Mrs. Druckenbrod,' I continued, bet you make more money from your hens than your band makes with his dairy.'

Bang! She was off! Sure she did! And she loved to tell about it. But, alas, she couldn't make her old husband, blockhead, admit it.

She invited us down to see her poultry house; and on tour of inspection I noticed various little contraptions she had built, and I was 'hearty in my approbation and sh in my praise.' I recommended certain feeds and certemperatures; and asked her advice on several points;

and soon we were having a good time swapping experiences.

"Presently, she remarked that some of her neighbors had put electric lights in their hen houses and they claimed they had got excellent results. She wanted my honest opinion as to whether or not it would pay her to do the same thing . . .

"Two weeks later, Mr. Druckenbrod's Dominick hens were clucking and scratching contentedly in the encouraging glow of electric lights. I had my order; she was getting more eggs; everyone was satisfied; everyone had gained.

"But—and this is the point of the story—I should never have sold electricity to this Pennsylvania Dutch farmwife, if I had not first let her talk herself into it!

"Such people can't be sold. You have to let them buy."

A large advertisement appeared recently on the financia page of the *New York Herald Tribune* calling for a man with unusual ability and experience. Charles T. Cubellis answered the advertisement, sending his reply to a box number. A few days later, he was invited by letter to cal for an interview. Before he called, he spent hours in Wal Street finding out everything possible about the man who had founded the business. During the interview, he remarked: "I should be mighty proud to be associated with an organization with a record like yours. I understand you started twenty-eight years ago with nothing but desk room and one stenographer. Is that true?"

Almost every successful man likes to reminisce about his early struggles. This man was no exception. He talked for a long time about how he had started with four hundred anc fifty dollars in cash and an original idea. He told how he had fought against discouragement and battled agains ridicule, working Sundays and holidays, twelve to sixteer hours a day; how he had finally won against all odds unti now the biggest men in Wall Street were coming to him for information and guidance. He was proud of such a record He had a right to be, and he had a splendid time telling about it. Finally, he questioned Mr. Cubellis briefly about his experience, then called in one of his vice presidents anc said: "I think this is the man we are looking for."

Mr. Cubellis had taken the trouble to find out about the omplishments of his prospective employer. He showed interest in the other man and his problems. He en-raged the other man to do most of the talking—and de a favorable impression.

The truth is that even our friends would far rather talk us about their achievements than listen to us boast about rs.

La Rochefoucauld, the French philosopher, said: "If you nt enemies, excel your friends; but if you want friends, your friends excel you." v.2

Why is that true? Because when our friends excel us, that es them a feeling of importance; but when we excel them, t gives them a feeling of inferiority and arouses envy and lousy.

The Germans have a proverb: "Die reinste Freude ist die hadenfreude," which, being interpreted, goes something this: "The purest joy is the malicious joy we take in the sfortunes of those we have envied." Or, to put it another y: "The purest joy is the joy we take in other people's ubles."

Yes, some of your friends probably get more satisfaction of your troubles than out of your triumphs.

So, let's minimize our achievements. Let's be modest. at always makes a hit. Irvin Cobb had the right tech-ue. A lawyer once said to Cobb on the witness stand: "I erstand, Mr. Cobb, that you are one of the most famous ters in America. Is that correct?"

I have probably been more fortunate than I deserve," b replied.

We ought to be modest, for neither you nor I amount to h. Both of us will pass on and be completely forgotten ntury from now. Life is too short to bore other people talk of our petty accomplishments. Let's encourage n to talk instead. Come to think about it, you haven't h to brag about anyhow. Do you know what keeps you becoming an idiot? Not much. Only a nickel's worth dine in your thyroid glands. If a physician were to open hyroid gland in your neck and take out a little iodine, would become an idiot. A little iodine that can be bought at a corner drugstore for five cents is all that stands between you and an institution for the mentally ill. A nickel's worth of iodine! That isn't much to be boasting about, is it?

So, if we want to win people to our way of thinking, **Rule 6** is:

Let the other man do a great deal of the talking.

CHAPTER SEVEN

How to Get Co-operation

DON'T YOU HAVE much more faith in ideas that you discover or yourself than in ideas that are handed to you on a silver platter? If so, isn't it bad judgment to try to ram your opinions down the throats of other people? Wouldn't it be wiser to make suggestions—and let the other man think out the conclusion for himself?

To illustrate: Mr. Adolph Seltz of Philadelphia, a student of one of my courses, suddenly found himself confronted with the necessity of injecting enthusiasm into a discouraged and disorganized group of automobile salesmen. Calling a ales meeting, he urged his men to tell him exactly what hey expected from him. As they talked, he wrote their deas on the blackboard. He then said: "I'll give you all hese qualities you expect from me. Now I want you to tell me what I have a right to expect from you." The replies ame quick and fast: loyalty, honesty, initiative, optimism, eam work, eight hours a day of enthusiastic work. One man olunteered to work fourteen hours a day. The meeting nded with a new courage, a new inspiration, and Mr. Seltz reported to me that the increase of sales had been phenomenal.

"The men had made a sort of moral bargain with me," said Mr. Seltz, "and as long as I lived up to my part in it, they were determined to live up to theirs. Consulting them about their wishes and desires was just the shot in the arm they needed."

No man likes to feel that he is being sold something or told to do a thing. We much prefer to feel that we are buying of our own accord or acting on our own ideas. We like to be consulted about our wishes, our wants, our thoughts.

For example, take the case of Eugene Wesson. He lost countless thousands of dollars in commissions before he learned this truth. Mr. Wesson sells sketches for a studio that creates designs for stylists and textile manufacturers. Mr. Wesson had called once a week, every week for three years, on one of the leading stylists in New York. "He never refused to see me," said Mr. Wesson, "but he never bought. He always looked over my sketches very carefully and then said: 'No, Wesson, I guess we don't get together today.' "

After a hundred and fifty failures, Wesson realized he must be in a mental rut; so he resolved to devote one evening a week to the study of influencing human behavior, and to develop new ideas and generate new enthusiasms.

Presently he was stimulated to try a new approach. Picking up half a dozen unfinished sketches the artists were working on, he rushed over to his buyer's office. "I want you to do me a little favor, if you will," he said. "Here are some uncompleted sketches. Won't you please tell me how we could finish them up in such a way that they would be of service to you?"

The buyer looked at the sketches for a while without uttering a word and then said: "Leave these with me for a few days, Wesson, and then come back and see me."

Wesson returned three days later, got his suggestions, took the sketches back to the studio and had them finished according to the buyer's ideas. The result? All accepted.

That was nine months ago. Since that time, this buyer has ordered scores of other sketches, all drawn according to ideas—and the net result has been more than sixteen dred dollars in commisions for Wesson. "I now realize I failed for years to sell his buyer," said Wesson. "I urged him to buy what I thought he ought to have. I do very opposite now. I urge him to give me his ideas. He s now that he is creating the designs. And he is. I don't e to sell him now. He buys."

Vhen Theodore Roosevelt was Governor of New York, accomplished an extraordinary feat. He kept on good ns with the political bosses and yet he forced through orms which they bitterly disliked. And here is how he it.

Vhen an important office was to be filled, he invited the itical bosses to make recommendations. "At first," said osevelt, "they might propose a broken-down party hack, sort of man who has to be 'taken care of.' I would tell m that to appoint such a man would not be good politics, the public would not approve it.

"Then they would bring me the name of another party ck, a persistent office holder, who, if he had nothing ainst him, had little in his favor. I would tell them that s man would not measure up to the expectations of the blic, and I would ask them to see if they could not find neone more obviously fitted for the post.

'Their third suggestion would be a man who was almost od enough, but not quite.

'Then I would thank them, asking them to try once re, and their fourth suggestion would be acceptable; they uld then name just the sort of man I should have picked myself. Expressing my gratitude for their assistance, I uld appoint this man—*and I would let them take the dit for the appointment. . . .* I would tell them that I had e these things to please them and now it was their turn lease me."

And they did. They did it by supporting such sweeping rms as the Civil Service Bill and the Franchise Tax Bill. *Remember, Roosevelt went to great lengths to consult other man and show respect for his advice. When sevelt made an important appointment, he let the bosses* *really feel that they had selected the candidate, that the idea was theirs.*

An automobile dealer on Long Island used this same technique to sell a used car to a Scotsman and his wife. This dealer had shown the Scotsman car after car, but there was always something wrong. This didn't suit. That was out of kilter. The price was too high. Always the price was too high. At this juncture, the dealer, a member of one of my courses, appealed to the class for help.

We advised him to quit trying to sell "Sandy" and let "Sandy" buy. We said, instead of telling "Sandy" what to do, why not let him tell you what to do? Let him feel that the idea is his.

That sounded good. So the dealer tried it a few days later when a customer wanted to trade an old car in on a new one. The dealer knew this used car might appeal to "Sandy." So, he picked up the phone and asked "Sandy" if he wouldn't, as a special favor, come over and give him a bit of advice.

When "Sandy" arrived, the dealer said: "You are a shrewd buyer. You know car values. Won't you please look over this car and try it out and tell me how much I ought to allow for it in a trade?"

"Sandy" was "one vast substantial smile." At last his advice was being sought, his ability was being recognized. He drove the car up Queens Boulevard from Jamaica to Forest Hills and back again. "If you can get that car for three hundred," he advised, "you'll be getting a bargain."

"If I can get it at that figure, would you be willing to buy it?" the dealer inquired. Three hundred? Of course. That was his idea, his appraisal. The deal was closed immediately.

The same psychology was used by an X-ray manufacturer to sell his equipment to one of the largest hospitals in Brooklyn. This hospital was building an addition, and preparing to equip it with the finest X-ray department in America. Dr. L——, who was in charge of the X-ray dertment, was overwhelmed with salesmen, each caroling e praises of his own equipment.

One manufacturer, however, was more skillful. He knew r more about handling human nature than the others did. e wrote a letter something like this:

> Our factory has recently completed a new line of X-ray equipment. The first shipment of these machines has just arrived at our office. They are not perfect. We know that, and we want to improve them. So we should be deeply obligated to you if you could find time to look them over and give us your ideas about how they can be made more serviceable to your profession. Knowing how occupied you are, I shall be glad to send my car for you at any hour you specify.

"I was surprised to get that letter," Dr. L——said, as e related the incident before the class. "I was both surrised and complimented. I had never had an X-ray manuacturer seeking my advice before. It made me feel imporant. I was busy every night that week, but I canceled a inner appointment in order to look over that equipment. he more I studied it, the more I discovered for myself ow much I liked it.

"Nobody had tried to sell it to me. I felt that the idea of uying that equipment for the hospital was my own. I sold yself on its superior qualities and ordered it installed."

Colonel Edward M. House wielded an enormous inuence in national and international affairs while Woodrow ilson occupied the White House. Wilson leaned upon olonel House for secret counsel and advice more than e did upon even members of his own cabinet.

What method did the Colonel use in influencing the resident? Fortunately we know, for House himself reealed it to Arthur D. Howden Smith, and Smith quoted ouse in an article in *The Saturday Evening Post.*

" 'After I got to know the President,' House said, 'I arned the best way to convert him to an idea was to plant in his mind casually, but so as to interest him in it—so as to get him thinking about it on his own account. The first time this worked it was an accident. I had been visiting him at the White House, and urged a policy on him which he appeared to disapprove. But several days later, at the dinner table, I was amazed to hear him trot out my suggestion as his own.' "

Did House interrupt him and say, "That's not your idea. That's mine?" Oh, no. Not House. He was too adroit for that. He didn't care about credit. He wanted results. So he let Wilson continue to feel that the idea was his. House did even more than that. He gave Wilson public credit for these ideas.

Let's remember that the people with whom we come in contact tomorrow will be just as human as Woodrow Wilson. So let's use the technique of Colonel House.

A man up in New Brunswick used this technique on me a few years ago—and got my patronage. I was planning at the time to do some fishing and canoeing in New Brunswick. So I wrote the tourist bureau for information. My name and address were evidently put on a public list, for I was immediately overwhelmed with scores of letters and booklets and printed testimonials from camps and guides. I was bewildered. I didn't know which to choose. Then one camp owner did a very clever thing. He sent me the names and telephone numbers of several New York people he had served and invited me to telephone them and discover for myself what he had to offer.

I found to my surprise that I knew one of the men on his list. I telephoned him, found out what his experiences had been, and then wired the camp the date of my arrival.

The others had been trying to sell me on their service, but one chap let me sell myself. He won.

So if you want to influence people to your way of thinking, **Rule 7** is:

Let the other fellow feel that the idea is his.

Twenty-five centuries ago, Lao-tse, a Chinese sage, said some things that readers of this book might use today:

"The reason why rivers and seas receive the homage of a hundred mountain streams is that they keep below them. Thus they are able to reign over all the mountain streams. So the sage, wishing to be above men, putteth himself below them; wishing to be before them, he putteth himself behind them. Thus, though his place be above men, they do not feel his weight; though his place be before them, they do not count it an injury."

CHAPTER EIGHT

A Formula That Will Work Wonders For You

REMEMBER that the other man may be totally wrong. But he doesn't think so. Don't condemn him. Any fool can do that. Try to understand him. Only wise, tolerant, exceptional men even try to do that.

There is a reason why the other man thinks and acts as he does. Ferret out that hidden reason—and you have the key to his actions, perhaps to his personality.

Try honestly to put yourself in his place.

If you say to yourself, "How would I feel, how would I react if I were in his shoes?" you will save a lot of time and irritation, for "by becoming interested in the cause, we are less likely to dislike the effect." And, in addition, you will sharply increase your skill in human relationships.

"Stop a minute," says Kenneth M. Goode, in his book, *How to Turn People into Gold,* "stop a minute to contrast your keen interest in your own affairs with your mild concern about anything else. Realize then, that everybody else in the world feels exactly the same way! Then, along with

Lincoln and Roosevelt, you will have grasped the only solid foundation for any job other than warden in a penitentiary: namely, that success in dealing with people depends on a sympathetic grasp of the other man's viewpoint."

For years, I have taken a great deal of my recreation by walking and riding in a park near my home. Like the Druids of ancient Gaul, I all but worship an oak tree, so I was distressed season after season to see the young trees and shrubs killed off by needless fires. These fires weren't caused by careless smokers. They were almost all caused by boys who went out to the park to go native and cook a frankfurter or an egg under the trees. Sometimes, these fires raged so fiercely that the fire department had to be called out to fight the conflagration.

There was a sign on the edge of the park saying that anyone who started a fire was liable to fine and imprisonment; but the sign stood in an unfrequented part of the park and few boys ever saw it. A mounted policeman was supposed to look after the park; but he didn't take his duties too seriously, and the fires continued to spread season after season. On one occasion, I rushed up to a policeman and told him about a fire spreading rapidly through the park and wanted him to notify the fire department; and he nonchalantly replied that it was none of his business because it wasn't in his precinct! I was desperate, so after that when I went riding, I acted as a self-appointed committee of one to protect the public domain. In the beginning, I am afraid I didn't even attempt to see the boys' point of view. When I saw a fire blazing under the trees, I was so unhappy about it, so eager to do the right thing, that I did the wrong thing. I would ride up to the boys, warn them that they could be jailed for starting a fire, order it put out with a tone of authority; and, if they refused, I would threaten to have them arrested. I was merely unloading my feelings without thinking of their point of view.

The result? The boys obeyed—obeyed sullenly and with resentment. After I rode on over the hill, they probably rebuilt the fire; and longed to burn up the whole park.

With the passing of the years, I hope I acquired a trifle more knowledge of human relations, a little more tact, a little greater tendency to see things from the other person's point of view. Then, instead of giving orders, I would ride up to a blazing fire and begin something like this:

> Having a good time, boys? What are you going to cook for supper? . . . I loved to build fires myself when I was a boy—and I still love to. But you know they are very dangerous here in the park. I know you boys don't mean to do any harm; but other boys aren't so careful. They come along and see that you have built a fire; so they build one and don't put it out when they go home, and it spreads among the dry leaves and kills the trees. We won't have any trees here at all if we aren't more careful. You could be put in jail for building this fire. But I don't want to be bossy and interfere with your pleasure. I like to see you enjoy yourselves; but won't you please rake all the leaves away from the fire right now—and you'll be careful to cover it with dirt, a lot of dirt, before you leave, won't you? And the next time you want to have some fun, won't you please build your fire over the hill there in the sand pit? It can't do any damage there. . . . Thanks so much boys. Have a good time.

What a difference that kind of talk made! That made the boys want to co-operate. No sullenness, no resentment. They hadn't been forced to obey orders. They had saved their faces. They felt better and I felt better because I had handled the situation with consideration for their point of view.

Tomorrow, before asking anyone to put out a fire or buy a can of Afta cleaning fluid or give fifty dollars to the Red Cross, why not pause and close your eyes and try to think the whole thing through from the other person's point of view? Ask yourself: "Why should he want to do it?" True, that will take time; but it will make friends and get better results and get them with less friction and less shoe leather.

"I should rather walk the sidewalk in front of a man's office for two hours before an interview," said Dean Donham of the Harvard business school, "than step into his office without a perfectly clear idea of what I am going to ay and what he—from my knowledge of his interests and notives—is likely to answer."

That is so important that I am going to repeat it in italics or the sake of emphasis.

> *I should rather walk the sidewalk in front of a man's office for two hours before an interview, than step into his office without a perfectly clear idea of what I am going to say and what he—from my knowledge of his interests and motives—is likely to answer.*

If, as a result of reading this book, you get only one hing—an increased tendency to think always in terms of the other person's point of view, and see things from is angle as well as your own—if you get only that one hing from this book, it may easily prove to be one of the nilestones of your career.

Therefore, if you want to change people without giving offense or arousing resentment, **Rule 8** is:

Try honestly to see things from the other person's point of view.

CHAPTER NINE

What Everybody Wants

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE to have a magic phrase that would stop argument, eliminate ill feeling, create good will, and make the other person listen attentively?

Yes? All right. Here it is. Begin by saying: "I don't blame you one iota for feeling as you do. If I were you, I should undoubtedly feel just as you do."

An answer like that will soften the most cantankerous old cuss alive. And you can say that and be one hundred per cent sincere, because if you were the other person, of course you would feel just as he does. Let me illustrate. Take Al Capone, for example. Suppose you had inherited the same body and temperament and mind that Al Capone inherited. Suppose you had had his environment and experiences. You would then be precisely what he was—and where he was. For it is those things—and only those things—that made him what he was.

The only reason, for example, that you are not a rattlesnake is that your mother and father weren't rattlesnakes. The only reason you don't kiss cows and consider snakes oly is because you weren't born in a Hindu family on the anks of the Brahmaputra.

You deserve very little credit for being what you are—nd remember, the man who comes to you irritated, igoted, unreasoning, deserves very little discredit for being hat he is. Feel sorry for the poor devil. Pity him. Sym-athize with him. Say to yourself what John B. Gough used say when he saw a drunken bum staggering down the treet: "There, but for the grace of God, go I."

Three-fourths of the people you will meet tomorrow are ungering and thirsting for sympathy. Give it to them, and hey will love you.

I once gave a broadcast about the author of *Little omen,* Louisa May Alcott. Naturally, I knew she had ved and written her immortal books in Concord, Massa-husetts. But, without thinking what I was saying, I spoke f visiting her old home in Concord, New Hampshire. If I ad said New Hampshire only once, it might have been orgiven. But, alas! alack! I said it twice. I was deluged with etters and telegrams, stinging messages that swirled around ny defenseless head like a swarm of hornets. Many were ndignant. A few insulting. One Colonial Dame, who had een reared in Concord, Massachusetts, and who was then iving in Philadelphia, vented her scorching wrath upon ne. She couldn't have been much more bitter if I had ac-used Miss Alcott of being a cannibal from New Guinea. s I read the letter, I said to myself, "Thank God, I am ot married to that girl." I felt like writing and telling her hat although I had made a mistake in geography, she had nade a far greater mistake in common courtesy. That was be just my opening sentence. Then I was going to roll p my sleeves and tell her what I really thought. But I idn't. I controlled myself. I realized that any hot-headed ool could do that—and that most fools would do just that.

I wanted to be above fools. So I resolved to try to turn er hostility into friendliness. That would be a challenge, a ort of a game I could play. I said to myself, "After all, if I ere she, I should probably feel just as she does." So, I etermined to sympathize with her viewpoint. The next time

I was in Philadelphia, I called her on the telephone. The conversation went something like this:

Me: Mrs. So-and-so, you wrote me a letter a few weeks ago, and I want to thank you for it.

She *(in incisive, cultured, well-bred tones)*: To whom have I the honor of speaking?

Me: I am a stranger to you. My name is Dale Carnegie. You listened to a broadcast I gave about Louisa May Alcott a few Sundays ago, and I made the unforgivable blunder of saying that she had lived in Concord, New Hampshire. It was a stupid blunder and I want to apologize for it. It was so nice of you to take the time to write me.

She: I am sorry, Mr. Carnegie, that I wrote as I did. I lost my temper. I must apologize.

Me: No! No! You are not the one to apologize; I am the one to apologize. Any school child would have known better than to have said what I said. I apologized over the air the Sunday following and I want to apologize to you personally now.

She: I was born in Concord, Massachusetts. My family has been prominent in Massachusetts affairs for two centuries and I am very proud of my native state. I was really quite distressed to hear you say that Miss Alcott was born in New Hampshire. But I am really ashamed of that letter.

Me: I assure you that you were not one-tenth as distressed as I am. My error didn't hurt Massachusetts but it did hurt me. It is so seldom that people of your standing and culture take the time to write people who speak on the radio, and I do hope you will write me again if you detect an error in my talks.

She: You know, I really like very much the way you have accepted my criticism. You must be a very nice person. I should like to know you better.

So, by apologizing and sympathizing with her point o view, I got her apologizing and sympathizing with my poin of view. I had the satisfaction of controlling my temper, th tisfaction of returning kindness for an insult. I got in- nitely more real fun out of making her like me then I could er have gotten out of telling her to go and take a jump in e Schuylkill River.

Every man who occupies the White House is faced al- ost daily with thorny problems in human relations. Presi- ent Taft was no exception, and he learned from experience e enormous chemical value of sympathy in neutralizing e acid of hard feelings. In his book, *Ethics in Service,* aft gives rather an amusing illustration of how he softened e ire of a disappointed and ambitious mother.

"A lady in Washington," writes Taft, "whose husband ad some political influence, came and labored with me for x weeks or more to appoint her son to a position. She cured the aid of Senators and Congressmen in formidable umber and came with them to see that they spoke with nphasis. The place was one requiring technical qualifica- ons, and following the recommendation of the head of the ureau, I appointed somebody else. I then received a letter om the mother, saying that I was most ungrateful, since declined to make her a happy woman as I could have one by a turn of my hand. She complained further that e had labored with her state delegation and got all the otes for an administration bill in which I was especially terested and this was the way I had rewarded her.

"When you get a letter like that, the first thing you do is think how you can be severe with a person who has com- itted an impropriety, or even been a little impertinent. hen you may compose an answer. Then if you are wise, ou will put the letter in a drawer and lock the drawer. ake it out in the course of two days—such communica- ons will always bear two days' delay in answering—and hen you take it out after that interval, you will not send it. hat is just the course I took. After that, I sat down and rote her just as polite a letter as I could, telling her I alized a mother's disappointment under such circum- ances, but that really the appointment was not left to my ere personal preference, that I had to select a man with chnical qualifications, and had, therefore, to follow the recommendations of the head of the Bureau. I expressed the hope that her son would go on to accomplish what she had hoped for him in the position which he then had. That mollified her and she wrote me a note saying she was sorry she had written as she had.

"But the appointment I sent in was not confirmed at once, and after an interval I received a letter which purported to come from her husband, though it was in the same handwriting as all the others. I was therein advised that, due to the nervous prostration that had followed her disappointment in this case, she had to take to her bed and had developed a most serious case of cancer of the stomach. Would I not restore her to health by withdrawing the first name and replacing it by her son's? I had to write another letter, this one to the husband, to say that I hoped the diagnosis would prove to be inaccurate, that I sympathized with him in the sorrow he must have in the serious illness of his wife, but that it was impossible to withdraw the name sent in. The man whom I appointed was confirmed, and within two days after I received that letter, we gave a musicale at the White House. The first two people to greet Mrs. Taft and me were this husband and wife, though the wife had so recently been in *articulo mortis*."

S. Hurok is probably America's number one musi manager. For a fifth of a century he has been handlin artists—such world-famous artists as Chaliapin, Isador Duncan, and Pavlova. Mr. Hurok told me that one of the first lessons he learned in dealing with his temperamenta stars was the necessity for sympathy, sympathy, and mor sympathy with their ridiculous idiosyncrasies.

For three years, he was impresario for Feodor Chaliapi —one of the greatest bassos who ever thrilled the ritzy box-holders at the Metropolitan. Yet Chaliapin was a constan problem. He carried on like a spoiled child. To put it i Mr. Hurok's own inimitable phrase: "He was a hell of fellow in every way."

For example, Chaliapin would call up Mr. Hurok abou noon of the day he was going to sing and say, "Sol, I fee terrible. My throat is like raw hamburger. It is impossibl for me to sing tonight." Did Mr. Hurok argue with him? Oh, no. He knew that an *entrepreneur* couldn't handle artists that way. So he would rush over to Chaliapin's hotel, dripping with sympathy. "What a pity," he would mourn. "What a pity! My poor fellow. Of course, you cannot sing. I will cancel the engagement at once. It will only cost you a couple of thousand dollars, but that is nothing in comparison to your reputation."

Then Chaliapin would sigh and say, "Perhaps you had better come over later in the day. Come at five and see how I feel then."

At five o'clock, Mr. Hurok would again rush to his hotel, dripping with sympathy. Again he would insist on canceling the engagement and again Chaliapin would sigh and say, "Well, maybe you had better come to see me later. I may be better then."

At 7:30 the great basso would consent to sing, only with the understanding that Mr. Hurok would walk out on the stage of the Metropolitan and announce that Chaliapin had a very bad cold and was not in good voice. Mr. Hurok would lie and say he would do it, for he knew that was the only way to get the basso out on the stage.

Dr. Arthur I. Gates says in his splendid book, *Educational Psychology:* "Sympathy the human species universally craves. The child eagerly displays his injury; or even inflicts a cut or bruise in order to reap abundant sympathy. For the same purpose adults . . . show their bruises, relate their accidents, illnesses, especially details of surgical operations. 'Self-pity' for misfortunes real or imaginary is, in some measure, practically a universal practice."

So, if you want to win people to your way of thinking, **Rule 9** is:

Be sympathetic with the other person's ideas and desires.

CHAPTER TEN

An Appeal That Everybody Likes

I WAS REARED on the edge of the Jesse James country out in Missouri and I have visited the James farm at Kearney, Missouri, where the son of Jesse James is still living.

His wife told me stories of how Jesse robbed trains and held up banks and then gave money to the neighboring farmers to pay off their mortgages.

Jesse James probably regarded himself as an idealist at heart, just as Dutch Schultz, "Two Gun" Crowley, and Al Capone did two generations later. The fact is that every man you meet—even the man you see in the mirror—has a high regard for himself, and likes to be fine and unselfish in his own estimation.

J. Pierpont Morgan observed, in one of his analytical interludes, that a man usually has two reasons for doing a thing: one that sounds good and a real one.

The man himself will think of the real reason. You don't need to emphasize that. But all of us, being idealists at eart, like to think of the motives that sound good. So, in rder to change people, appeal to the nobler motives.

Is that too idealistic to work in business? Let's see. Let's ake the case of Hamilton J. Farrell of the Farrell-Mitchell ompany of Glenolden, Pennsylvania. Mr. Farrell had a isgruntled tenant who threatened to move. The tenant's ease still had four months to run, at fifty-five dollars a nonth; nevertheless, he served notice that he was vacating mmediately, regardless of lease.

"These people had lived in my house all winter—the nost expensive part of the year," Mr. Farrell said as he old the story to the class, "and I knew it would be difficult o rent the apartment again before fall. I could see two undred and twenty dollars going over the hill—and beieve me, I saw red.

"Now, ordinarily, I would have waded into that tenant nd advised him to read his lease again. I would have pointed out that if he moved, the full balance of his rent vould fall due at once—and that I could, *and would,* nove to collect.

"However, instead of flying off the handle and making scene, I decided to try other tactics. So I started like this: Mr. Doe,' I said, 'I have listened to your story, and I still lon't believe you intend to move. Years in the renting usiness have taught me something about human nature, nd I sized you up in the first place as being a man of our word. In fact, I'm so sure of it that I'm willing to ake the gamble.

" 'Now, here's my proposition. Lay your decision on he table for a few days and think it over. If you come back o me between now and the first of the month, when your ent is due, and tell me you still intend to move, I give you ny word I will accept your decision as final. I will priviege you to move, and admit to myself I've been wrong in ny judgment. But, I still believe you're a man of your word nd will live up to your contract. For after all, we are ither men or monkeys—and the choice usually lies with urselves!'

"Well, when the new month came around, this gentlenan came and paid his rent in person. He and his wife had talked it over, he said—and decided to stay. They had concluded that the only honorable thing to do was to live up to their lease."

When the late Nord Northcliffe found a newspaper using a picture of himself which he didn't want published, he wrote the editor a letter. But did he say, "Please do not publish that picture of me any more; *I* don't like it"? No, he appealed to a nobler motive. He appealed to the respect and love that all of us have for motherhood. He wrote, "Please do not publish that picture of me any more. My *mother* doesn't like it."

When John D. Rockefeller, Jr., wished to stop newspaper photographers from snapping pictures of his children, he, too, appealed to the nobler motives. He didn't say: "*I* don't want their pictures published." No, he appealed to the desire, deep in all of us, to refrain from harming children. He said: "You know how it is boys. You've got children yourselves, some of you. And you know it's not good for youngsters to get too much publicity."

When Cyrus H. K. Curtis, the poor boy from Maine, was starting on his meteoric career which was destined to make him millions as owner of *The Saturday Evening Post* and the *Ladies Home Journal*—when he first started, he couldn't afford to pay the prices that other magazines paid. He couldn't afford to hire first-class authors to write for money alone. So he appealed to their nobler motives. For example, he persuaded even Louisa May Alcott, the immortal author of *Little Women*, to write for him when she was at the flood tide of her fame; and he did it by offering to send a check for a hundred dollars, not to her, but to her favorite charity.

Right here the skeptic may say: "Oh, that stuff is all right for Northcliffe and Rockefeller or a sentimental novelist. But, boy! I'd like to see you make it work with the tough babies I have to collect bills from!"

You may be right. Nothing will work in all cases—and nothing will work with all men. If you are satisfied with he results you are now getting, why change? If you are not satisfied, why not experiment?

At any rate, I think you will enjoy reading this true story told by James L. Thomas, a former student of mine:

Six customers of a certain automobile company refused o pay their bills for servicing. No customer protested the entire bill but each one claimed that some one charge was wrong. In each case, the customer had signed for the work done, so the company knew it was right—and *said* so. That was the first mistake.

Here are the steps the men in the credit department took to collect these overdue bills. Do you suppose they succeeded?

1. They called on each customer and told him bluntly that they had come to collect a bill that was long past due.
2. They made it very plain that the company was absolutely and unconditionally right; therefore he, the customer, was absolutely and unconditionally wrong.
3. They intimated that they, the company, knew more about automobiles than he could ever hope to know. So what was the argument about?
4. Result: they argued.

Did any of these methods reconcile the customer and settle the account? You can answer that one yourself.

At this stage of affairs, the credit manager was about to open fire with a battery of legal talent, when fortunately the matter came to the attention of the general manager. The manager investigated these defaulting clients, and discovered that they all had the reputation of paying their bills promptly. Something was wrong here—something was drastically wrong about the method of collection. So he called in James L. Thomas and told him to collect these "uncollectible accounts."

These are the steps Mr. Thomas took.

1. "My visit to each customer," says Mr. Thomas, "was likewise to collect a bill long past due—a bill that we knew was absolutely right. But I didn't say a word

about that. I explained I had called to find out what it was the company had done, or failed to do."

2. "I made it clear that, until I had heard the customer's story, I had no opinion to offer. I told him the company made no claims to being infallible."

3. "I told him I was interested only in his car, and that he knew more about his car than anyone else in the world; that he was the authority on the subject."

4. "I let him talk, and I listened to him with all the interest and sympathy that he wanted—and had expected."

5. "Finally, when the customer was in a reasonable mood, I put the whole thing up to his sense of fair play. I appealed to the nobler motives. 'First,' I said, 'I want you to know that I also feel this matter has been badly mishandled. You have been inconvenienced and annoyed and irritated by one of our representatives. That should never have happened. I'm sorry and, as a representative of the company, I apologize. As I sat here and listened to your side of the story, I could not help being impressed by your fairness and patience. And now, because you are fairminded and patient, I am going to ask you to do something for me. It's something that you can do better than anyone else, something you know more about than anyone else. Here is this bill of yours; I know that it is safe for me to ask you to adjust it, just as you would do if you were the president of my company. I am going to leave it all up to you. Whatever you say goes.'

"Did he adjust the bill? He certainly did, and got quite a kick out of it. The bills ranged from $150 to $400—but did the customer give himself the best of it? Yes, one of them did! One of them refused to pay a penny of the disputed charge; but the other five all gave the company the best of it! And here's the cream of the whole thing—we delivered new cars to all six of these customers within the next two years!"

"Experience has taught me," says Mr. Thomas, "that when no information can be secured about the customer, the only sound basis on which to proceed is to assume that he is sincere, honest, truthful, and willing and anxious to pay the charges, once he is convinced they are correct. To put it differently and perhaps more clearly, people are honest and want to discharge their obligations. The exceptions to that rule are comparatively few, and I am convinced that the individual who is inclined to chisel will in most cases react favorably if you make him feel that you consider him honest, upright, and fair."

So, if you want to win people to your way of thinking, it is a fine thing, in general, to follow **Rule 10:**

Appeal to the nobler motives.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Movies Do It. Radio Does It. Why Don't You Do It?

A FEW YEARS AGO, the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* was being slandered by a dangerous whispering campaign. A malicious rumor was being circulated. Advertisers were being told that the newspaper carried too much advertising and too little news, that it was no longer attractive to readers. Immediate action was necessary. The gossip had to be squelched.

But how?

This is the way it was done.

The *Bulletin* clipped from its regular edition all reading matter of all kinds on one average day, classified it, and published it as a book. The book was called *One Day.* It contained 307 pages—as many as a two-dollar book; yet the *Bulletin* had printed all this news and feature material on one day and sold it, not for two dollars, but for two cents.

The printing of that book dramatized the fact that the *Bulletin* carried an enormous amount of interesting reading matter. It conveyed the facts more vividly, more interestingly, more impressively, than days of figures and mere talk could have done.

Read *Showmanship in Business* by Kenneth Goode and Zenn Kaufman—an exciting panorama of how showmen are ringing the cash register. It tells how Electrolux sells refrigerators by lighting matches at prospects' ears to dramatize the silence of their refrigerator. . . . How Personality enters Sears Roebuck catalogs with $1.95 hats autographed by Ann Sothern. . . . How George Wellbaum reveals that when a moving window display is stopped 80% of the audience is lost. . . . How Percy Whiting sells securities by showing prospects two lists of bonds—each list worth $1000 five years ago. He asks prospects which list they would buy. Presto! Current market figures reveal that one list (his, of course) appreciated. The element of *curiosity* holds the prospects' attention. . . . How Mickey Mouse nibbles his way into the Encyclopedia and how his name on toys pulls a factory out of bankruptcy. . . . How Eastern Air Lines packs them in on the sidewalk with a window reproducing the actual control panels of a Douglas Airliner. . . . How Harry Alexander excites his salesmen with a broadcast of an imaginary boxing bout between his product and a competitor's. . . . How a spot-light accidentally falls on a candy display—doubles sales. . . . How Chrysler stands elephants on his cars to prove toughness.

Richard Borden and Alvin Busse of New York University analyzed 15,000 sales interviews. They wrote a book entitled *How to Win an Argument,* then presented the same principles in a lecture, "Six Principles of Selling." This was subsequently made into a movie and shown before the sales forces of hundreds of large corporations. They not only explain the principles uncovered by their esearch—but they actually enact them. They wage verbal battles in front of an audience, showing wrong and right ways to make a sale.

This is the day of dramatization. Merely stating a truth sn't enough. The truth has to be made vivid, interesting, dramatic. You have to use showmanship. The movies do it.

Radio does it. And you will have to do it if you want attention.

Experts in window display know the trenchant power of dramatization. For example, the manufacturers of a new rat poison gave dealers a window display that included two live rats. The week the rats were shown, sales zoomed to five times their normal rate.

James B. Boynton of *The American Weekly* had to present a lengthy market report. His firm had just finished an exhaustive study for a leading brand of cold cream. Data was needed immediately on the menace of cut-rates; the prospect was one of the biggest—and most formidable—men in the advertising business.

And already his first approach had failed.

"The first time I went in," Mr. Boynton admits, "I found myself sidetracked into a futile discussion of the methods used in the investigation. He argued and I argued. He told me I was wrong, and I tried to prove that I was right.

"I finally won my point, to my own satisfaction—but my time was up, the interview was over, and I still hadn't produced results.

"The second time, I didn't bother with tabulations of figures and data. I went to see this man, I dramatized my facts.

"As I entered his office, he was busy at the phone. While he finished his conversation, I opened a suitcase and dumped thirty-two jars of cold cream on top of his desk—all products he knew—all competitors of his cream.

"On each jar, I had a tag itemizing the results of the trade investigation. And each tag told its story briefly, dramatically."

"What happened?"

"There was no longer any argument. Here was something new, something different. He picked up first one and then another of the cold-cream jars and read the information on the tag. A friendly conversation developed. He asked additional questions. He was intensely interested. He had originally given me only ten minutes to present my facts, but ten minutes passed, twenty minutes, forty minutes, and at the end of an hour we were still talking.

"I was presenting the same facts this time that I had presented previously. But this time I was using dramatization, showmanship—and what a difference it made."

Therefore, if you want to win people to your way of thinking, **Rule 11** is:

Dramatize your ideas.

CHAPTER TWELVE

When Nothing Else Works, Try This

Charles Schwab had a mill manager whose men weren't producing their quota of work.

"How is it," Schwab asked, "that a man as capable as you can't make this mill turn out what it should?"

"I don't know," the man replied, "I've coaxed the men; I've pushed them; I've sworn and cussed; I've threatened them with damnation and being fired. But nothing works. They just won't produce."

It happened to be the end of the day, just before the night shift came on.

"Give me a piece of chalk," Schwab said. Then, turning to the nearest man: "How many heats did your shift make today?"

"Six."

Without another word, Schwab chalked a big figure six on the floor, and walked away.

When the night shift came in, they saw the "6" and asked what it meant.

"The big boss was in here today," the day men said.

He asked us how many heats we made, and we told him ix. He chalked it down on the floor."

The next morning Schwab walked through the mill gain. The night shift had rubbed out "6," and replaced t with a big "7."

When the day shift reported for work the next morning, hey saw a big "7" chalked on the floor. So the night shift hought they were better than the day shift, did they? Well, hey would show the night shift a thing or two. They itched in with enthusiasm and when they quit that night, hey left behind them an enormous, swaggering "10." Things were stepping up.

Shortly this mill, that had been lagging way behind in roduction, was turning out more work than any other mill n the plant.

The principle?

Let Charles Schwab say it in his own words. "The way o get things done," said Schwab, "is to stimulate competition. I do not mean in a sordid, money-getting way, but n the desire to excel."

The desire to excel! The challenge! Throwing down the auntlet! An infallible way of appealing to men of spirit.

Without a challenge, Theodore Roosevelt would never ave been President of the United States. The Rough Rider, just back from Cuba, was picked for Governor of New York State. The opposition discovered he was no onger a legal resident of that state; and Roosevelt, frightned, wished to withdraw. Then Thomas Collier Platt threw own the gage. Turning suddenly on Theodore Roosevelt, e cried in a ringing voice: "Is the hero of San Juan Hill coward?"

Roosevelt stayed in the fight—and the rest is history. A hallenge not only changed his life; it had a real effect upon he history of this nation.

Charles Schwab knew the enormous power of a chalnge. So did Boss Platt and so did Al Smith.

When Al Smith was Governor of New York, he was up against it. Sing Sing, the most notorious penitentiary west of Devil's Island, was without a warden. Scandals had been sweeping through the prison walls, scandals and ugly rumors. Smith needed a strong man to rule Sing Sing—an iron man. But who? He sent for Lewis E. Lawes of New Hampton.

"How about going up to take charge of Sing Sing?" he said jovially, when Lawes stood before him. "They need a man up there with experience."

Lawes was stumped. He knew the dangers of Sing Sing. It was a political appointment, subject to the vagaries of political whims. Wardens had come and gone—one had lasted only three weeks. He had a career to consider. Was it worth the risk?

And then Smith, who saw his hesitation, leaned back and smiled. "Young fellow," he said, "I don't blame you for being scared. It's a tough spot. It'll take a big man to go up there and stay."

So Smith was throwing down a challenge, was he? Lawes liked the idea of attempting a job that called for a big man.

So he went. And he stayed. He stayed, to become the most famous warden alive. His book, *20,000 Years in Sing Sing,* sold into the hundreds of thousands of copies. He has broadcast on the air; his stories of prison life have inspired dozens of movies. And his "humanizing" of criminals has wrought miracles in the way of prison reform.

"I have never found," said Harvey S. Firestone, founder of the great Firestone Tire & Rubber Company, "that pay and pay alone would either bring together or hold good men. I think it was the game itself . . ."

That is what every successful man loves: the game. The chance for self-expression. The chance to prove his worth, to excel, to win. That is what makes foot races and hog-calling and pie-eating contests. The desire to excel. The desire for a feeling of importance.

So, if you want to win men—spirited men, men of mettle—to your way of thinking, **Rule 12** is this:

Throw down a challenge.

IN A NUTSHELL

Twelve Ways of Winning People to Your Way of Thinking

RULE 1: The only way to get the best of an argument is to avoid it.
RULE 2: Show respect for the other man's opinions. Never tell a man he is wrong.
RULE 3: If you are wrong, admit it quickly and emphatically.
RULE 4: Begin in a friendly way.
RULE 5: Get the other person saying "yes, yes" immediately.
RULE 6: Let the other man do a great deal of the talking.
RULE 7: Let the other man feel that the idea is his.
RULE 8: Try honestly to see things from the other person's point of view.
RULE 9: Be sympathetic with the other person's ideas and desires.
RULE 10: Appeal to the nobler motives.
RULE 11: Dramatize your ideas.
RULE 12: Throw down a challenge.

PART FOUR

Nine Ways to Change People Without Giving Offense Or Arousing Resentment

CHAPTER ONE

If You Must *Find Fault, This is the Way to Begin*

A FRIEND OF MINE was a guest at the White House for a weekend during the administration of Calvin Coolidge. Drifting into the President's private office, he heard Coolidge say to one of his secretaries, "That's a pretty dress you are wearing this morning, and you are a very attractive young woman."

That was probably the most effulgent praise Silent Cal had ever bestowed upon a secretary in his life. It was so unusual, so unexpected, that the girl blushed in confusion. Then Coolidge said, "Now, don't get stuck up. I just said that to make you feel good. From now on, I wish you would be a little bit more careful with your punctuation."

His method was probably a bit obvious, but the psychology was superb. It is always easier to listen to un-pleasant things after we have heard some praise of our good points.

A barber lathers a man before he shaves him; and that is precisely what McKinley did back in 1896, when he was running for President. One of the prominent Republicans of that day had written a campaign speech that he felt was just a trifle better than Cicero and Patrick Henry and Daniel Webster all rolled into one. With great glee, this chap read his immortal speech aloud to McKinley. The speech had its fine points, but it just wouldn't do. It would have raised a tornado of criticism. McKinley didn't want to hurt the man's feelings. He must not kill the man's splendid enthusiasm, and yet he had to say "no." Note how adroitly he did it.

"My friend, that is a splendid speech, a magnificent speech," McKinley said. "No one could have prepared a better one. There are many occasions on which it would be precisely the right thing to say; but is it quite suitable to this peculiar occasion? Sound and sober as it is from your standpoint, I must consider its effect from the party's standpoint. Now you go home and write a speech along the lines I indicate, and send me a copy of it."

He did just that. McKinley blue-penciled and helped him rewrite his second speech; and he became one of the effective speakers of the campaign.

Here is the second most famous letter that Abraham Lincoln ever wrote. (His most famous one was written to Mrs. Bixby, expressing his sorrow for the death of the five sons she had lost in battle.) Lincoln probably dashed this letter off in five minutes; yet it sold at public auction in 1926 for twelve thousand dollars. And that, by the way, is more money than Lincoln was able to save by half a century of hard work.

This letter was written on April 26, 1863, during the darkest period of the Civil War. For eighteen months, Lincoln's generals had been leading the Union Army from one tragic defeat to another. Nothing but futile, stupid, human butchery. The nation was appalled. Thousands of soldiers deserted from the army; and even the Republican members of the Senate revolted and wanted to force Lincoln out of the White House. "We are now on the brink of destruction," Lincoln said. "It appears to me that even the Almighty is against us. I can hardly see a ray of hope." Such was the period of black sorrow and chaos out of which this letter came.

I am printing the letter here because it shows how Lincoln tried to change an obstreperous general when the very fate of the nation might depend upon the general's actions.

This is perhaps the sharpest letter Abe Lincoln wrote after he became President; yet you will note that he praised General Hooker before he spoke of his grave faults.

Yes, they were grave faults; but Lincoln didn't call them that. Lincoln was more conservative, more diplomatic. Lincoln wrote: "There are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you." Talk about tact! And diplomacy!

Here is the letter addressed to Major General Hooker:

> I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course, I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you.
>
> I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which, of course, I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable if not an indispensable quality.
>
> You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm. But I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer.
>
> I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the Government needed a dictator. Of course, it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you command.

> Only those generals who gain successes can set up as dictators. What I now ask of you is military success and I will risk the dictatorship.
>
> The Government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticizing their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you, as far as I can, to put it down.
>
> Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such spirit prevails in it, and now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories.

You are not a Coolidge, a McKinley, or a Lincoln. You want to know whether this philosophy will operate for you in everyday business contacts. Will it? Let's see. Let's take the case of W. P. Gaw of the Wark Company, Philadelphia. Mr. Gaw is an ordinary citizen like you and me. He was a member of one of the courses I conducted in Philadelphia, and he related this incident in one of the speeches given before the class.

The Wark Company had contracted to build and complete a large office building in Philadelphia by a certain specified date. Everything was going along according to Hoyle, the building was almost finished, when suddenly the subcontractor making the ornamental bronze work to go on the exterior of the building declared that he couldn't make delivery on schedule. What! An entire building held up! Heavy penalties! Distressing losses! All because of one man!

Long-distance telephone calls. Arguments! Heated conversations! All in vain. Then Mr. Gaw was sent to New York to beard the bronze lion in his den.

"Do you know you are the only man in Brooklyn with your name?" Mr. Gaw asked as he entered the president's office. The president was surprised. "No, I didn't know that."

"Well," said Mr. Gaw, "when I got off the train this morning, I looked in the telephone book to get your address, and you are the only man in the Brooklyn phone book with your name."

"I never knew that," the president said. He examined the phone book with interest. "Well, it's an unusual name," he said proudly. "My family came from Holland and settled in New York almost two hundred years ago." He continued to talk about his family and his ancestors for several minutes. When he finished that, Mr. Gaw complimented him on how large a plant he had, and compared it favorably with a number of similar plants he had visited. "It is one of the cleanest and neatest bronze factories I ever saw," said Gaw.

"I have spent a lifetime building up this business," the president said, "and I am rather proud of it. Would you like to take a look around the factory?"

During this tour of inspection, Mr. Gaw complimented him on his system of fabrication, and told him how and why it seemed superior to those of some of his competitors. Mr. Gaw commented on some unusual machines, and the president announced that he himself had invented those machines. He spent considerable time showing Mr. Gaw how they operated, and the superior work they turned out. He insisted on taking Mr. Gaw to lunch. So far, mind you, not a word had been said about the real purpose of Mr. Gaw's visit.

After lunch, the president said, "Now, to get down to business. Naturally, I know why you are here. I did not expect that our meeting would be so enjoyable. You can go back to Philadelphia with my promise that your material will be fabricated and shipped, even if other orders have to be delayed."

Mr. Gaw got everything that he wanted without even asking for it. The material arrived on time, and the building was completed the day the completion contract expired.

Would this have happened had Mr. Gaw used the hammer and dynamite method generally employed on such occasions?

To change people without giving offense or arousing resentment, **Rule 1** is:

Begin with praise and honest appreciation.

CHAPTER TWO

How to Criticize—and Not Be Hated for It

CHARLES SCHWAB was passing through one of his steel mills one day at noon when he came across some of his employees smoking. Immediately above their heads was a sign which said "No Smoking." Did Schwab point to the sign and say, "Can't you read?" Oh, no, not Schwab. He walked over to the men, handed each one a cigar, and said, "I'll appreciate it, boys, if you will smoke these on the outside." They knew that he knew that they had broken a rule—and they admired him because he said nothing about it and gave them a little present and made them feel important. Couldn't keep from loving a man like that, could you?

John Wanamaker used the same technique. Wanamaker used to make a tour of his great store in Philadelphia every day. Once he saw a customer waiting at a counter. No one was paying the slightest attention to her. The sales people? Oh, they were in a huddle at the far end of the counter laughing and talking among themselves. Wanamaker didn't say a word. Quietly slipping behind the counter, he waited on the woman himself and then handed the purchase to the sales people to be wrapped as he went on his way.

On March 8, 1887, the eloquent Henry Ward Beecher died, or changed worlds, as the Japanese say. The following Sunday, Lyman Abbott was invited to speak in the pulpit left silent by Beecher's passing. Eager to do his best, he wrote, rewrote, and polished his sermon with the meticulous care of a Flaubert. Then he read it to his wife. It was poor—as most written speeches are. She might have said, if she had had less judgment, "Lyman, that is terrible. That'll never do. You'll put people to sleep. It reads like an encyclopedia. You ought to know better than that after all the years you have been preaching. For heaven's sake, why don't you talk like a human being? Why don't you act natural? You'll disgrace yourself if you ever read that stuff."

That's what she *might* have said. And, if she had, you know what would have happened. And she knew too. So, she merely remarked that it would make an excellent article for the *North American Review*. In other words, she praised it and at the same time subtly suggested that it wouldn't do as a speech. Lyman Abbott saw the point, tore up his carefully prepared manuscript, and preached without even using notes.

To change people without giving offense or arousing resentment, **Rule 2** is:

Call attention to people's mistakes indirectly.

CHAPTER THREE

Talk About Your Own Mistakes First

A FEW YEARS AGO, my niece, Josephine Carnegie, left her home in Kansas City and came to New York to act as my secretary. She was nineteen, had graduated from high school three years previously, and her business experience was a trifle more than zero. Today she is one of the most perfect secretaries west of Suez; but, in the beginning, she was—well, susceptible to improvement. One day when I started to criticize her, I said to myself: "Just a minute, Dale Carnegie; just a minute. You are twice as old as Josephine. You have had ten thousand times as much business experience. How can you possibly expect her to have your viewpoint, your judgment, your initiative—mediocre though they may be? And just a minute, Dale, what were you doing at nineteen? Remember the asinine mistakes, the fool blunders you made? Remember the time you did this . . . and that . . .?"

After thinking the matter over, honestly and impartially, I concluded that Josephine's batting average at nineteen was better than mine had been—and that, I'm sorry to confess, isn't paying Josephine much of a compliment.

So after that, when I wanted to call Josephine's attention to a mistake, I used to begin by saying, "You have made a mistake, Josephine, but the Lord knows, it's no worse than many I have made. You were not born with judgment. That comes only with experience; and you are better than I was at your age. I have been guilty of so many stupid, silly things myself I have very little inclination to criticize you or anyone. But don't you think it would have been wiser if you had done so and so?"

It isn't nearly so difficult to listen to a recital of your own faults if the criticizer begins by humbly admitting that he, too, is far from impeccable.

The polished Prince von Bulow learned the sharp necessity of doing this back in 1909. Von Bulow was then the Imperial Chancellor of Germany, and on the throne sat Wilhelm II—Wilhelm, the haughty; Wilhelm, the arrogant; Wilhelm, the last of the German Kaisers, building an army and navy which he boasted could whip their weight in wild cats.

Then an astonishing thing happened. The Kaiser said things, incredible things, things that rocked the continent and started a series of explosions heard around the world. To make matters infinitely worse, the Kaiser made these silly, egotistical, absurd announcements in public, he made them while he was a guest in England, and he gave his royal permission to have them printed in the *Daily Telegraph*. For example, he declared that he was the only German who felt friendly toward the English; that he was constructing a navy against the menace of Japan; that he, and he alone, had saved England from being humbled in the dust by Russia and France; that it was *his* plan of campaign that enabled England's Lord Roberts to defeat the Boers in South Africa; and so on and on.

No other such amazing words had ever fallen from the lips of a European king in peace time within a hundred years. The entire continent buzzed with the fury of a hornets' nest. England was incensed. German statesmen were aghast. And in the midst of all this consternation, th Kaiser became panicky, and suggested to Prince von Bulow, the Imperial Chancellor, that he take the blame. Yes he wanted von Bulow to announce that it was all his responsibility, that he had advised his monarch to say thes incredible things.

"But Your Majesty," von Bulow protested, "it seem to me utterly impossible that anybody either in German or England could suppose me capable of having advise Your Majesty to say any such thing."

The moment those words were out of von Bulow' mouth, he realized he had made a grave mistake. Th Kaiser blew up.

"You consider me a donkey," he shouted, "capable o blunders you yourself could never have committed!"

Von Bulow knew that he ought to have praised befor he condemned; but since that was too late, he did the nex best thing. He praised after he had criticized. And i worked a miracle—as praise often does.

"I'm far from suggesting that," he answered respectfull "Your Majesty surpasses me in many respects; not only, o course, in naval and military knowledge, but, above all, i natural science. I have often listened in admiration whe Your Majesty explained the barometer, or wireless telegraphy, or the Röntgen rays. I am shamefully ignorant of al branches of natural science, have no notion of chemistry o physics, and am quite incapable of explaining the simples of natural phenomena. But," von Bulow continued, "i compensation, I possess some historical knowledge an perhaps certain qualities useful in politics, especially i diplomacy."

The Kaiser beamed. Von Bulow had praised him. Vo Bulow had exalted him and humbled himself. The Kaise could forgive anything after that. "Haven't I always tol you," he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "that we complemen one another famously? We should stick together, and w will!"

He shook hands with von Bulow, not once, but severa times. And later in the day he waxed so enthusiastic tha he exclaimed with doubled fists, "If anyone says anythin me against Prince von Bulow, *I shall punch him in the* *se!”*

Von Bulow saved himself in time—but, canny diplomat at he was, he nevertheless had made one error: he should ive *begun* by talking about his own shortcomings and ilhelm’s superiority—not by intimating that the Kaiser as a half-wit in need of a guardian.

If a few sentences humbling oneself and praising the her party can turn a haughty, insulated Kaiser into a aunch friend, imagine what humility and praise can do r you and me in our daily contacts. Rightfully used, they ill work veritable miracles in human relations.

To change people without giving offense or arousing resentment, **Rule 3** is:

Talk about your own mistakes before criticizing the other person.

CHAPTER FOUR

No One Likes *to Take Orders*

I RECENTLY had the pleasure of dining with Miss Ida Tarbell, the dean of American biographers. When I told he I was writing this book, we began discussing this all-important subject of getting along with people, and she tol me that while she was writing her biography of Owen D Young she interviewed a man who had sat for three year in the same office with Mr. Young. This man declared tha during all that time he had never heard Owen D. Youn give a direct order to anyone. He always gave suggestions not orders. Owen D. Young never said, for example, "D this or do that," or "Don't do this or don't do that." H would say, "You might consider this," or "Do you thin that would work?" Frequently he would say, after he ha dictated a letter, "What do you think of this?" In lookin over a letter of one of his assistants, he would say, "Mayb if we were to phrase it this way it would be better." H always gave a person an opportunity to do things himsel he never told his assistants to do things; he let them d them, let them learn from their mistakes.

A technique like that makes it easy for a person to co rect his error. A technique like that saves a man's pride and gives him a feeling of importance. It makes him want to co-operate instead of rebel.

To change people without giving offense or arousing resentment, **Rule 4** is:

Ask questions instead of giving direct orders.

CHAPTER FIVE

Let the Other Man Save His Face

YEARS AGO the General Electric Company was faced with the delicate task of removing Charles Steinmetz from the head of a department. Steinmetz, a genius of the first magnitude when it came to electricity, was a washout as the head of the calculating department. Yet the company didn't dare offend the man. He was indispensable—and highly sensitive. So they gave him a new title. They made him Consulting Engineer of the General Electric Company—a new title for work he was already doing—and let someone else head up the department.

Steinmetz was happy.

So were the officers of the G.E. They had gently maneuvered their most temperamental star, and they had done it without a storm—by letting him save face.

Letting him save his face! How important, how vitally important that is! And how few of us ever stop to think of it! We ride roughshod over the feelings of others, getting our own way, finding fault, issuing threats, criticizing a hild or an employee in front of others, without even onsidering the hurt to the other person's pride! Whereas few minutes' thought, a considerate word or two, a genine understanding of the other person's attitude would go o far toward alleviating the sting!

Let's remember that the next time we are faced with the listasteful necessity of discharging a servant or an emloyee.

"Firing employees is not much fun. Getting fired is even ess fun." (I'm quoting now from a letter written me by Marshall A. Granger, certified public accountant.) "Our business is mostly seasonal. Therefore we have to let a lot of men go in March.

"It's a byword in our profession that no one enjoys wielding the ax. Consequently, the custom has developed of getting it over as soon as possible, and usually in the following way: 'Sit down, Mr. Smith. The season's over, and we don't seem to see any more assignments for you. Of course, you understood that you were employed only or the busy season anyhow, etc., etc.'

"The effect on the men was one of disappointment, and feeling of being 'let down.' Most of them were in the ccounting field for life, and they retained no particular ove for the firm that dropped them so casually.

"I recently decided to let our extra men go with a little nore tact and consideration. So I have called each man n only after carefully thinking over his work during the vinter. And I've said something like this: 'Mr. Smith, ou've done a fine job (if he has). That time we sent you ver to Newark, you had a tough assignment. You were n the spot, but you came through with flying colors, and e want you to know the firm is proud of you. You've got e stuff—you're going a long way, wherever you're working. This firm believes in you, and is rooting for you, and e don't want you to forget it!'

"Effect? The men go away feeling a lot better about ing fired. They don't feel 'let down.' They know if we d work for them, we'd keep them on. And when we need them again, they come to us with a keen personal affection."

The late Dwight Morrow possessed an uncanny ability to reconcile belligerents who wanted to fly at each other's throats. How? He scrupulously sought what was right and just on both sides—he praised it, emphasized it, brought it carefully to the light—and no matter what the settlement, he never placed any man in the wrong.

That's what every arbitrator knows—let men save their faces.

Really big men, the world over, are too big to waste time gloating over their personal triumphs. To illustrate:

In 1922, after centuries of bitter antagonism, the Turks determined to drive the Greeks forever from Turkish territory.

Mustapha Kemal made a Napoleonic speech to his soldiers, saying, "Your goal is the Mediterranean," and one of the bitterest wars in modern history was on. The Turks won; and when the two Greek generals, Tricoupis and Dionis, made their way to Kemal's headquarters to surrender, the Turkish people called down the curses of heaven upon their vanquished foes.

But Kemal's attitude was free from triumph.

"Sit down, gentlemen," he said, grasping their hands "You must be tired." Then, after discussing the campaign in detail, he softened the blow of their defeat. "War," he said, as one soldier to another, "is a game in which the best men are sometimes worsted."

> Even in the full flush of victory, Kemal remembered this important rule (**Rule 5** for us):
>
> ***Let the other man save his face.***

CHAPTER SIX

How to Spur Men on to Success

I USED TO KNOW Pete Barlow. Pete had a dog-and-pony act and he spent his life traveling with circuses and vaudeville shows. I loved to watch Pete train new dogs for his act. I noticed that the moment a dog showed the slightest improvement, Pete patted and praised him and gave him meat and made a great to-do about it.

That's nothing new. Animal trainers have been using hat same technique for centuries.

Why, I wonder, don't we use the same common sense when trying to change people that we use when trying to change dogs? Why don't we use meat instead of a whip? Why don't we use praise instead of condemnation? Let's praise even the slightest improvement. That inspires the other fellow to keep on improving.

Warden Lewis E. Lawes has found that praising the slightest improvement pays, even with crime-hardened men in Sing Sing. "I have found," Warden Lawes said in letter which I received while writing this chapter, "that the voicing of proper appreciation for the efforts of the inmates secures greater results in obtaining their co-operation and furthering their ultimate rehabilitation than harsh criticism and condemnation for their delinquencies."

I have never been incarcerated in Sing Sing—at least not yet—but I can look back in my own life and see where a few words of praise have sharply changed my entire future. Can't you say the same thing about your life? History is replete with striking ilustrations of the sheer witchery of praise.

For example, half a century ago, a boy of ten was working in a factory in Naples. He longed to be a singer, but his first teacher discouraged him. "You can't sing," he said. "You haven't any voice at all. It sounds like the wind in the shutters."

But his mother, a poor peasant woman, put her arms about him and praised him and told him she knew he could sing, she could already see an improvement, and she went barefoot in order to save money to pay for his music lessons. That peasant mother's praise and encouragement changed that boy's life. You may have heard of him. His name was Caruso.

Years ago, a young man in London aspired to be a writer. But everything seemed to be against him. He had never been able to attend school more than four years. His father had been flung in jail because he couldn't pay his debts, and this young man often knew the pangs of hunger Finally, he got a job pasting labels on bottles of blacking in a rat-infested warehouse; and he slept at night in a dismal attic room with two other boys—gutter snipes from the slums of London. He had so little confidence in his ability to write that he sneaked out and mailed his first manuscript in the dead of night so nobody would laugh at him. Story after story was refused. Finally the great day came when one was accepted. True, he wasn't paid a shilling for it, but one editor had praised him. One editor had given him recognition. He was so thrilled that he wandered aimlessly around the streets with tears rolling down his cheeks.

The praise, the recognition that he received by getting one story in print, changed his whole career, for if it hadn't been for that encouragement, he might have spent his entire life working in rat-infested factories. You may have heard of that boy, too. His name was Charles Dickens.

Half a century ago, another boy in London was working as a clerk in a dry-goods store. He had to get up at five o'clock, sweep out the store, and slave for fourteen hours a day. It was sheer drudgery and he despised it. After two years, he could stand it no longer, so he got up one morning, and, without waiting for breakfast, tramped fifteen miles to talk to his mother, who was working as a housekeeper.

He was frantic. He pleaded with her. He wept. He swore he would kill himself if he had to remain in the shop any longer. Then he wrote a long, pathetic letter to his old schoolmaster, declaring that he was heartbroken, that he no longer wanted to live. His old schoolmaster gave him a little praise and assured him that he really was very intelligent and fitted for finer things and offered him a job as a teacher.

That praise changed the future of that boy and made a lasting impression on the history of English literature. For that boy has since written seventy-seven books and made over a million dollars with his pen. You've probably heard of him. His name is H. G. Wells.

Back in 1922, a young man was living out in California having a hard time trying to support his wife. He sang in a church choir on Sundays and picked up five dollars now and then by singing "Oh Promise Me" at a wedding. He was so hard up he couldn't live in town, so he rented a rickety house that stood in the middle of a vineyard. It cost him only $12.50 a month; but, low as this rent was, he couldn't pay it, and he got ten months behind. He worked in the vineyard picking grapes to pay off his rent. He told me there were times when he had very little else to eat but grapes. He was so discouraged that he was about ready to forego a career as a singer to sell automobile trucks for a living when Rupert Hughes praised him. Rupert Hughes said to him, "You have the makings of a great voice. You ought to study in New York."

That young man recently told me that little bit of praise, that slight encouragement, proved to be the turning point in his career, for it inspired him to borrow $2,500 and start East. You may have heard of him too. His name is Lawrence Tibbett.

Talk about changing people. If you and I will inspire the people with whom we come in contact to a realization of the hidden treasures they possess, we can do far more than change people. We can literally transform them.

Exaggeration? Then listen to these sage words from the late Professor William James of Harvard, perhaps the most distinguished psychologist and philosopher America ever produced:

> Compared with what we ought to be, we are only half awake. We are making use of only a small part of our physical and mental resources. Stating the thing broadly, the human individual thus lives far within his limits. He possesses powers of various sorts which he habitually fails to use.

Yes, you who are reading these lines possess powers of various sorts which you habitually fail to use; and one of these powers which you are probably not using to the fullest extent is your magic ability to praise people and inspire them with a realization of their latent possibilities.

So, to change people without giving offense or arousing resentment, **Rule 6** is:

Praise the slightest improvement and praise every improvement. Be "hearty in your approbation and lavish in your praise."

CHAPTER SEVEN

Give the Dog a Good Name

A FRIEND OF MINE, Mrs. Ernest Gent, 175 Brewster Road, Scarsdale, New York, hired a servant girl, telling her to report for work the following Monday. In the meantime, Mrs. Gent telephoned a woman who had formerly employed this girl. All was not well. When the girl came to start work, Mrs. Gent said: "Nellie, I telephoned the other day to a woman you used to work for. She said you were honest and reliable, a good cook and good at caring for the children. But she also said you were sloppy and never kept the house clean. Now I think she was lying. You dress neatly. Anybody can see that. And I'll bet you keep the house just as neat and clean as your person. You and I are going to get along fine."

And they did. Nellie had a reputation to live up to; and believe me, she did live up to it. She kept the house shining. She would gladly have scrubbed and dusted an extra hour a day rather than be untrue to Mrs. Gent's ideal of her.

"The average man," said Samuel Vauclain, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, "can be led readily if you have his respect and if you show him that you respect him for some kind of ability."

In short, if you want to improve a person in a certain respect, act as though that particular trait were already one of his outstanding characteristics. Shakespeare said: "Assume a virtue if you have it not." And it might be well to assume and state openly that the other party has the virtue you want him to develop. Give him a fine reputation to live up to, and he will make prodigious efforts rather than see you disillusioned.

Georgette Leblanc, in her book, *Souvenirs, My Life with Maeterlinck,* describes the startling transformation of a humble Belgian Cinderella.

"A servant girl from a neighboring hotel brought my meals," she writes. "She was called 'Marie the Dishwasher' because she had started her career as a scullery assistant. She was a kind of monster, cross-eyed, bandy-legged, poor in flesh and spirit.

"One day, while she was holding my plate of macaroni in her red hands, I said to her point-blank, 'Marie, you do not know what treasures are within you.'

"Accustomed to holding back her emotions, Marie waited a few moments, not daring to risk the slightest gesture for fear of a catastrophe. Then she put the dish on the table, sighed, and said ingenuously, 'Madame, I would never have believed it.' She did not doubt, she did not ask a question. She simply went back to the kitchen and repeated what I had said, and such is the force of faith that no one made fun of her. From that day on, she was even given a certain consideration. But the most curious change of all occurred in the humble Marie herself. Believing she was the tabernacle of unseen marvels, she began taking care of her face and body so carefully that her starved youth seemed to bloom and modestly hide her plainness.

"Two months later, as I was leaving, she announced her coming marriage with the nephew of the chef. 'I'm going to be a lady,' she said and thanked me. A small phrase had changed her entire life."

Georgette Leblanc had given "Marie the Dishwasher" a putation to live up to—and that reputation transformed r.

Henry Clay Risner used the same technique when he anted to influence the conduct of American doughboys France. General James G. Harbord, one of the most opular American generals, had told Risner that in his oinion the two million doughboys in France were the eanest and most idealistic men of whom he had ever ad, or with whom he had ever come in contact.

Extravagant praise? Perhaps. But see how Risner used it.

"I never failed to tell the soldiers what the General had id," Risner writes. "Not for a moment did I question hether it was true or not, but I knew that, even were they ot, the knowledge of General Harbord's opinion would spire them to strive toward that standard."

There is an old saying: "Give a dog a bad name and ou may as well hang him." But give him a good name—nd see what happens!

Almost everyone—rich man, poor man, beggar man, ief—lives up to the reputation of honesty that is bestowed oon him.

"If you must deal with a crook," says Warden Lawes of ng Sing—and the Warden ought to know what he's talkg about—"If you must deal with a crook, there is only ie possible way of getting the better of him—treat him as he were an honorable gentleman. Take it for granted he on the level. He will be so flattered by such treatment that may answer to it, and be proud that someone trusts him."

That is so fine, so significant that I am going to repeat it: f you must deal with a crook, there is only one possible ay of getting the better of him—treat him as if he were honorable gentleman. Take it for granted he is on the vel. He will be so flattered by such treatment that he may iswer to it, and be proud that someone trusts him."

So, if you want to influence the conduct of a man without arousing resentment or giving offense, remember **Rule 7:**

Give a man a fine reputation to live up to.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Make the Fault Seem Easy to Correct

A SHORT TIME AGO a bachelor friend of mine, about fort years old, became engaged, and his fiancée persuaded hi to take some belated dancing lessons. "The Lord knows needed dancing lessons," he confessed as he told me th story, "for I danced just as I did when I first started twent years ago. The first teacher I engaged probably told me th truth. She said I was all wrong; I would just have to forg everything and begin all over again. But that took the hea out of me. I had no incentive to go on. So I quit her.

"The next teacher may have been lying; but I liked i She said nonchalantly that my dancing was a bit old-fash ioned perhaps, but the fundamentals were all right, and sh assured me I wouldn't have any trouble learning a few ne steps. The first teacher had discouraged me by emphasizin my mistakes. This new teacher did the opposite. She ke praising the things I did right and minimizing my error 'You have a natural sense of rhythm,' she assured me. 'Yo really are a natural born dancer.' Now my common sens ells me that I always have been and always will be a fourth-ate dancer; yet, deep in my heart, I still like to think that *aybe* she meant it. To be sure, I was paying her to say it; ut why bring that up?

"At any rate, I know I am a better dancer than I would ave been if she hadn't told me I had a natural sense of ythm. That encouraged me. That gave me hope. That ade me want to improve."

Tell a child, a husband, or an employee that he is stupid r dumb at a certain thing, that he has no gift for it, and at he is doing it all wrong and you have destroyed almost very incentive to try to improve. But use the opposite chnique; be liberal with your encouragement; make the ing seem easy to do; let the other person know that you ave faith in his ability to do it, that he has an undeveloped air for it—and he will practice until the dawn comes in the window in order to excel.

That is the technique that Lowell Thomas uses; and elieve me, he is a superb artist in human relations. He ilds you up. He gives you confidence. He inspires you ith courage and faith. For example, I recently spent the eek-end with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas; and, on Saturday ght, I was asked to sit in on a friendly bridge game before roaring fire. Bridge? I? Oh, no! No! No! Not me. I knew thing about it. The game had always been a black mystery me. No! No! Impossible!

"Why, Dale, it is no trick at all," Lowell replied. "There nothing to bridge except memory and judgment. You ce wrote a chapter on memory. Bridge will be a cinch r you. It is right up your alley."

And presto, almost before I realized what I was doing, ound myself for the first time at a bridge table. All be-use I was told I had a natural flair for it and the game s made to seem easy.

Speaking of bridge reminds me of Ely Culbertson. Cul-rtson's name is a household word wherever bridge is yed; and his books on bridge have been translated into dozen languages and a million copies have been sold. t he told me he never would have made a profession out of the game if a young woman hadn't assured him he had a flair for it.

When he came to America in 1922, he tried to get a job teaching philosophy and sociology, but he couldn't.

Then he tried selling coal, and he failed at that.

Then he tried selling coffee, and he failed at that, too.

It never occurred to him in those days to teach bridge He was not only a poor card player, but he was also very stubborn. He asked so many questions and held so many post mortem examinations that no one wanted to play with him.

Then he met a pretty bridge teacher, Josephine Dillon fell in love and married her. She noticed how carefully he analyzed his cards and persuaded him that he was a potential genius at the card table. It was that encouragement and that alone, Culbertson told me, that caused him to make a profession of bridge.

So, if you want to change people without giving offense or arousing resentment, **Rule 8** is:

Use encouragement. Make the fault you want to correct seem easy to correct; make the thing you want the other person to do seem easy to do.

CHAPTER NINE

Making People Glad to Do What You Want

ACK IN 1915, America was aghast. For more than a year, e nations of Europe had been slaughtering one another n a scale never before dreamed of in all the bloody annals f mankind. Could peace be brought about? No one knew. ut Woodrow Wilson was determined to try. He would end a personal representative, a peace emissary, to coun-l with the war lords of Europe.

William Jennings Bryan, Secretary of State, Bryan, the eace advocate, longed to go. He saw a chance to perform great service and make his name immortal. But Wilson ppointed another man, his intimate friend, Colonel House; nd it was House's thorny task to break the unwelcome ews to Bryan without giving him offense.

“Bryan was distinctly disappointed when he heard I was go to Europe as the peace emissary,” Colonel House cords in his diary. “He said he had planned to do this mself . . .

“I replied that the President thought it would be unwise for anyone to do this officially, and *that his going would attract a great deal of attention* and people would wonder why he was there . . ."

You see the intimation? House practically tells Bryan that he is *too important* for the job—and Bryan is satisfied.

Colonel House, adroit, experienced in the ways of the world, was following one of the important rules of human relations: *Always make the other man happy about doing the thing you suggest.*

Woodrow Wilson followed that policy even when inviting William Gibbs McAdoo to become a member of his cabinet. That was the highest honor he could confer upon anyone, and yet Wilson did it in such way as to make the other man feel doubly important. Here is the story in McAdoo's own words: "He [Wilson] said that he was making up his cabinet and that he would be very glad if I would accept a place in it as Secretary of the Treasury. He had a delightful way of putting things; he created the impression that by accepting this great honor I would be doing him a favor."

Unfortunately, Wilson didn't always employ such tact. If he had, history might have been different. For example, Wilson didn't make the Senate and the Republican Party happy about putting the United States in the League of Nations. Wilson refused to take Elihu Root or Hughes or Henry Cabot Lodge or any other prominent Republican to the peace conference with him. Instead, he took along unknown men from his own party. He snubbed the Republicans, refused to let them feel that the League was their idea as well as his, refused to let them have a finger in the pie; and, as a result of this crude handling of human relations, Wilson wrecked his own career, ruined his health, shortened his life, caused America to stay out of the League, and altered the history of the world.

The famous publishing house of Doubleday Page always followed this rule: *Make the other person happy about doing the thing you suggest.* This firm was so expert at it that O. Henry declared that Doubleday Page could refuse one of his stories and do it with such graciousness, such appreciation, that he felt better when Doubleday refused a story than when another publisher accepted one.

I know a man who has to refuse many invitations to speak, invitations extended by friends, invitations coming from people to whom he is obligated; and yet he does it so adroitly that the other person is at least contented with his refusal. How does he do it? Not by merely talking about the fact that he is too busy and too this and too that. No, after expressing his appreciation of the invitation and regretting his inability to accept it, he suggests a substitute speaker. In other words, he doesn't give the other person any time to feel unhappy about the refusal. He immediately gets the other person thinking of some other speaker he may obtain.

"Why don't you get my friend, Cleveland Rodgers, the editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle,* to speak for you?" he will suggest. "Or have you thought about trying Guy Hickok? He lived in Paris fifteen years and has a lot of astonishing stories to tell about his experiences as a European correspondent. Or why not get Livingston Longfellow? He has some grand motion pictures of hunting big game in India."

J. A. Want, head of the J. A. Want Organization, one of the largest Hooven letter and photo-offset printing houses in New York, was faced with the necessity of changing a mechanic's attitude and demands without arousing resentment. This mechanic's job was to keep scores of typewriters and other hard-driven machines functioning smoothly night and day. He was always complaining that the hours were too long, that there was too much work, that he needed an assistant.

J. A. Want didn't give him an assistant, didn't give him shorter hours or less work, and yet he made the mechanic happy. How? This mechanic was given a private office. His name appeared on the door, and with it his title—"Manager of the Service Department."

He was no longer a repair man to be ordered about by every Tom, Dick, and Harry. He was now the manager of a department. He had dignity, recognition, a feeling of importance. He worked happily and without complaint.

Childish? Perhaps. But that is what they said to Napoleon when he created the Legion of Honor and distributed 1,500 crosses to his soldiers, and made eighteen of his generals "Marshals of France" and called his troops the "Grand Army." Napoleon was criticized for giving "toys" to war-hardened veterans, and Napoleon replied, "Men are ruled by toys."

This technique of giving titles and authority worked for Napoleon and it will work for you. For example, a friend of mine, Mrs. Gent of Scarsdale, New York, whom I've already mentioned, was troubled by boys running across and destroying her lawn. She tried criticism. She tried coaxing. Neither worked. Then she tried giving the worst sinner in the gang a title and a feeling of authority. She made him her "detective" and put him in charge of keeping all trespassers off her lawn. That solved her problem. Her "detective" built a bonfire in the backyard, heated an iron red hot, and threatened to burn any boy who stepped on the lawn.

Such is Human Nature.

So if you want to change people without arousing resentment or giving offense, **Rule 9** is:

Make the other person happy about the thing you suggest.

IN A NUTSHELL

Nine Ways to Change People Without Giving Offense or Arousing Resentment

Rule 1: Begin with praise and honest appreciation.

Rule 2: Call attention to people's mistakes indirectly.

Rule 3: Talk about your own mistakes before criticizing the other person.

Rule 4: Ask questions instead of giving direct orders.

Rule 5: Let the other man save his face.

Rule 6: Praise the slightest improvement and praise every improvement. Be "hearty in your approbation and lavish in your praise."

Rule 7: Give the other person a fine reputation to live up to.

Rule 8: Use encouragement. Make the fault seem easy to correct.

Rule 9: Make the other person happy about doing the thing you suggest.

PART FIVE

Letters That Produce Miraculous Results

I'LL BET I KNOW what you are thinking now. You are probably saying to yourself something like this: " '*Letters that produce miraculous results!*' Absurd! Smacks of patent-medicine advertising!"

If you are thinking that, I don't blame you. I would probably have thought that myself if I had picked up a book like this fifteen years ago. Skeptical? Well, I like skeptical people. I spent the first twenty years of my life in Missouri—and I like people who have to be shown. Almost all the progress ever made in human thought has been made by the Doubting Thomases, the questioners, the challengers, the show-me crowd.

Let's be honest. Is the title, "Letters That Produce Miraculous Results," accurate?

No, to be frank with you, it isn't.

The truth is, it is a deliberate *understatement* of fact. Some of the letters reproduced in this chapter harvested results that were rated twice as good as miracles. Rated by whom? By Ken R. Dyke, one of the best-known sales promotion men in America, formerly sales promotion manager for Johns-Manvile, and now advertising manager for Colgate-Palmolive Peet Company and Chairman of the Board of the Association of National Advertisers.

Mr. Dyke says that letters he used to send out, asking for information from dealers, seldom brought more than a return of 5 to 8 per cent. He said he would have regarded a 15 per cent response as most extraordinary, and told me that, if his replies had ever soared to 20 percent, he would have regarded it as nothing short of a miracle.

But one of Mr. Dyke's letters, printed in this chapter, brought 42½ per cent; in other words, that letter was twice as good as a miracle. You can't laugh that off. And this letter wasn't a sport, a fluke, an accident. Similar results were obtained from scores of other letters.

How did he do it? Here is the explanation in Ken Dyke's own words: "This astonishing increase in the effectiveness of letters occurred immediately after I attended Mr. Carnegie's course in 'Effective Speaking and Human Relations.' I saw that the approach I had formerly used was all wrong. I tried to apply the principles taught in this book—and they resulted in an increase of from 500 to 800 per cent in the effectiveness of my letters asking for information."

Here is the letter. It pleases the other man by asking him to do the writer a small favor—a favor that makes him feel important.

My own comments on the letter appear in parentheses.

Mr. John Blank,
Blankville, Arizona.

Dear Mr. Blank,

I wonder if you would mind helping me out of a little difficulty?

(Let's get the picture clear. Imagine a lumber dealer in Arizona receiving a letter from an executive of the Johns-Manville Company; and in the first line of the letter, this high-priced executive in New York asks the other fellow to help him out of a difficulty. I can imagine the dealer in Arizona saying to himself something like this: "Well, if this chap in New York is in trouble, he has certainly come to the right person. I always try to be generous and help people. Let's see what's wrong with him!")

> *Last year, I succeeded in convincing our company that what our dealers needed most to help increase their re-roofing sales was a year 'round direct-mail campaign paid for entirely by Johns-Manville.*

(The dealer out in Arizona probably says, "Naturally, they ought to pay for it. They're hogging most of the profit as it is. They're making millions while I'm having hard scratchin' to pay the rent. . . . Now what is this fellow in trouble about?")

> *Recently I mailed a questionnaire to the 1,600 dealers who had used the plan and certainly was very much pleased with the hundreds of replies which showed that they appreciated this form of co-operation and found it most helpful.*
>
> *On the strength of this, we have just released our new direct-mail plan which I know you'll like still better.*
>
> *But this morning our president discussed with me my report of last year's plan and, as presidents will, asked me how much business I could trace to it. Naturally, I must come to you to help me answer him.*

(That's a good phrase: "I must come to you to help me answer him." The big shot in New York is telling the truth, and he is giving the Johns-Manville dealer in Arizona honest, sincere recognition. Note that Ken Dyke doesn't waste any time talking about how important his company is. Instead, he immediately shows the other fellow how much he has to lean on him. Ken Dyke admits that he can't even make a report to the president of Johns-Manville without the dealer's help. Naturally, the dealer out in Arizona, being human, likes that kind of talk.)

What I'd like you to do is (1) to tell me, on the enclosed postcard, how many roofing and re-roofing jobs you feel last year's direct-mail plan helped you secure, and (2) give me, as nearly as you can, their total estimated value in dollars and cents (based on the total cost of the jobs applied).

If you'll do this, I'll surely appreciate it and thank you for your kindness in giving me this information.

Sincerely,
Ken R. Dyke,
Sales Promotion Manager.

(Note how, in the last paragraph, he whispers "I" and shouts "You." Note how generous he is in his praise: "surely appreciate," "thank you," "your kindness.")

Simple letter, isn't it? But it produced "miracles" by asking the other person to do a small favor—the performing of which gave him a feeling of importance.

That psychology will work, regardless of whether you are selling asbestos roofs or touring Europe in a Ford.

To illustrate. Homer Croy and I once lost our way while motoring through the interior of France. Halting our old Model T, we asked a group of peasants how we could get to the next big town.

The effect of the question was electrical. These peasants, wearing wooden shoes, regarded all Americans as rich. And automobiles were rare in those regions, extremely rare. Americans touring through France in a car! Surely we must be millionaires. Maybe cousins of Henry Ford. But they knew something we didn't know. We had more money than they had; but we had to come to them hat in hand to find out how to get to the next town. And that gave them a feeling of importance. They all started talking at once. One chap, thrilled at this rare opportunity, commanded the others to keep quiet. He wanted to enjoy all alone the thrill of directing us.

Try this yourself. The next time you are in a strange city, stop someone who is below you in the economic and social scale and say: "I wonder if you would mind helping me out of a little difficulty. Won't you please tell me how to get to such and such a place?"

Benjamin Franklin used this technique to turn a caustic enemy into a lifelong friend. Franklin, a young man at the time, had all his savings invested in a small printing business. He managed to get himself elected clerk of the General Assembly in Philadelphia. That position gave him the job of doing the official printing. There was good profit in this job, and Ben was eager to keep it. But a menace loomed ahead. One of the richest and ablest men in the Assembly disliked Franklin bitterly. He not only disliked Franklin, but he denounced him in a public talk.

That was dangerous, very dangerous. So Franklin resolved to make the man like him.

But how? That was a problem. By doing a favor for his enemy? No, that would have aroused his suspicions, maybe his contempt.

Franklin was too wise, too adroit to be caught in such a trap. So he did the very opposite. He asked his enemy to do him a favor.

Franklin didn't ask for a loan of ten dollars. No! No! Franklin asked a favor that pleased the other man—a favor that touched his vanity, a favor that gave him recognition, a favor that subtly expressed Franklin's admiration for his knowledge and achievements.

Here is the balance of the story in Franklin's own words:

> Having heard that he had in his library a certain very scarce and curious book, I wrote a note to him, expressing my desire of perusing that book and requesting that he would do me the favor of lending it to me for a few days.
>
> He sent it immediately, and I returned it in about a week with another note expressing strongly my sense of the favor.
>
> When next we met in the House, he spoke to me (which he had never done before) and with great civility and he ever afterward manifested a readiness to serve me on all occasions, so that we became great friends and our friendship continued to his death.

Ben Franklin has been dead now for more than a hundred and fifty years, but the psychology that he used, the psychology of asking the other man to do you a favor, goes marching right on.

For example, it was used with remarkable success by one of my students, Albert B. Amsel. For years, Mr. Amsel, a salesman of plumbing and heating materials, had been trying to get the trade of a certain plumber in Brooklyn. This plumber's business was exceptionally large and his credit unusually good. But Amsel was licked from the beginning. The plumber was one of those disconcerting individuals who pride themselves on being rough, tough, and nasty. Sitting behind his desk with a big cigar tilted in the corner of his mouth, he snarled at Amsel every time he opened the door, "Don't need a thing today! Don't waste my time and yours! *Keep moving!*"

Then one day Mr. Amsel tried a new technique, a technique that split the account wide open, made a friend, and brought many fine orders.

Amsel's firm was negotiating for the purchase of a new branch store in Queens Village on Long Island. It was a neighborhood the plumber knew well, and one where he did a great deal of business. So this time, when Mr. Amsel called, he said: "Mr. C——, I'm not here to sell you anything today. I've got to ask you to do me a favor, if you will. Can you spare me just a minute of your time?"

"H'm—well," said the plumber, shifting his cigar. "What is on your mind? Shoot."

"My firm is thinking of opening up a branch store over in Queens Village," Mr. Amsel said. "Now, you know that locality as well as anyone living. So I've come to you to ask what you think about it. Is it a wise move—or not?"

Here was a new situation! For years this plumber had been getting his feeling of importance out of snarling at salesmen and ordering them to keep moving.

But here was a salesman begging him for advice; yes, a salesman from a big concern wanting his opinion as to what they should do.

"Sit down," he said, pulling forward a chair. And for the next hour, he expatiated on the peculiar advantages and virtues of the plumbing market in Queens Village. He not only approved the location of the store, but he focused his intellect on outlining a complete course of action for the purchase of the property, the stocking of supplies, and the opening of trade. He got a feeling of importance by telling a wholesale plumbing concern how to run its business. From there, he expanded into personal grounds. He became friendly, and told Mr. Amsel of his intimate domestic difficulties and household wars.

"By the time I left that evening," Mr. Amsel says, "I not only had in my pocket a large initial order for equipment, but I had laid the foundations of a solid business friendship. I am playing golf now with this chap who formerly barked and snarled at me. This change in his attitude was brought about by my asking him to do me a little favor that made him feel important."

Let's examine another of Ken Dyke's letters, and again note how skillfully he applies this "do-me-a-favor" psychology.

A few years ago, Mr. Dyke was distressed at his inability to get business men contractors, and architects to answer his letters asking for information.

In those days he seldom got more than 1 per cent return from his letters to architects and engineers. He would have regarded 2 per cent as very good and 3 per cent as excellent. And 10 per cent? Why, 10 per cent would have been hailed as a miracle.

But the letter that follows pulled almost 50 per cent. . . . Five times as good as a miracle. And what replies! Letters of two and three pages! Letters glowing with friendly advice and co-operation.

Here is the letter. You will observe that in the psychology used—even in the phraseology in some places—the letter is almost identical with that quoted on page 219.

As you peruse this letter, read between the lines, try to analyze the feeling of the man who got it. Find out why it produced results five times as good as a miracle.

JOHNS-MANVILLE
22 EAST 40TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

r. John Doe,
7 Doe Street,
eville, N. J.

ear Mr. Doe:

I wonder if you'll help me out of a little difficulty?

About a year ago I persuaded our company that one of e things architects most needed was a catalogue which ould give them the whole story of all J-M building mate- ls and their part in repairing and remodeling homes.

The attached catalogue resulted—the first of its kind.

But now our stock is getting low, and when I mentioned to our president he said (as presidents will) that he ould have no objection to another edition *provided* I rnished satisfactory evidence that the catalogue had done e job for which it was designed.

Naturally, I must come to you for help, and I am there- re taking the liberty of asking you and forty-nine other chitects in various parts of the country to be the jury.

To make it quite easy for you, I have written a few nple questions on the back of this letter. And I'll cer- nly regard it as a personal favor if you'll check the swers, add any comments that you may wish to make, d then slip this letter into the enclosed stamped envelope.

Needless to say, this won't obligate you in any way, and ow leave it to you to say whether the catalogue shall be continued or reprinted with improvements based on ur experience and advice.

In any event, rest assured that I shall appreciate your operation very much. Thank you!

Sincerely yours,
Ken R. Dyke,
Sales Promotion Manager.

Another word of warning. I know from experience that e men, reading this letter, will try to use the same psychology mechanically. They will try to boost the othe man's ego, not through genuine, real appreciation, bu through flattery and insincerity. And their technique won work.

Remember, we all crave appreciation and recognitio and will do almost anything to get it. But nobody want insincerity. Nobody wants flattery.

Let me repeat: the principles taught in this book wi work only when they come from the heart. I am not ac vocating a bag of tricks. I am talking about a new way c life.

PART SIX

Seven Rules For Making Your Home Life Happier

CHAPTER ONE

How to Dig Your Marital Grave in the Quickest Possible Way

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, Napoleon III of France, nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte, fell in love with Marie Eugénie Ignace Augustine de Montijo, Countess of Teba, the most beautiful woman in the world—and married her. His advisors pointed out that she was only the daughter of an insignificant Spanish count. But Napoleon retorted: "What of it?" Her grace, her youth, her charm, her beauty filled him with divine felicity. In a speech hurled from the throne, he defied an entire nation: "I have preferred a woman I love and respect," he proclaimed, "to a woman unknown to me."

Napoleon and his bride had health, wealth, power, fame, beauty, love, adoration—all the requirements for a perfect romance. Never did the sacred fire of marriage glow with a brighter incandescence.

But, alas, the holy flame soon flickered and the incandescence cooled—and turned to embers. Napoleon could make Eugénie an empress; but nothing in all *la belle France,* neither the power of his love nor the might of his throne could keep her from nagging.

Bedeviled by jealousy, devoured by suspicion, she floute his orders, she denied him even a show of privacy. Sh broke into his office while he was engaged in affairs o state. She interrupted his most important discussions. Sh refused to leave him alone, always fearing that he might b consorting with another woman.

Often she ran to her sister, complaining of her husband complaining, weeping, nagging, and threatening. Forcin her way into his study, she stormed at him and abused him Napoleon, master of a dozen sumptuous palaces, Empero of France, could not find a cupboard in which he coul call his soul his own.

And what did Eugénie accomplish by all this?

Here is the answer. I am quoting now from E. A. Rhein hardt's engrossing book, *Napoleon and Eugénie: The Trag comedy of an Empire:* "So it came about that Napoleo frequently would steal out by a little side door at night, wi a soft hat pulled over his eyes, and, accompanied by o of his intimates, *really* betake himself to some fair lady wh was expecting him, or else stroll about the great city as o old, passing through streets of the kind which an Empero hardly sees outside a fairy tale, and breathing the atmo phere of might-have-beens."

That is what nagging accomplished for Eugénie. Tru she sat on the throne of France. True, she was the mo beautiful woman in the world. But neither royalty n beauty can keep love alive amidst the poisonous fumes nagging. Eugénie could have raised her voice like Job old and have wailed: "The thing which I greatly feared come upon me." Come upon her? She brought it upo herself, poor woman, by her jealousy and her nagging.

Of all the sure-fire, infernal devices ever invented by a the devils in hell for destroying love, nagging is the dea liest. It never fails. Like the bite of the king cobra, it a ways destroys, always kills.

The wife of Count Leo Tolstoi discovered that—after was too late. Before she passed away, she confessed to h daughters: "I was the cause of your father's death." H daughters didn't reply. They were both crying. They knew their mother was telling the truth. They knew she had killed him with her constant complaining, her eternal criticisms, and her eternal nagging.

Yet Count Tolstoi and his wife ought, by all odds, to have been happy. He was one of the most famous novelists of all time. Two of his masterpieces, *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*, will forever shine brightly among the literary glories of earth.

Tolstoi was so famous that his admirers followed him around day and night and took down in shorthand every word he uttered. Even if he merely said, "I guess I'll go to bed"; even trivial words like that, everything was written down; and now the Russian Government is printing every sentence that he ever wrote; and his combined writings will fill one hundred volumes.

In addition to fame, Tolstoi and his wife had wealth, social position, children. No marriage ever blossomed under softer skies. In the beginning, their happiness seemed too perfect, too intense, to endure. So kneeling together, they prayed to Almighty God to continue the ecstasy that was theirs.

Then an astonishing thing happened. Tolstoi gradually changed. He became a totally different person. He became ashamed of the great books that he had written, and from that time on he devoted his life to writing pamphlets preaching peace and the abolition of war and poverty.

This man who had once confessed that in his youth he had committed every sin imaginable—even murder—tried to follow literally the teachings of Jesus. He gave all his lands away and lived a life of poverty. He worked in the fields, chopping wood and pitching hay. He made his own shoes, swept his own room, ate out of a wooden bowl, and tried to love his enemies.

Leo Tolstoi's life was a tragedy, and the cause of his tragedy was his marriage His wife loved luxury, but he despised it. She craved fame and the plaudits of society, but these frivolous things meant nothing whatever to him. She longed for money and riches, but he believed that wealth and private property were a sin.

For years, she nagged and scolded and screamed because he insisted on giving away the right to publish his books freely without paying him any royalties whatever She wanted the money those books would produce.

When he opposed her, she threw herself into fits of hysteria, rolling on the floor with a bottle of opium at her lips swearing that she was going to kill herself and threatening to jump down the well.

There is one event in their lives that to me is one of the most pathetic scenes in history. As I have already said, they were gloriously happy when they were first married; bu now, forty-eight years later, he could hardly bear the sigh of her. Sometimes of an evening, this old and heartbroken wife, starving for affection, came and knelt at his knee and begged him to read aloud to her the exquisite love pas sages that he had written about her in his diary fifty year previously. And as he read of those beautiful, happy day that were now gone forever, both of them wept. How dif ferent, how sharply different, the realities of life were from the romantic dreams they had once dreamed in the lon ago.

Finally, when he was eighty-two years old, Tolstoi wa unable to endure the tragic unhappiness of his home an longer, so he fled from his wife on a snowy October nigh in 1910—fled into the cold and darkness, not knowin where he was going.

Eleven days later, he died of pneumonia in a railway sta tion. And his dying request was that she should not b permitted to come into his presence.

Such was the price Countess Tolstoi paid for her naggin and complaining and hysteria.

The reader may feel that she had much to nag abou Granted. But that is beside the point. The question is: di nagging help her, or did it make a bad matter infinitel worse?

"I really think I was insane." That is what Countess Tol stoi herself thought about it—after it was too late.

The great tragedy of Abraham Lincoln's life also wa his marriage. Not his assassination, mind you, but his marriage. When Booth fired, Lincoln never realized he had been shot; but he reaped almost daily, for twenty-three years, what Herndon, his law partner, described as "the bitter harvest of conjugal infelicity." "Conjugal infelicity?" That is putting it mildly. For almost a quarter of a century, Mrs. Lincoln nagged and harassed the life out of him.

She was always complaining, always criticizing her husband; nothing about him was ever right. He was stoop-shouldered, he walked awkwardly and lifted his feet straight up and down like an Indian. She complained that there was no spring to his step, no grace to his movement; and she mimicked his gait and nagged at him to walk with his toes pointed down, as she had been taught at Madame Mentelle's boarding school in Lexington.

She didn't like the way his huge ears stood out at right angles from his head. She even told him that his nose wasn't straight, that his lower lip stuck out, that he looked consumptive, that his feet and hands were too large, his head too small.

Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd Lincoln were opposites in every way: in training, in background, in temperament, in tastes, in mental outlook. They irritated each other constantly.

"Mrs. Lincoln's loud, shrill voice," wrote the late Senator Albert J. Beveridge, the most distinguished Lincoln authority of this generation—"could be heard across the street, and her incessant outbursts of wrath were audible to all who lived near the house. Frequently her anger was displayed by other means than words, and accounts of her violence are numerous and unimpeachable."

To illustrate: Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, shortly after their marriage, lived with Mrs. Jacob Early—a doctor's widow in Springfield who was forced to take in boarders.

One morning Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were having breakfast when Lincoln did something that aroused the fiery temper of his wife. What, no one remembers now. But Mrs. Lincoln, in a rage, dashed a cup of hot coffee into her husband's face. And she did it in front of the other boarders.

Saying nothing, Lincoln sat there in humiliation and silence while Mrs. Early came with a wet towel and wiped off his face and clothes.

Mrs. Lincoln's jealousy was so foolish, so fierce, so incredible, that merely to read about some of the pathetic and disgraceful scenes she created in public—merely reading about them seventy-five years later makes one gasp with astonishment. She finally went insane; and perhaps the most charitable thing one can say about her is that her disposition was probably always affected by incipient insanity.

Did all this nagging and scolding and raging change Lincoln? In one way, yes. It certainly changed his attitude toward her. It made him regret his unfortunate marriage, and it made him avoid her presence as much as possible.

Springfield had eleven attorneys, and they couldn't all make a living there; so they used to ride horseback from one county seat to another, following Judge David Davis while he was holding court in various places. In that way, they managed to pick up business from all the county seat towns throughout the Eighth Judicial District.

The other attorneys always managed to get back to Springfield each Saturday and spend the week-end with their families. But Lincoln didn't. He dreaded to go home: and for three months in the spring, and again for three months in the autumn, he remained out on the circuit anc never went near Springfield.

He kept this up year after year. Living conditions in the country hotels were often wretched; but, wretched as they were, he preferred them to his own home and Mrs. Lincoln's constant nagging and wild outbursts of temper.

Such are the results that Mrs. Lincoln, the Empres Eugénie, and Countess Tolstoi obtained by their nagging They brought nothing but tragedy into their lives.They destroyed all that they cherished most.

Bessie Hamburger, who has spent eleven years in th Domestic Relations Court in New York City, and has reviewed thousands of cases of desertion, says that one of th chief reasons men leave home is because their wives nag

Or, as the *Boston Post* puts it: "Many a wife has made her own marital grave with a series of little digs."

So, if you want to keep your home life happy, **Rule 1** is:

Don't, don't nag!!!

CHAPTER TWO

Love and Let Live

"I MAY COMMIT many follies in life," Disraeli said, "but never intend to marry for love."

And he didn't. He stayed single until he was thirty-five and then he proposed to a rich widow, a widow fiftee years his senior; a widow whose hair was white with th passing of fifty winters. Love? Oh, no. She knew he didn love her. She knew he was marrying her for her money! S she made just one request; she asked him to wait a year t give her the opportunity to study his character. And at th end of that time. she married him.

Sounds pretty prosaic, pretty commercial, doesn't it? Ye paradoxically enough, Disraeli's marriage was one of th most glowing successes in all the battered and bespattere annals of matrimony.

The rich widow that Disraeli chose was neither young nor beautiful. nor brilliant. Far from it. Her conversatio bubbled with a laugh-provoking display of literary and his torical blunders. For example, she "never knew whic came first the Greeks or the Romans." Her taste in clothe was bizarre; and her taste in house furnishings was fantas tic. But she was a genius, a positive genius at the most important thing in marriage: the art of handling men.

She didn't attempt to set up her intellect against Disraeli's. When he came home bored and exhausted after an afternoon of matching repartee with witty duchesses, Mary Anne's frivolous patter permitted him to relax. Home, to his increasing delight, was a place where he could ease into his mental slippers and bask in the warmth of Mary Anne's adoration. These hours he spent at home with his aging wife were the happiest of his life. She was his helpmate, his confidante, his advisor. Every night he hurried home from the House of Commons to tell her the day's news. And—this is important—whatever he undertook, Mary Anne simply did not believe he could fail.

For thirty years, Mary Anne lived for Disraeli, and for him alone. Even her wealth she valued only because it made his life easier. In return, she was his heroine. He became an Earl after she died; but, even while he was still a commoner, he persuaded Queen Victoria to elevate Mary Anne to the peerage. And so, in 1868, she was made Viscountess Beaconsfield.

No matter how silly or scatterbrained she might appear in public, he never criticized her; he never uttered a word of reproach; and if anyone dared to ridicule her, he sprang to her defense with ferocious loyalty.

Mary Anne wasn't perfect, yet for three decades she never tired of talking about her husband, praising him, admiring him. Result? "We have been married thirty years," Disraeli said, "and I have never been bored by her." (Yet some people thought because Mary Anne didn't know history, she must be stupid!)

For his part, Disraeli never made it any secret that Mary Anne was the most important thing in his life. Result? "Thanks to his kindness," Mary Anne used to tell their friends, "my life has been simply one long scene of happiness."

Between them, they had a little joke. "You know," Disraeli would say, "I only married you for your money anyhow." And Mary Anne, smiling, would reply, "Yes, but if you had it to do over again, you'd marry me for love, wouldn't you?"

And he admitted it was true.

No, Mary Anne wasn't perfect. But Disraeli was wise enough to let her be herself.

As Henry James put it: "The first thing to learn in intercourse with others is noninterference with their own peculiar ways of being happy, provided those ways do not assume to interfere by violence with ours."

That's important enough to repeat: "The first thing t learn in intercourse with others is noninterference wit their own peculiar ways of being happy. . . ."

Or, as Leland Foster Wood in his book, *Growing Together in the Family,* has observed: "Success in marriag is much more than a matter of finding the right person; i is also a matter of *being* the right person."

So, if you want your home life to be happy, **Rule 2** is

Don't try to make your partner over.

CHAPTER THREE

Do This and You'll Be Looking Up the Time-tables to Reno

DISRAELI'S BITTEREST RIVAL in public life was the great Gladstone. These two clashed on every debatable subject under the Empire, yet they had one thing in common; the supreme happiness of their private lives.

William and Catherine Gladstone lived together for fifty-nine years, almost three score years glorified with an abiding devotion. I like to think of Gladstone, the most dignified of England's prime ministers, clasping his wife's hand and dancing around the hearthrug with her, singing this song:

> "A ragamuffin husband and a rantipoling wife,
> We'll fiddle it and scrape it through the ups and downs
> of life."

Gladstone, a formidable enemy in public, never criticized at home. When he came down to breakfast in the morning, only to discover that the rest of his family was still sleeping, he had a gentle way of registering his reproach. He raised his voice and filled the house with a mysterious chant that reminded the other members that England's busiest man was waiting downstairs for his breakfast, all alone. Diplomatic, considerate, he rigorously refrained from domestic criticism.

And so, often, did Catherine the Great. Catherine ruled one of the largest empires the world has ever known. Over millions of her subjects she held the power of life and death. Politically, she was often a cruel tyrant, waging useless wars and sentencing scores of her enemies to be cu down by firing squads. Yet if the cook burned the meat she said nothing. She smiled and ate it with a tolerance tha the average American husband would do well to emulate

Dorothy Dix, America's premier authority on the cause of marital unhappiness, declares that more than fifty pe cent of all marriages are failures; and she knows that on of the reasons why so many romantic dreams break up o the rocks of Reno is criticism—futile, heartbreaking criticism.

So, you want to keep your home life happy, remembe **Rule 3:**

Don't criticize.

And if you are tempted to criticize the children . . . yo imagine I am going to say *don't*. But I am not. I am merel going to say, *before* you criticize them, read one of th classics of American journalism, "Father Forgets." It appeared originally as an editorial in the *People's Hom Journal*. We are reprinting it here with the author's permission—reprinting it as it was condensed in the *Reader Digest:*

"Father Forgets" is one of those little pieces which—dashed off in a moment of sincere feeling—strikes an echoing chord in so many readers as to become a perennial reprint favorite. Since its first appearance, some fifteen yea ago, "Father Forgets" has been reproduced, writes th author, W. Livingston Larned, "in hundreds of magazin and house organs, and in newspapers the country over. It has been reprinted almost as extensively in many foreign languages. I have given personal permission to thousands who wished to read it from school, church, and lecture platforms. It has been 'on the air' on countless occasions and programs. Oddly enough, college periodicals have used it, and high-school magazines. Sometimes a little piece seems mysteriously to 'click.' This one certainly did."

FATHER FORGETS

W. LIVINGSTON LARNED

Listen, son: I am saying this as you lie asleep, one little paw crumpled under your cheek and the blond curls stickily wet on your damp forehead. I have stolen into your room alone. Just a few minutes ago, as I sat reading my paper in the library, a stifling wave of remorse swept over me. Guiltily I came to your bedside.

These are the things I was thinking, son: I had been cross to you. I scolded you as you were dressing for school because you gave your face merely a dab with a towel. I took you to task for not cleaning your shoes. I called out angrily when you threw some of your things on the floor.

At breakfast I found fault, too. You spilled things. You gulped down your food. You put your elbows on the table. You spread butter too thick on your bread. And as you started off to play and I made for my train, you turned and waved a hand and called, "Good-bye, Daddy!" and I frowned, and said in reply, "Hold your shoulders back!"

Then it began all over again in the late afternoon. As I came up the road I spied you, down on your knees, playing marbles. There were holes in your stockings. I humiliated you before your boy friends by marching you ahead of me o the house. Stockings were expensive—and if you had to buy them you would be more careful! Imagine that, son, rom a father!

Do you remember, later, when I was reading in the ibrary, how you came in, timidly, with a sort of hurt look n your eyes? When I glanced up over my paper, impatient t the interruption, you hesitated at the door. "What is it ou want?" I snapped.

You said nothing, but ran across in one tempestuous plunge, and threw your arms around my neck and kissed me, and your small arms tightened with an affection tha God had set blooming in your heart and which even neglec could not wither. And then you were gone, pattering up the stairs.

Well, son, it was shortly afterwards that my pape slipped from my hands and a terrible sickening fear cam over me. What has habit been doing to me? The habit o finding fault, of reprimanding—this was my reward to yo for being a boy. It was not that I did not love you; it wa that I expected too much of youth. It was measuring yo by the yardstick of my own years.

And there was so much that was good and fine and tru in your character. The little heart of you was as big as th dawn itself over the wide hills. This was shown by you spontaneous impulse to rush in and kiss me good-nigh Nothing else matters tonight, son. I have come to your bec side in the darkness, and I have knelt there, ashamed!

It is a feeble atonement; I know you would not unde stand these things if I told them to you during your wakin hours. But tomorrow I will be a real daddy! I will chu with you, and suffer when you suffer, and laugh when yo laugh. I will bite my tongue when impatient words come. will keep saying as if it were a ritual: "He is nothing but boy—a little boy!"

I am afraid I have visualized you as a man. Yet as I se you now, son, crumpled and weary in your cot, I see tha you are still a baby. Yesterday you were in your mother arms, your head on her shoulder. I have asked too muc too much.

CHAPTER FOUR

A Quick Way to Make Everybody Happy

"MOST MEN when seeking wives," says Paul Popenoe, Director of the Institute of Family Relations in Los Angeles, "are not looking for executives but for someone with allure and willingness to flatter their vanity and make them feel superior. Hence the woman office manager may be invited to luncheon, once. But she quite possibly dishes out warmed-over remnants of her college courses on 'main currents in contemporary philosophy,' and may even insist on paying her own bill. Result: she thereafter lunches alone.

"In contrast, the noncollegiate typist, when invited to luncheon, fixes an incandescent gaze on her escort and says yearningly. 'Now tell me some more about yourself.' Result: he tells the other fellows that 'she's no raving beauty, but I have never met a better talker.' "

Men should express their appreciation of a woman's effort to look well and dress becomingly. All men forget, if they have ever realized it, how profoundly women are interested in clothes. For example, if a man and a woman meet another man and woman on the street, the woman seldom looks at the other man; she usually looks to see how well the other woman is dressed.

My grandmother died a few years ago at the age of ninety-eight. Shortly before her death, we showed her a photograph of herself that had been taken a third of a century earlier. Her failing eyes couldn't see the picture very well, and the only question she asked was: "What dress did I have on?" Think of it! An old woman in her last December, bedridden, weary with age as she lay within the shadow of the century mark, her memory fading so fast that she was no longer able to recognize even her own daughters, still interested in knowing what dress she had worn a third of a century before! I was at her bedside when she asked that question. It left an impression on me that will never fade.

The men who are reading these lines can't remember what suits or shirts they wore five years ago, and they haven't the remotest desire to remember them. But women—they are different, and we American men ought to recognize it. French boys of the upper class are trained to express their admiration of a woman's frock and *chapeau*, not only once but many times during an evening. And fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong!

I have among my clippings a story that I know never happened, but it illustrates a truth, so I'll repeat it:

According to this silly story, a farm woman, at the end of a heavy day's work, set before her men folks a heaping pile of hay. And when they indignantly demanded whether she'd gone crazy, she replied: "Why, how did I know you'd notice? I've been cooking for you men for the last twenty years, and in all that time I ain't heard no word to let me know you *wasn't* just eating hay!"

The pampered aristocrats of Moscow and St. Petersburg used to have better manners; in the Russia of the Czars, it was the custom of the upper classes, when they had enjoyed a fine dinner, to insist on having the cook brought into the dining room to receive their congratulations.

Why not have as much consideration for your wife? The next time the fried chicken is done to a tender turn, tell her so. Let her know that you appreciate the fact that you're not just eating hay. Or, as Texas Guinan used to say, "Give the little girl a great big hand."

And while you're about it, don't be afraid to let her know how important she is to your happiness. Disraeli was as great a statesman as England ever produced; yet, as we've seen, he wasn't ashamed to let the world know how much he "owed to the little woman."

Just the other day, while perusing a magazine, I came across this. It's from an interview with Eddie Cantor.

"I owe more to my wife," says Eddie Cantor, "than to anyone else in the world. She was my best pal as a boy; she helped me to go straight. And after we married she saved every dollar, and invested it, and reinvested it. She built up a fortune for me. We have five lovely children. And she's made a wonderful home for me always. If I've gotten anywhere, give her the credit."

Out in Hollywood, where marriage is a risk that even Lloyd's of London wouldn't take a gamble on, one of the few outstandingly happy marriages is that of Warner Baxter's. Mrs. Baxter, the former Winifred Bryson, gave up a brilliant stage career when she married. Yet her sacrifice has never been permitted to mar their happiness. "She missed the applause of stage success," Warner Baxter says, "but I have tried to see that she is entirely aware of *my* applause. If a woman is to find happiness at all in her husband, she is to find it in his appreciation and devotion. If that appreciation and devotion is actual, there is the answer to *his* happiness also."

There you are.

So, if you want to keep your home life happy, one of the most important rules is **Rule 4:**

Give honest appreciation.

CHAPTER FIVE

They Mean So Much to a Woman

From time immemorial, flowers have been considered the language of love. They don't cost much, especially in season, and often they're for sale on the street corners. Yet, considering the rarity with which the average husband takes home a bunch of daffodils, you might suppose them to be as expensive as orchids and as hard to come by as the edelweiss which flowers on the cloud-swept cliffs of the Alps.

Why wait until your wife goes to the hospital to give her a few flowers? Why not bring her a few roses tomorrow night? You like to experiment. Try it. See what happens.

George M. Cohan, busy as he was on Broadway, used to telephone his mother twice a day up to the time of her death. Do you suppose he had startling news for her each time? No, the meaning of little attentions is this: it shows the person you love that you are thinking of her, that you want to please her, and that her happiness and welfare are very dear, and very near, to your heart.

Women attach a lot of importance to birthdays and anniversaries—just why, will forever remain one of those feminine mysteries. The average man can blunder through life without memorizing many dates, but there are a few which are indispensable: 1492, 1776, the date of his wife's birthday, and the year and date of his own marriage. If need be, he can even get along without the first two—but not the last!

Judge Joseph Sabbath of Chicago, who has reviewed 40,000 marital disputes and reconciled 2,000 couples, says: "Trivialities are at the bottom of most marital unhappiness. Such a simple thing as a wife's waving good-by to her husband when he goes to work in the morning would avert a good many divorces."

Robert Browning, whose life with Elizabeth Barrett Browning was perhaps the most idyllic on record, was never too busy to keep love alive with little tributes and attentions. He treated his invalid wife with such consideration that she once wrote to her sisters: "And now I begin to wonder naturally whether I may not be some sort of real angel after all."

Too many men underestimate the value of these small, every day attentions. As Gaynor Maddox said in an article in the *Pictorial Review:* "The American home really needs a few new vices. Breakfast in bed, for instance, is one of those amiable dissipations a greater number of women should be indulged in. Breakfast in bed to a woman does much the same thing as a private club for a man."

That's what marriage is in the long run—a series of trivial incidents. And woe to the couple who overlook that fact. Edna St. Vincent Millay summed it all up once in one of her concise little rhymes:

" 'Tis not love's going hurts my days,
But that it went in little ways."

That's a good verse to memorize. Out in Reno, the courts grant divorces six days a week, at the rate of one every ten marriages. How many of these marriages do you suppose were wrecked upon the reef of real tragedy? Mighty few, I'll warrant. If you could sit there day in, day out, listening to the testimony of those unhappy husbands and wives, you'd know love "went in little ways."

Take your pocket knife now and cut out this quotation. Paste it inside your hat or paste it on the mirror, where you will see it every morning when you shave:

"I shall pass this way but once; any good, therefore, that a can do or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

So, if you want to keep your home life happy, **Rule 5** is

Pay little attentions.

CHAPTER SIX

If You Want to Be Happy, Don't Neglect This One

WALTER DAMROSCH married the daughter of James G. Blaine, one of America's greatest orators and one-time candidate for President. Ever since they met many years ago at Andrew Carnegie's home in Scotland, the Damrosches have led a conspicuously happy life.

The secret?

"Next to care in choosing a partner," says Mrs. Damrosch, "I should place courtesy after marriage. If young wives would only be as courteous to their husbands as to strangers! Any man will run from a shrewish tongue."

Rudeness is the cancer that devours love. Everyone knows this, yet it's notorious that we are more polite to strangers than we are to our own relatives.

We wouldn't dream of interrupting strangers to say, "Good heavens, are you going to tell that old story again!" We wouldn't dream of opening our friends' mail without permission, or prying into their personal secrets. And it's only the members of our own family, those who are nearest and dearest to us, that we dare insult for their trivial faults.

Again to quote Dorothy Dix: "It is an amazing but true thing that practically the only people who ever say mean, insulting, wounding things to us are those of our own households."

"Courtesy," says Henry Clay Risner, "is that quality of heart that overlooks the broken gate and calls attention to the flowers in the yard beyond the gate."

Courtesy is just as important to marriage as oil is to your motor.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the beloved "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," was anything but an autocrat in his own home. In fact, he carried his consideration so far that when he felt melancholy and depressed, he tried to conceal his blues from the rest of his family. It was bad enough for him to have to bear them himself, he said, without inflicting them on the others as well.

That is what Oliver Wendell Holmes did. But what about the average mortal? Things go wrong at the office; he loses a sale or gets called on the carpet by the boss. He develops a devastating headache or misses the five-fifteen; and he can hardly wait till he gets home—to take it out on the family.

In Holland you leave your shoes outside on the doorstep before you enter the house. By the Lord Harry, we could learn a lesson from the Dutch and shed our workaday troubles before we enter our homes.

William James once wrote an essay called "On a Certain Blindness in Human Beings." It would be worth a special trip to your nearest library to get that essay and read it. "Now the blindness in human beings of which this discourse will treat," he wrote, "is the blindness with which we all are afflicted in regard to the feelings of creatures and people different from ourselves."

"The blindness with which we all are afflicted." Many men who wouldn't dream of speaking sharply to a customer, or even to their partners in business, think nothing of barking at their wives. Yet, for their personal happiness, marriage is far more important to them, far more vital, than business.

The average man who is happily married is happier by far than the genius who lives in solitude. Turgenev, the great Russian novelist, was acclaimed all over the civilized world. Yet he said: "I would give up all my genius, and all my books, if there were only some woman, somewhere, who cared whether or not I came home late for dinner."

What are the chances of happiness in marriage anyway? Dorothy Dix, as we have already said, believes that more than half of them are failures; but Dr. Paul Popenoe thinks otherwise. He says: "A man has a better chance of succeeding in marriage than any other enterprise he may go into. Of all the man that go into the grocery business, 70 per cent fail. Of the men and women who enter matrimony, 70 per cent succeed."

Dorothy Dix sums the whole thing up like this:

"Compared with marriage," she says, "being born is a mere episode in our careers, and dying a trivial incident.

"No woman can ever understand why a man doesn't put forth the same effort to make his home a going concern as he does to make his business or profession a success.

"But, althought to have a contented wife and a peaceful and happy home means more to a man than to make a million dollars, not one man in a hundred ever gives any real serious thought or makes any honest effort to make his marriage a success. He leaves the most important thing in his life to chance, and he wins out or loses, according to whether fortune is with him or not. Women can never understand why their husbands refuse to handle them diplomatically, when it would be money in their pockets to use he velvet glove instead of the strongarm method.

"Every man knows that he can jolly his wife into doing nything, and doing without anything. He knows that if he hands her a few cheap compliments about what a wonderful manager she is, and how she helps him, she will squeeze very nickle. Every man knows that if he tells his wife how beautiful and lovely she looks in her last year's dress, she wouldn't trade it for the latest Paris importation. Every man nows that he can kiss his wife's eyes shut until she will be blind as a bat, and that he has only to give her a wa smack on the lips to make her dumb as an oyster.

"And every wife knows that her husband knows the things about her, because she has furnished him with complete diagram about how to work her. And she ne knows whether to be mad at him or disgusted with hi because he would rather fight with her and pay for it having to eat bad meals, and have his money wasted, a buy her new frocks and limousines and pearls, than to ta the trouble to flatter her a little and treat her the way she begging to be treated."

So, if you want to keep your home life happy, **Rule 6**

Be courteous.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Don't Be a "Marriage Illiterate"

DR. KATHARINE BEMENT DAVIS, general secretary of the Bureau of Social Hygiene, once induced a thousand married women to reply very frankly to a set of intimate questions. The result was shocking—an incredibly shocking comment upon the sexual unhappiness of the average American adult. After perusing the answers she received from these thousand married women, Dr. Davis published without hesitation her conviction that one of the chief causes of divorce in this country is physical mismating.

Dr. G. V. Hamilton's survey verifies this finding. Dr. Hamilton spent four years studying the marriages of one hundred men and one hundred women. He asked these men and women individually something like four hundred questions concerning their married lives, and discussed their problems exhaustively—so exhaustively that the whole investigation took four years. This work was considered so important sociologically that it was financed by a group of leading philanthropists. You can read the results of the experiment in *What's Wrong with Marriage?* by Georg G. V. Hamilton and Kenneth Macgowan.

Well, what *is* wrong with marriage? "It would take a ver prejudiced and very reckless psychiatrist," says Dr. Hamilton, "to say that most married friction doesn't find it source in sexual maladjustment. At any rate, the friction which arise from other difficulties would be ignored i many, many cases if the sexual relation itself were satisfactory."

Dr. Paul Popenoe, as head of the Institute of Family Relations in Los Angeles, has reviewed thousands of marriage and he is one of America's foremost authorities on hom life. According to Dr. Popenoe, failure in marriage i usually due to four causes. He lists them in this order:

1. Sexual maladjustment.
2. Difference of opinion as to the way of spendin leisure time.
3. Financial difficulties.
4. Mental, physical, or emotional abnormalities.

Notice that sex comes first; and that, strangely enough money difficulties come only third on the list.

All authorities on divorce agree upon the absolute necessity for sexual compatibility. For example, a few years ag Judge Hoffman of the Domestic Relations Court of Cincinnati—a man who has listened to thousands of domesti tragedies—announced: "Nine out of ten divorces ar caused by sexual troubles."

"Sex," says the famous psychologist, John B. Watson, "i admittedly the most important subject in life. It is admittedly the thing which causes the most ship-wrecks in th happiness of men and women."

And I have heard a number of practicing physicians i speeches before my own classes say practically the sam thing. Isn't it pitiful, then, that in the twentieth centur with all of our books and all of our education, marriage should be destroyed and lives wrecked by ignorance concerning this most primal and natural instinct?

The Rev. Oliver M. Butterfield after eighteen years as a Methodist minister gave up his pulpit to direct the Family Guidance Service in New York City, and he has probably married as many young people as any man living. He says:

"Early in my experience as a minister I discovered that, in spite of romance and good intentions, many couples who come to the marriage altar are matrimonial illiterates."

Matrimonial illiterates!

And he continues: "When you consider that we leave the highly difficult adjustment of marriage so largely to chance, the marvel is that our divorce rate is only 16 per cent. An appalling number of husbands and wives are not really married but simply undivorced: they live in a sort of purgatory."

"Happy marriages," says Dr. Butterfield, "are rarely the product of chance: they are architectural in that they are intelligently and deliberately planned."

To assist in this planning, Dr. Butterfield has for years insisted that any couple he marries must discuss with him frankly their plans for the future. And it was as a result of these discussions that he came to the conclusion that so many of the high contracting parties were "matrimonial illiterates."

"Sex," says Dr. Butterfield, "is but one of the many satisfactions in married life, but unless this relationship is right, nothing else can be right."

But how to get it right?

"Sentimental reticence"—I'm still quoting Dr. Butterfield—"must be replaced by an ability to discuss objectively and with detachment attitudes and practices of married life. There is no way in which this ability can be better acquired than through a book of sound learning and good taste. I keep on hand several of these books in addition to a supply of my booklet, *Marriage and Sexual Harmony*.

"Of all the books that are available, the two that seem to me most satisfactory for general reading are: *The Sex Technique in Marriage* by Isabel E. Hutton and *The Sexual Side of Marriage* by Max Exner."

So **Rule 7** of “How to Make Your Home Life Happier is:

Read a good book on the sexual side of marriag

Learn about sex from books? Why not? A few years ag Columbia University, together with the American Soci Hygiene Association, invited leading educators to com and discuss the sex and marriage problems of colleg students. At that conference, Dr. Paul Popenoe said: “Divorce is on the decrease. And one of the reasons it is on th decrease is that people are reading more of the recognize books on sex and marriage.”

So I sincerely feel that I have no right to complete chapter on “How to Make Your Home Life Happier” without recommending a list of books that deal frankly and a scientific manner with this tragic problem.

HARD COVER

Ideal Marriage, by Theodore Hendrik Van de Velde, M.D. Random House, 457 Madison Avenue, New York City $7.9

The Sexual Side of Marriage, by M. J. Exner, M.D. W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City $2.9

Preparation for Marriage, by Ernest R. Groves. Emerson Books, Inc., 251 West 19th Street, New York City $2.2

PAPERBACK

First Aid for the Happy Marriage, by Rebecca O. Liswood, M.D. Pocket Books, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York City 75191-7

Sexual Feeling in Married Men and Women, by G. Lombard Kelly, M.D. Pocket Books, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York City 75098-7

Sexual Pleasure in Marriage, by Jerome and Julia Rainer. Pocket Books, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York City M5047-5

IN A NUTSHELL

Seven Rules For Making Your Home Life Happier

Rule 1: Don't nag.
Rule 2: Don't try to make your partner over.
Rule 3: Don't criticize.
Rule 4: Give honest appreciation.
Rule 5: Pay little attentions.
Rule 6: Be courteous.
Rule 7: Read a good book on the sexual side of marriage.

In its issue for June 1933, *American Magazine* printed an article by Emmet Crozier, "Why Marriages Go Wrong." The following is a questionnaire reprinted from that article. You may find it worth while to answer these questions, giving yourself ten points for each question you can answer in the affirmative.

For Husbands

1. Do you still "court" your wife with an occasional gift of flowers, with remembrances of her birthday and wedding anniversary, or with some unexpected attention, some unlooked-for tenderness?
2. Are you careful never to criticize her before others?
3. Do you give her money to spend entirely as she chooses, above the household expenses?
4. Do you make an effort to understand her varying feminine moods and help her through periods of fatigue, nerves, and irritability?
5. Do you share at least half of your recreation hours with your wife?
6. Do you tactfully refrain from comparing your wife's cooking or housekeeping with that of your mother or of Bill Jones' wife, except to her advantage?
7. Do you take a definite interest in her intellectual life, her clubs and societies, the books she reads, her views on civic problems?
8. Can you let her dance with and receive friendly attentions from other men without making jealous remarks?
9. Do you keep alert for opportunities to praise her and express your admiration for her?
10. Do you thank her for the little jobs she does for you, such as sewing on a button, darning your socks, and sending your clothes to the cleaners?

For Wives

1. Do you give your husband complete freedom in his business affairs, and do you refrain from criticizing his associates, his choice of a secretary, or the hours he keeps?
2. Do you try your best to make your home interesting and attractive?
3. Do you vary the household menu so that he never quite knows what to expect when he sits down to the table?
4. Do you have an intelligent grasp of your husband's business so you can discuss it with him helpfully?
5. Can you meet financial reverses bravely, cheerfully, without criticizing your husband for his mistakes or comparing him unfavorably with more successful men?
6. Do you make a special effort to get along amiably with his mother or other relatives?
7. Do you dress with an eye for your husband's likes and dislikes in color and style?
8. Do you compromise little differences of opinion in the interest of harmony?
9. Do you make an effort to learn games your husband likes, so you can share his leisure hours?
10. Do you keep track of the day's news, the new books, and new ideas, so you can hold your husband's intellectual interests?

Index

Abbott, Lyman, 193
Adamson, James, 105-8
Adler, Alfred, 14, 63
Aesop, 142
Aga Khan, 35
Akhtoi, King, 127
Alcott, Louisa May, 91, 167-68, 174
Alexander, Harry, 179
Allison, Joseph, 146-47
Altman, Benjamin, 82
American Academy of Dramatic Arts, 9
American Association for Adult Education, 2
American Bankers' Association, 10
American Institute of Electrical Engineers, 2, 13
American Magazine, 255
American Social Hygiene Association, 254
American Weekly, The, 180
Amos, James E., 65
Amsel, Albert B., 223-24
Anna Karenina, 229
Armistead, General Lewis A., 132
Armour and Company, 9
Associated Press, 6
Association of National Advertisers, 219
Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin, The, 122

Baldwin Locomotive Works, 208
Barlow, Pete, 203
Barnum, P. T., 82
Baxter, Warner, 243
Bedford, Edward T., 37
Beecher, Henry Ward, 193
Bettger, Franklin, 75
Beveridge, Albert J., 231
Bible, 111-12
Black, Robert F., 137
Blaine, James G., 247
Bok, Edward, 91-92
Bonheur, Rosa, 23
Booth, John Wilkes, 23, 12
231
Borden, Richard, 179
Boston Herald, The, 141-42
Boston Post, 233
Boston Transcript, The, 114
Boynton, James B., 180
Bradford, Gamaliel, 94
Brooklyn Chamber of Com
merce, 2
Brooklyn Eagle, 215
Brooklyn Institute of Arts an
Sciences, 66
Brooklyn Union Gas Compan
2
Brooks, Phillips, 91
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, 24
Browning, Robert, 27, 245
Brush, Matthew C., 13
Bryan, William Jennings, 10-1
67, 213
Bryson, Winifred, 243
Buddha, 100, 116
Bulow, Prince von, 195-97
Burbank, Luther, 86
Burnside, General Ambrose E
24
Busse, Alvin, 179
Butler, Nicholas Murray, 93
Butt, Archie, 65

Butterfield, Rev. Oliver M., 253
Byrd, Admiral Richard, 7, 33

Caesar, Julius, 15
Caine, Hall, 101-2
Cantor, Eddie, 243
Capone, Al, 20, 21, 23, 172
Carlyle, Thomas, 28
Carnegie, Andrew, 36-37, 43, 80-81, 247
Carnegie, Dale, 2, 5-11
Carnegie, Josephine, 194-95
Carnegie Course, 2, 4, 5, 15, 52, 219
Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teachers, 13
Carnegie Institute of Technology, 13
Carrier Corporation, Newark, 52
Caruso, Enrico, 204
Catherine the Great, 33, 238
Central Transportation Company, 81
Chaliapin, Feodor, 170-71
Chalif, Edward L., 95-96
Chamberlain, W. F., 82-84
Chatterton, Thomas, 28
Chesterfield, Lord, 118, 129-30
Chevalier, Maurice, 71-72
Christ, Jesus, 100, 142
Christian, The, 101
Chrysler, Walter, 35, 179
Cicero, 187
Clemenceau, Georges, 41
Cobb, Irvin, 153
Cohan, George M., 244
Colgate-Palmolive Peet Company, 219
Collier's, 63
Colorado Fuel & Iron Company, 135
Columbia University, 93, 254
Columbus, Christopher, 33
Confucius, 27, 100
Constant, 116
Coolidge, Calvin, 186
Crandon, L. R. G., 66
Croesus, 142
Crosby, Bing, 47
Crowley, R. V., 124-25
Crowley, "Two Gun," 19-20, 21, 23, 172
Croy, Homer, 221
Crozier, Emmet, 255
Cubellis, Charles T., 152
Culbertson, Ely, 211-12
Curtis, Cyrus H. K., 174

Daily Telegraph, 195
Dale Carnegie Institute of Effective Speaking and Human Relations. *See* Carnegie Course
Damrosch, Walter, 247
Davis, Jefferson, 91, 132
Davis, Dr. Katherine Bement, 251
Davis, Richard Harding, 27-28
Day, Mrs. Dorothy, 138-40
Deemster, The, 101
Detmer, Julian F., 90-91
Detmer Woolen Company, 90
Dewey, Professor John, 31, 99
Dickens, Charles, 32, 205
Dillinger, John, 33
Dillon, Josephine, 212
Disraeli, Benjamin, 38, 109, 234-36, 237, 243
Disraeli, Mary Anne, 235-36
Dix, Dorothy, 14, 108, 109, 238, 248, 249
Doheny, Edward L., 22
Donham, Wallace B., 164
Doubleday, Page and Company, 214-15
Druckenbrod, Mrs., 151-52
Duncan, Isadora, 170
Dutschmann, K. T., 54
Duvernoy, Henry G., 96
Duvernoy and Sons, 96
Dyke, Ken R., 219-21, 224-25

Early, Mrs. Jacob, 231-32
Eastern Airlines, 179
Eastman, George, 105-8
Eastman School of Music, 105

Eberson, James, 145-46
Edgar Thomson Steel Works, 81
Edison, Thomas A., 15
Educational Psychology, 171
Einstein, Albert, 32, 118
Eliot, Dr. Charles W., 66, 87
Elk Hill oil reserves, 22
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 39-40, 42, 84, 91, 102
Engineers' Club of Philadelphia, 13
Ethics in Service, 169
Eugénie, Empress, 227-28, 232
Exner, Max, 253

Fairbanks, Douglas, 75
Fall, Albert, 22-23
Farley, James, 78
Farley, James, Jr., 78-80
Farrell, Hamilton J., 173
Farrell-Mitchell Company, 173
"Father Forgets," 238-40
Firestone, Harvey S., 184
Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, 184
Fletcher, Frank Irving, 76
Ford, Henry, 45, 49
Ford's Theatre, 23
Forest Hills Gardens Association, 51
Fortune to Share, A, 51
Franklin, Benjamin, 28, 114, 121-23, 222-23
Freud, Dr. Sigmund, 31

Gable, Clark, 1, 15, 120
Gammond, Frank, 112
Gardner W. Taylor Lumber Company, 124
Garfield, General James A., 91
Gates, Dr. Arthur I., 171
Gaw, W. P., 189-90
General Electric Company, 46, 200
General Motors Corporation, 46
Gent, Mrs. Ernest, 207, 216
George V. King, 39
Gladstone, Catherine, 237
Gladstone, William, 237
Go-Giver, The, 51
Goode, Kenneth M., 162, 179
Gough, John B., 167
Granger, Marshall A., 201
Grant, Ulysses S., 91
Grant, Mrs. Ulysses S., 33
Greater Boston Christian Endeavor Union, 141
Greeley, Horace, 121
Greenberg, J. W., 86
Greenwich Savings Bank, 145
Growing Together in the Family, 236
Guinan, Texas, 242

Hamburger, Bessie, 232
Hamilton, Dr. G. V., 251, 252
Harbord, General James G., 209
Harding, Warren G., 22-23
Hardy, Thomas, 28
Harvard University, 3, 11, 17, 66, 74, 87, 164, 206
Haskell, W. E., 142
Hay, John, 33
Henry, O., 214
Henry, Patrick, 187
Herndon, William H., 231
Hibben, Dr. John G., 18
Hickok, Guy, 215
Hoffman, Judge, 252
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 91, 248
Hooker, General Joseph, 24, 188
Hoover, Herbert, 23
Hoover, Ike, 66
"Horse Fair, The," 23
Hotel Greeters of America, 96
House, Colonel Edward M., 159-60, 213-14
How to Turn People into Gold, 162
How to Win an Argument, 179
Hubbard, Elbert, 75, 132-33
Hughes, Charles Evans, 214
Hughes, Rupert, 66, 206
Hugo, Victor, 33
Human Nature, 94
Hurok, S., 170-71

Hurst, Fannie, 66
Hutton, Barbara, 38
Hutton, Isabel E., 253

Influencing Human Behavior, 43, 144

James, Henry, 236
James, Jesse, 172
James, Professor William, 11, 14, 17, 31, 74, 99, 206, 248
Johns-Manville, 219-20, 225
Johnson, Martin, 15
Johnson, Dr. Samuel, 29
Josephine, Empress, 62, 116
Julius Caesar, 15

Kaufman, Zenn, 179
Kemal, Mustapha, 202
Kilbourn Hall, 105
Knaphle, C. M., Jr., 69-70

La Guardia, Fiorello, 32
La Rochefoucauld, François de, 153
Ladies Home Journal, 174
Lao-tse, 100, 160
Larned, W. Livingston, 238-40
Lawes, Warden Lewis E., 21, 184, 203, 209
Leblanc, Georgette, 208
Lee, Mrs. Charles Northam, 93
Lee, Robert E., 25-26, 131
Lewis & Valentine, 104
Liberty Magazine, 38
Lincoln, Abraham, 23-27, 32, 74, 92, 116, 136, 143, 163, 187-89, 230-32
Lincoln, Mrs. Abraham, 25, 33, 91, 231-32
Lincoln, Robert, 25
Lincoln the Unknown, 24
Lindbergh, Charles, 32
Little Women, 167, 174
Lloyd George, David, 41
Lodge, Henry Cabot, 214
Loeser's, Frederick & Company, 53
Longfellow, Henry W., 91
Longfellow, Livingston, 215
Lunt, Alfred, 37-38
Lustgarten v. Fleet Corporation, 119

McAdoo, William G., 114-15, 214
McClellan, General George B., 24
MacGowan, Kenneth, 252
McGraw-Hill Publishing Company, 2
McKinley, William, 33, 187
McKinley, Mrs. William, 33
McMahon, Donald M., 104-5
Maddox, Gaynor, 245
Mahoney, F. J., 123-24
Manxman, The, 101
Marconi, William, 15
Marcosson, Isaac F., 92
Marriage and Sexual Harmony, 253
Mdivani brothers, 38
Meade, General George A., 25-26
Metropolitan Museum, 82
Meyer, Godfrey, 5
Millay, Edna St. Vincent, 245
Mind in the Making, The, 120
Morgan, J. P., 82, 172
Morrow, Dwight, 202
Mulrooney, Police Commissioner E. P., 19-20, 32
Mussolini, Benito, 47
Mustapha Kemal, 202

Napoleon, 62-63, 84, 116, 131, 216
Napoleon and Eugénie: The Tragicomedy of an Empire, 228
Napoleon the Third, 84, 227-28
National Chain Store Association, 70
National Credit Men's Association, 10

National Electrical Manufacturers' Association, 147
Negri, Pola, 38
New York Curb Exchange, 72
New York Herald Tribune, 152
New York Public Library, 82
New York *Sun,* 1-2, 3
New York Telephone Company, 2, 62, 68, 88-89
New York University, 63, 179
Norris, Kathleen, 66
North American Review, 193
Northcliffe, Lord, 174

Obregon, General, 39
O'Haire, Patrick J., 4-5, 113-14
One Day, 178
Oppenheim, Collins & Company, 76
Orlando, Vittorio Emanuele, 41
Overstreet, Prof. Harry, 14, 43, 52, 144

Packard Motor Car Company, 9
Paderewski, Ignace, 81-82
Parents' Magazine, 14
Parsons, Frederick S., 115-16
Pavlova, Anna, 170
Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, 113
Pennsylvania Railroad, 81
People's Home Journal, 238
Perkins, Frances, 83
Phelps, William Lyon, 95
Philadelphia Electric Company, 150
Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, 178
Philadelphia Gas Works Company, 16
Pickett's charge, 131-32
Pickford, Mary, 15, 75
Pictorial Review, 245
Platt, Thomas Collier, 183
Polly of the Circus, 9
Pope, General John, 24
Popenoe, Paul, 241, 249, 25
254
Princeton University, 18
Public Service Commission, 89
Public Speaking and Influencin
Men in Business, 10
Pullman, George, 81
Pullman Palace Car Compan
81

Reader's Digest, 92, 238
Recollections of the Private Li
of Napoleon, 116
Reunion in Vienna, 37-38
Rheinhardt, E. A., 228
Rinehart, Mary Roberts, 34
Ripley, "Believe-It-or-Not," 6
Risner, Henry Clay, 209, 248
Robinson, James Harvey, 120
Rockefeller, John D., 13, 33,
Rockefeller, John D., Jr., 13
36, 174
Rodgers, Cleveland, 215
Roosevelt, Franklin D., 15, 3
67, 79, 82-84
Roosevelt, Mrs. Franklin D.,
Roosevelt, Theodore, 15, 22, 2
65-66, 94, 117, 157, 163, 1
Root, Elihu, 214
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, 101-2
Ruth, Babe, 32

Sabbath, Joseph, 245
St. John, Adela Rogers, 38
Saturday Evening Post, T
159, 174
Schultz, Dutch, 20-21, 172
Schumann-Heink, Ernestine,
Schwab, Charles, 35-36, 54,
100, 182-83, 192
Seeley, C. H., 82
Seltz, Adolph, 155
Sex Factor in Marriage, T
253
Sex Technique in Marri
The, 253
Sexual Side of Marriage, T
253, 254

Shakespeare, William, 33, 74, 102-3, 112
Shaw, George Bernard, 58
Shaw, Leslie M., 67
Sherman, General William T., 91
Shields, James, 24
Showmanship in Business, 179
Sing Sing, 21, 184, 203-4, 209
"Six Principles of Selling," 179
Smith, Alfred E., 183-84
Smith, Arthur D. Howden, 159
Smith, Sir Ross, 111
Socrates, 118, 148
Sothern, Ann, 179
Souvaine, Henry, 100
Souvenirs, My Life with Maeterlinck, 208
Spencer, Herbert, 18
Springfield Journal, 24
Stanton, Edwin McM., 23
State Teachers' College (Warrensburg, Mo.), 7, 8
Stefansson, Vilhjalmur, 119
Steinhardt, William B., 72-73
Steinmetz, Charles, 200
Strangers in Love, 86
Straub, O. L., 138
Superior Seating Company, 105
Syrus, Publius, 70

Taft, William Howard, 22, 65, 67, 169-70
Tarbell, Ida M., 198
Teapot Dome Oil Scandal, 22-23
Terhune, Albert Payson, 66
Theodore Roosevelt, Hero to His Valet, 65
Thomas, James L., 175-77
Thomas, Lowell, 12, 85, 211
Thomson, J. Edgar, 81
Thurston, Howard, 63-64
Tibbett, Lawrence, 206
Tolstoi, Count Leo and wife, 228-30, 232
Toscanini, Arturo, 32
Turgenev, Ivan, 249
20,000 Years in Sing Sing, 184

Union Pacific Railroad, 81
United States Army, 46
United Y.M.C.A. Schools, 2, 10, 14
University of Chicago, 2, 14
University of Rochester, 107

Vauclain, Samuel, 207
Vermylen, Edward, 48-49
Victoria, Queen, 38, 235

Wales, Prince of, 7, 67
Walters, Charles R., 68-69
Wanamaker, John, 21, 192-93
Want, J. A., 215-16
War and Peace, 229
Wark Company, 189
Warren, Ferdinand E., 130
Washington, George, 33
Watson, John B., 252
Webb, Joseph S., 150-52
Webster, Daniel, 137, 187
Wellbaum, George, 179
Wells, H. G., 205
Wesson, Eugene, 156-57
Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, 2, 146
What Life Should Mean to You, 63
What's Wrong with Marriage?, 252
White Motor Company, 113, 137
Whiting, Percy, 179
"Why Marriages Go Wrong," 255
Why Not Try God?, 75
Wickersham, George W.; 67
Wilhelm II, Kaiser, 67, 195-97
Wilson, Woodrow, 22, 41, 114, 134, 159-60, 213-14
Windsor, Duke of, 67
Winter, William, 55
Wood, Leland Foster, 236

Wood, General Leonard, 28
Woodford, Jack, 86
Wootton, J. C., 87-88
Wren, Sir Christopher, 32
Wright, Helena, 253

Yale Club, 17
Yale University, 43, 94
Y.M.C.A. Schools, New York, 2, 10, 14
Young, Owen D., 15, 51, 198
Young, Vash, 51

Zerega's, A., Sons, Inc., 49
Ziegfeld, Florenz, 37
Zoroaster, 100

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